

SEX • SPORTS • MUSIC • GA

CARS

BED ALERT!
Crack her sexual launch
codes—the manual's on p.46

MAXIM

BARBECUTIE!

MICHELLE BRANCH DRESSED TO GRILL!

"A LAP DANCE
IN EVERY LAP!"

Campaign promises
that'd get *our* vote p.50

25 BITCHINEST METAL MOMENTS!

Sex, drugs, cannibalism, etc. p.82



JANUARY 2004

USA'S
SEXIEST
COP! p.28

www.maximonline.com

PLUS!

Sexy video of Michelle
in the Maxim Lounge!
(maximonline.com)

If she's done
on that side,
isn't it time
to turn her?



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EXPECT TOO MUCH.



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* MSRP \$14,530 MAZDA3 i 4-Door, as shown MSRP \$16,895 MAZDA3 s 4-Door with Sport Package, and MSRP \$16,895 MAZDA3 5-Door excludes \$520 destination, tax, title and license fees.

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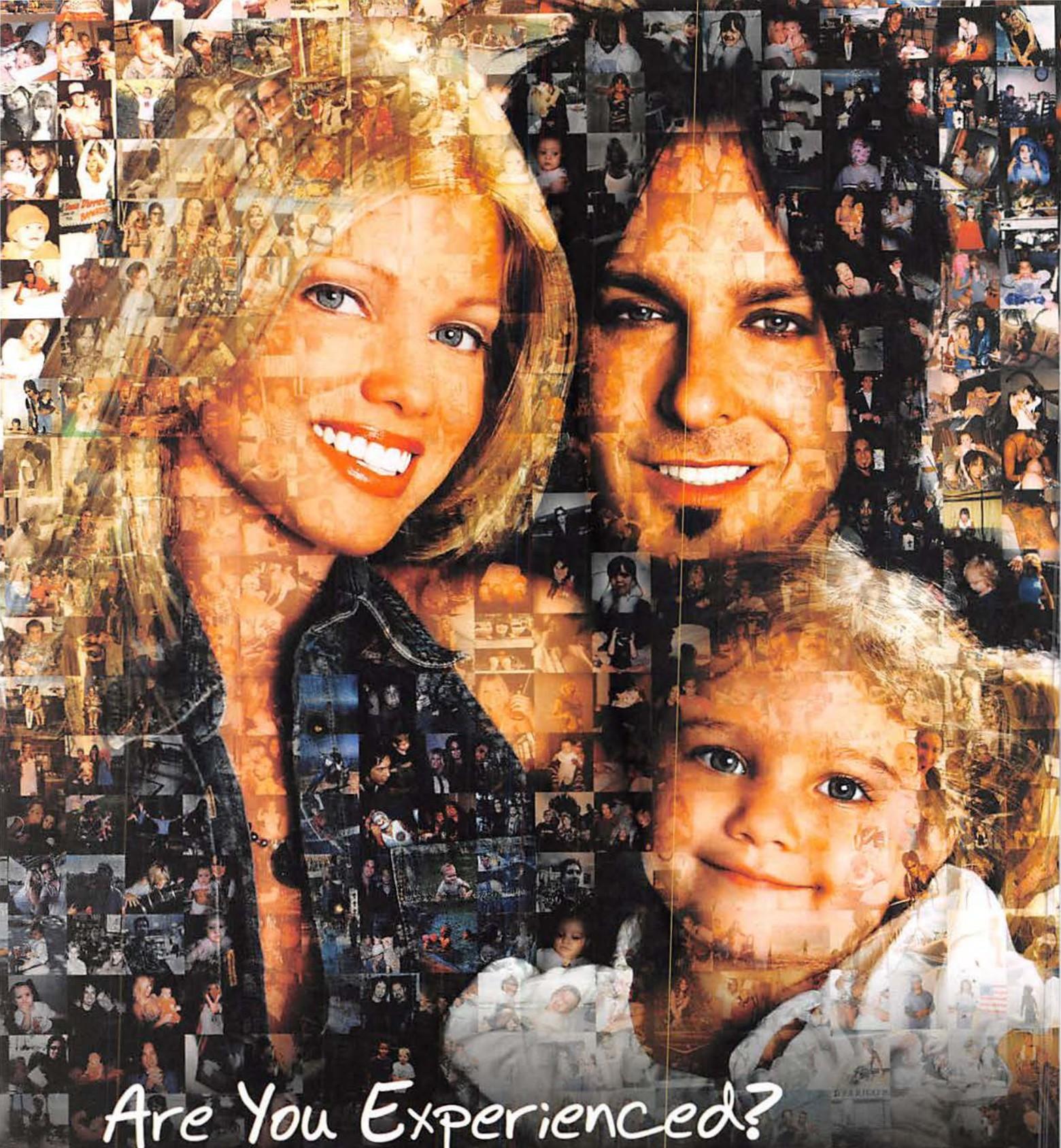
zoom-zoom



Maybe an available DVD-based navigation system and Xenon headlights? All yours with the MAZDA3s. Want an exhilarating drive? Hey, no problem. That's standard with every Mazda.



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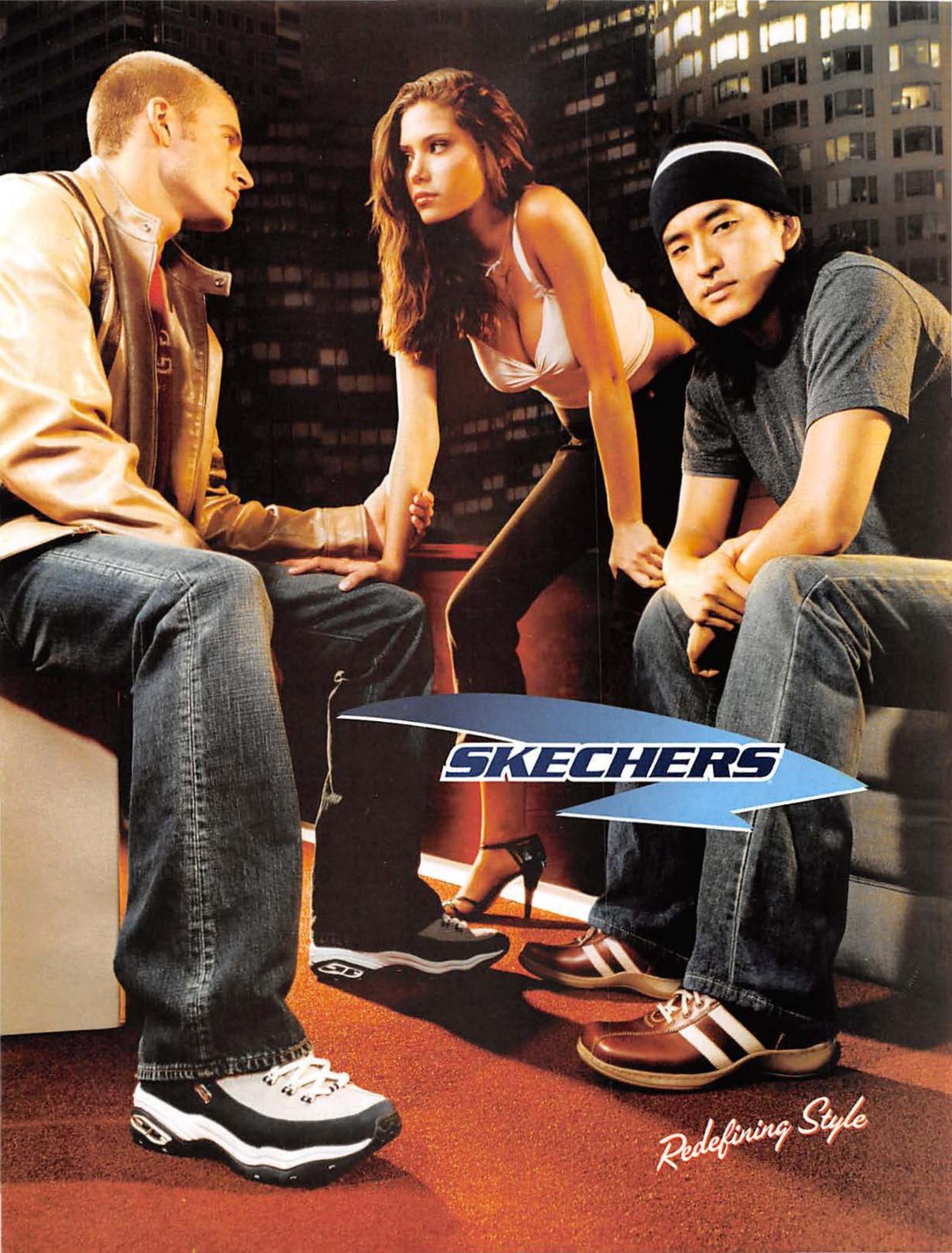


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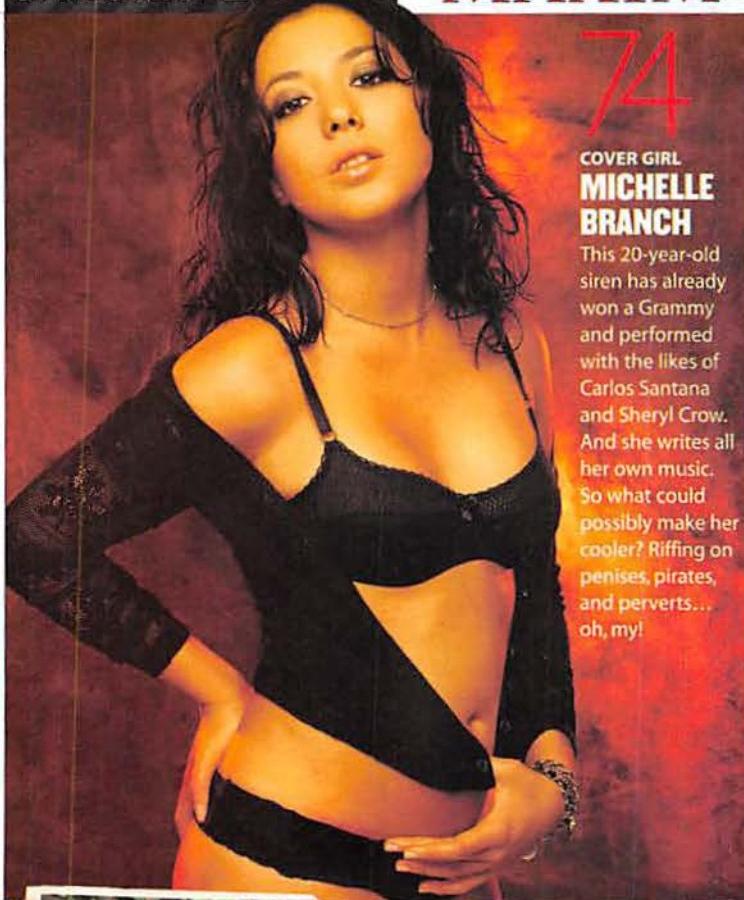


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Redefining Style

JANUARY 2004

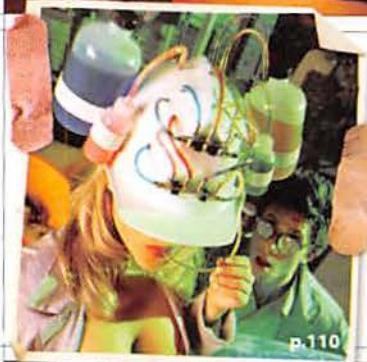
MAXIM



74

COVER GIRL MICHELLE BRANCH

This 20-year-old siren has already won a Grammy and performed with the likes of Carlos Santana and Sheryl Crow. And she writes all her own music. So what could possibly make her cooler? Riffing on penises, pirates, and perverts... oh, my!



p.110



Being single
rules, p.88



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WATCHING THE DETECTIVES

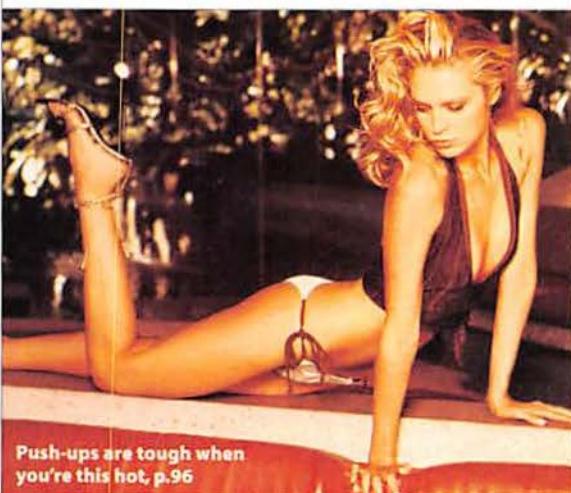
CSI: MAXIM
Was it Colonel Mustard in the lounge with the candlestick? We present evidence from the scenes of three crimes—from murder to extortion to robbery—and let you figure out whodunnit.

Features

p.72



Girls' night out, p.82



Push-ups are tough when
you're this hot, p.96

WE WANT ANSWERS!

72 NORM MACDONALD

This *SNL* defector will take sports over sex and stand-up over sitcoms, but don't ask him how he feels about *The View*.



p.110

FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK

82 GREATEST METAL MOMENTS

From drunken killings to piss swillings, these 25 moments would make even Courtney Love barf.

FITNESS

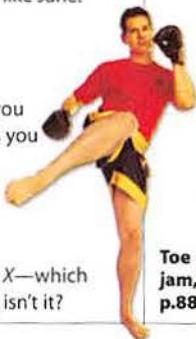
88 GUT BUSTERS!

Six paunchy staffers. Six grueling workouts. See which regimens turned our drones into fighting machines.

ROLE PLAY

96 SARA FOSTER

This leggy blonde from *The Big Bounce* says she wants to be the Jane to your Tarzan. Mmm...Tarzan like Jane.



STROKE OF GENIUS

110 EUREKA!

Ever wanted to kick your own ass? Now you can. Check out eight patented inventions you never even knew the world needed.

CALL OF THE WILD

120 VICTORIA PRATT

She's half-human, half-animal on *Mutant X*—which means she could eat you alive. Arousing, isn't it?

Toe
jam,
p.88

Pictured: ColdGear™ Mock Turtleneck (0012). ©2003 UNDER ARMOUR® Performance Apparel.

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JANUARY 2004 MAXIM

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MAXIM WORLD
**BÁRBARA
MORI**

This half-Japanese, half-Uruguayan stunner, seen here in a torn shirt that exposes her glistening, wet, golden-brown skin...ah, what were we saying?



READERS' LETTERS

12 IT'S A PUT-ME-IN-MAXIM BLOWOUT!

See pilots and mechanics caught reading on the job.

JOKES

18 BLONDIES! UPS MEN! OLD FOLKS!

Got a knee-slapper? We'll give you \$150! But we don't pay for any other kind of slappin'! (If anyone asks.)

CIRCUS MAXIMUS

20 WORLD'S BIGGEST BALLS

We've got 'em. Or ain't ya heard? Plus, cars of the future, the KGB's hangover cure, and Hiroki scarfs N.Y.C.

HOW TO

38 SHORT ON CASH?

Learn to sell your car, be a bookie, or apartment squat.

SAYS HER

46 HER SECRET SIGNALS DECODED!

Our female turncoats expose the meaning behind their tongue studs and above-the-waistline thongs.

BACHELOR PARTY BIBLE

54 BOOK FIVE: MIAMI

As marriage is the final chapter in your life, this is the final chapter in our book: *Bienvenido à Miami, señores.*

HOT ZONE

58 WE LOVE THE '80s

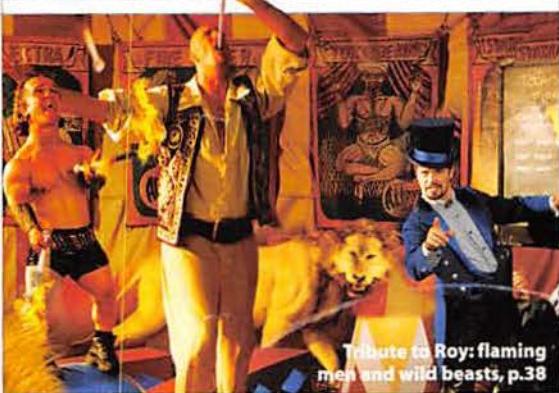
Maxim remakes your favorite teen-anst flicks, and Mark Hamill talks about...stuff unrelated to Star Wars!



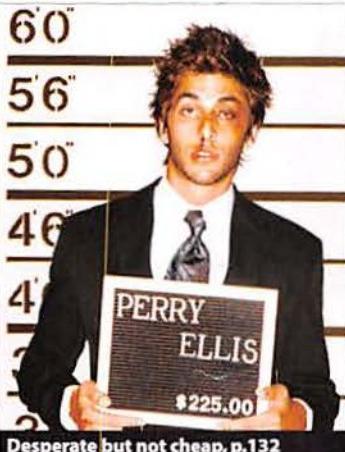
Regulars



p.54



Tribute to Roy: flaming men and wild beasts, p.38



Desperate but not cheap, p.132



p.46

MAXIM FASHION

127 SUIT YOURSELF

Graduated from college but not from your cargo pants? Check out these classy striped suits.



p.140

TOP GEAR

137 THE ULTIMATE TAILGATE GRILL

It's 270 pounds and comes with a TV and a cooler, like your mom. Plus, we put tuxedos and burritos through the grinder.

BAR EXAM

144 KNOW YOUR STREET SLANG, SAM?

Brush up or risk sounding like a narc. And, special for 2004, executive editor James Heidenry has resolved to love his body, no matter what his cup size.



Who brought the geek? p.54

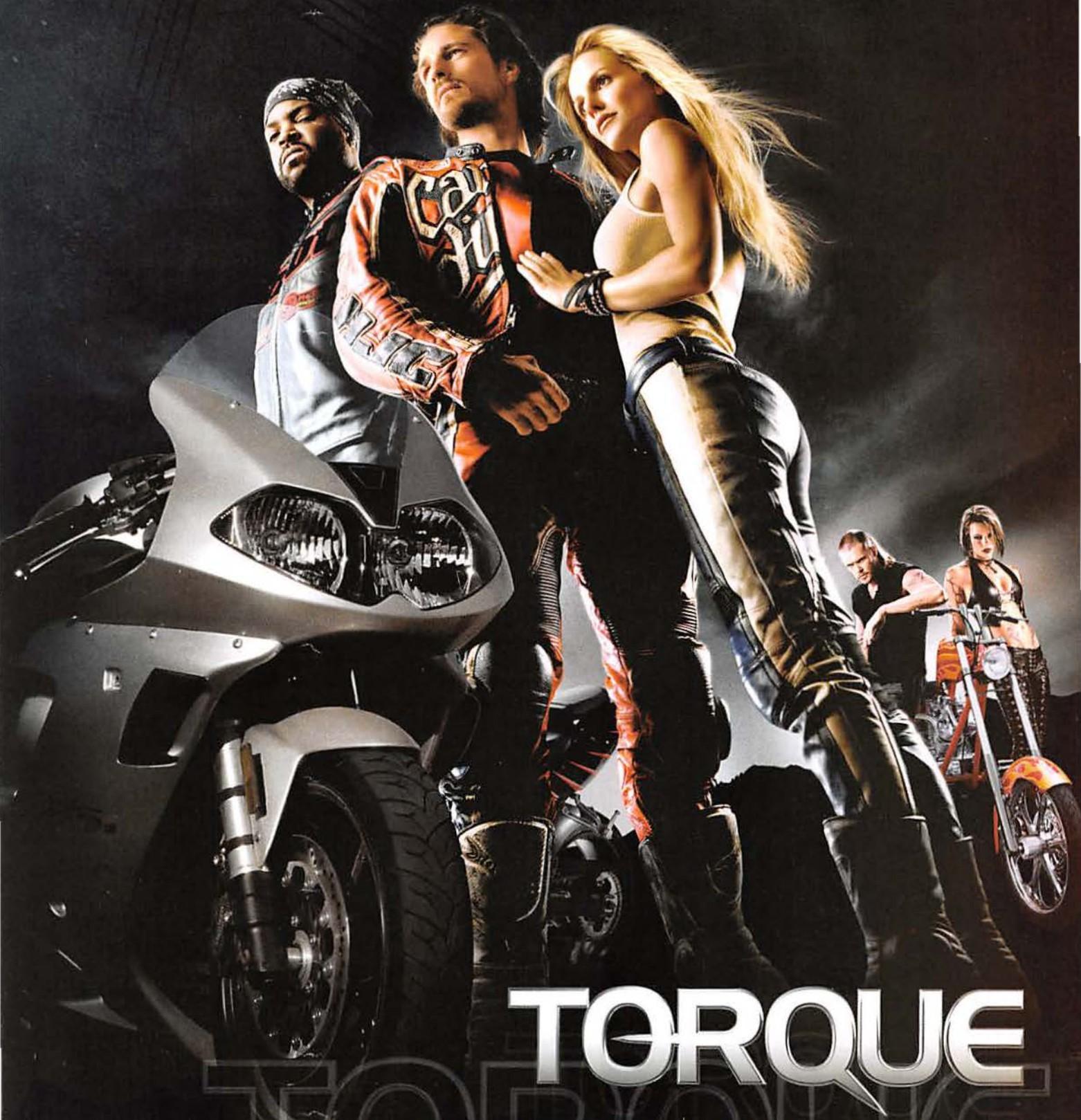
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ELECTION 2004
PRIMARY SUSPECTS

Nine Dems are vying for your vote in this year's primaries. We'll help you separate the donkeys from the jackasses.



CV: 5-term legislator
War chest: \$10 million
Vegas odds: 4 to 1

MARTIN HENDERSON ICE CUBE MONET MAZUR AND JAY HERNANDEZ



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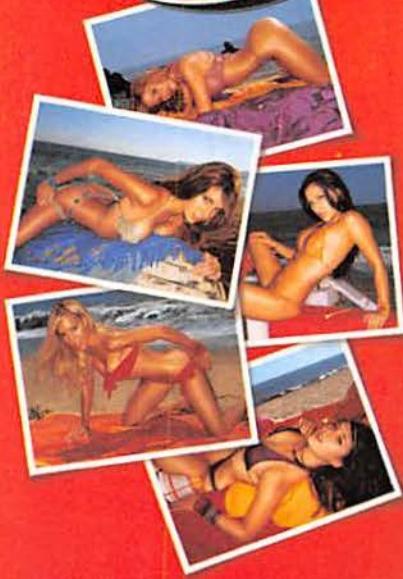
ENTERTAINMENT

COMPANY

JANUARY

It's Gettin' Hot...Again

That's right! We're once again trawling the American babescape for the new sexiest girl next door in our 2nd annual Hometown Hotties competition.



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EDITOR'S LETTER

Happy New Year!

▼ Keith Blanchard

Still clinging to his Halloween costume



**ON THE COVER:
MICHELLE BRANCH**

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Andrew Eccles

STYLING BY

Karen Shapiro

HAIR BY

Steve Lake for Luxe Management

MAKEUP BY

Nick Barose for Artists Loft

SET DESIGN BY

Sean Patrick Anderson

MANICURE BY

Gina Viviano for Artists by Timothy Priano

CLOTHING

Bottoms and cuff by Patricia Field, available at Hotel Venus



And so another holiday season comes to a close. The carols have all been caroled, the tree untrimmed, the table eggnogs chugged, the gifts returned, the reindeer crap lovingly scraped off the roof of your car. So whaddaya say we pause a moment to reflect?

The year 2003 was awesome! Yes, there was that little economy-not-recovering thing. But there was a thrilling spirit of...OK, OK, so the war turned sour on us. Honestly, though, it was so cool when...fine, fine. Serial snipers in the suburbs, space shuttles burning up on reentry, bling-bling-laden CEOs eating our nest eggs, the government going all Big Brother on our ass, North Carolina drowning, California in flames, and...what was that other thing? Oh, yeah, the assembled countries of the United Nations pissing in our hat. And *Gigli*.

So '03 sucked like your sister at battalion headquarters. What's your point?

Actually, if you ask me, I think last year will go down in history as The Year We Almost Got Our Shit Together. Rarely in human history has such a proud litany of stirring achievement been so narrowly averted. We almost caught Osama...and blew up a whole bunch of people who were almost Saddam. The Dow fought to climb back over 10,000 like a delivery boy locked in Michael Jackson's foyer. For crying out loud, we almost got to see either the Cubs or the Red Sox lose the World Series...or both! So-o-o close.

What will the new year bring? Well, there are 12 million *Maxim* readers out there, so it shapes up like this: 47,000 of you reading this right now will get married this year, 24,000 divorced, 167,000 will father a kid; eight million will have a one-night stand. 5,000 of you will get liposuction, 44,000 will get a vasectomy, 4,000 will be carjacked. As a group you'll spend \$175 million on gym memberships and drink 408 million gallons of beer.

Oh, almost forgot: 37,000 of you reading this will die this year—some on the highway, some in Iraq, one in a freak accident involving an industrial pizza slicer and a ski lift.

Enjoy the issue, and 2004; I'm off to rifle through the guests' coats.

This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.



Hours two editors wore <i>Miami Vice</i> -style suits for the Florida bachelor party	58
Slap fights over who got to be Crockett	9
Minutes spent rubbing fake tattoo onto Says Her model	21
...that were actually necessary	3
Deep-fried hush puppies staffer Brittney Cason ate in two minutes for \$70	14
Percentage increase of ozone hole over <i>Maxim</i> office after burritofest (p.140)	43
Featured girls who have arbor-centric last names	2
Weight, in pounds, of <i>Maxim</i> 's intern-built aluminum foil ball (p.30)	121.6
Mentions of equine pubic hair, including this one	2
Days until Hiroki "dropped a bomb" after N.Y.C. steak roundup (p.29)	4
Tequila shots dutifully downed by staffer Jon Wilde to test RU-21 pills (p.26)	8
Times he declared, "I love you, man," in two hours	13

IT'S NOT YOUR SHOES.

IT'S NOT YOUR CAR.

IT'S NOT YOUR MUSIC.



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TELLS MOST ABOUT WHO YOU ARE.

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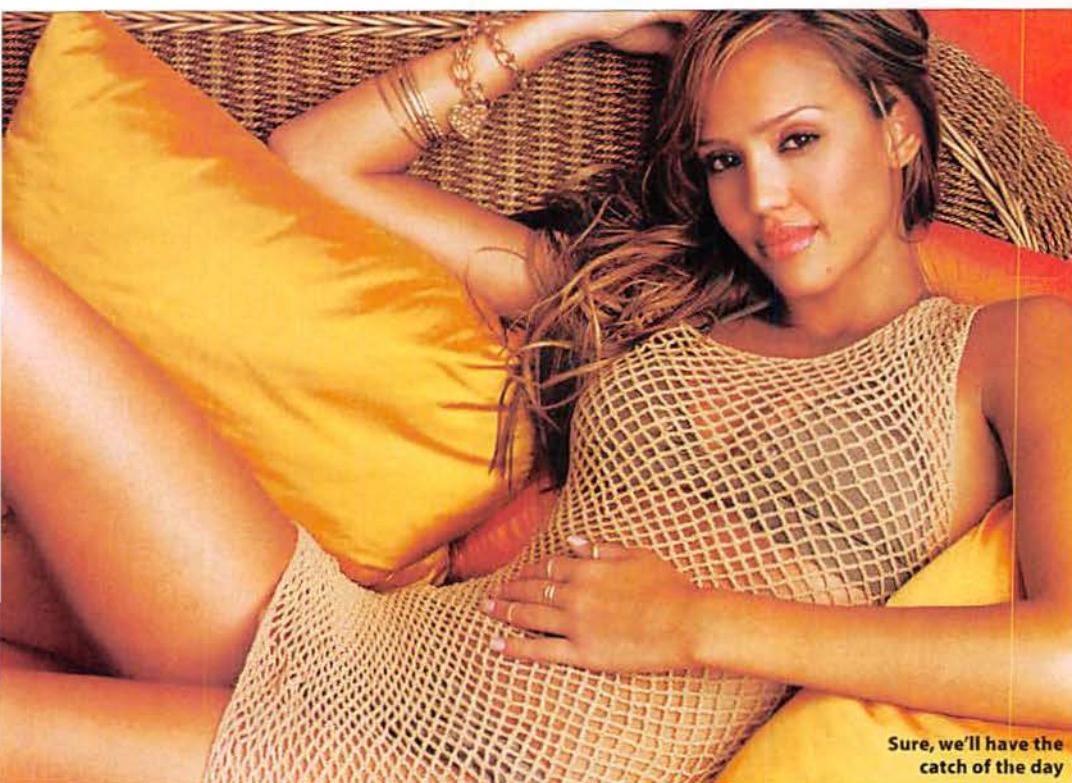




READERS' LETTERS

YOU TALKIN' TO US?

Ruminating on your New Year's resolutions? Neither are we. Instead we're ringing in 2004 with some auld acquaintances, including a college crybaby, a wiener muncher, and a Hiroki devotee. As always, send all regrets to the address at right.



Sure, we'll have the catch of the day

Touched by an Angel

It's about time you brought back the blindingly sexy Jessica Alba ("Sweet as Honey," November). I've been experiencing withdrawal symptoms ever since *Dark Angel* went off the air! Loved the interview too. I was psyched to learn she enjoys playing golf. As a guy who's handy with a club, I'd like to formally offer my services to Miss Alba, free of charge.

Eric Hunter
Via e-mail

We e-mailed your request to Ms. Alba: "Reader wants balls thwacked with five-in." Cool?

Lost in Translation

I'm disappointed in you guys. Hiroki's been on staff for seven years and you've yet to help him with his English. How's he supposed to learn anything, the poor bastard?

Nick Bounthong
Las Vegas, NV

Look, the last thing we need is Hiroki learning words like pay raise, sweatshop, or dignity.

School of Hard Knocks

I'm a sophomore at Georgia State University and—unlike the rich kids here who have their tuition paid by

IT PAYS TO WRITE!

If we printed your letter this month, we're sending you a bag and a shirt from Under Armour. To play, e-mail editors@maximmag.com or write to Maxim, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Fl., NY, NY 10018.



WIN \$100

We want pictures, and we're willing to pay.



Great. Now could you pop ours?

Ladies, help us ring in 2004! Send us some sexy photos of you popping champagne corks (keep 'em clean) and we'll ogle them. Mail your shots to Letters From Ladies, Maxim, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Floor, NY, NY 10018 or e-mail editors@maximmag.com.

MAXIM

their parents—I go to school on a scholarship and I work. During the last two weeks my Xbox was stolen and my car was broken into. As a loyal reader, I'd appreciate it if you'd kindly replace some of my stolen property.

Amer A.
Marietta, GA

Your story has touched us so profoundly that we've named you winner of our first annual Box o' Worthless Crap, awarded to the most pathetic reader letter. This year's bounty includes Liquid Love intimacy-enhancing herbal supplement, a jar of picante peppers, and Solaire all-natural tanning activator. No need to thank us. ►



YOURS FOR THE TAKING!

Take the Money and Rum

Puerto Rico is famous for its miles of secluded beaches, salsa music, Tito Puente, Erik Estrada, the goat-sucking el Chupacabras, and the Montreal Expos. But above all else, it's celebrated for its production of the world's best rums. Aching for a getaway? You're in luck, compadre, 'cause we're giving away a four-day, three-night trip for two to this Caribbean paradise. Enjoy a little R&R

(rum and relaxation) at the San Juan Bacardi Visitor Center or down shots of another kind on one of the Hyatt resort's four Dorado Beach championship golf courses. To win this \$4,800 dream vacation, courtesy of Rums of Puerto Rico, visit maximonline.com and go to the contest page to enter. As always, phone calls and faxes will be mercilessly beaten across the knees with a frayed stalk of sugarcane.



JEFF'S PRIME TIME

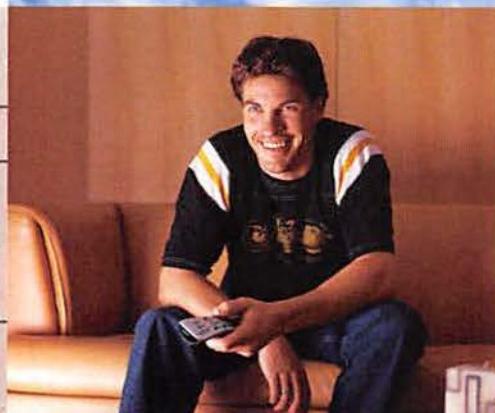
10:30 am	11:00 am	11:30 am	12:00 pm	1:00 pm
Digital Photos Upload football game pics	Radio Tune into 'Football Talk' with Coach B	TV Review last week's football victory		E-mail Ask Billy in Philly for tickets
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Entertainment that tunes into you.

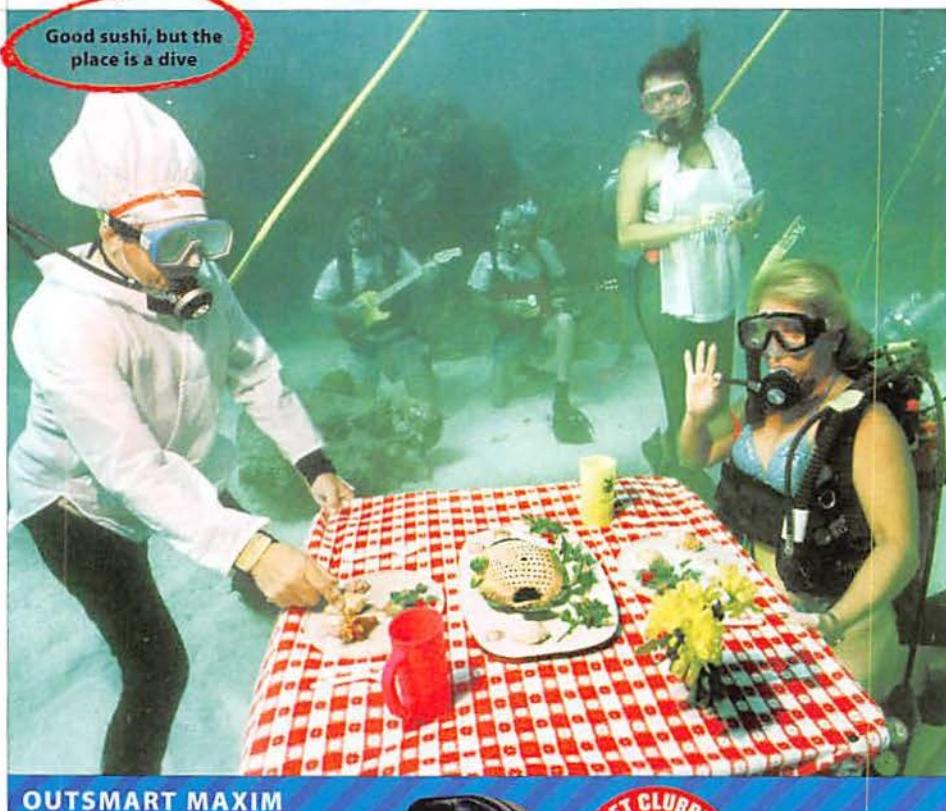
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NOVEMBER'S WINNING CAPTIONS

WINNER:

"All those cracks in the pool and not one leak."
Patrick Selk, Thiensville, WI

RUNNERS-UP:

On the set of *Free Willy 4: Booty Call*.
Pat Alphonso, via e-mail

Baby got backstroke!
Scott Stein, San Diego, CA

"...and now we bring you fishing on ESPN's *Assmasters*."
Nicky Jacobs, Trenton, NJ

Word to the wise: Steer clear of the blowholes.
Jason Craw, Beech Grove, IN

Guess Shatner was on lifeguard duty again.
Pierre Fromage, Brunswick, ME

Sphincter Stuffer

In September you ran an article about a hot dog shop in New York City called Crif Dogs ["Doggy Stylin,'" Circus Maximus]. As it happens, I was reading that piece while taking a train into the Big Apple. So I made it a top priority to stop by and try several of their bacon-wrapped artery-chokers. They were definitely worth the fiery 40-minute dump I had to suffer an hour later.

Dave Crooks

Alexandria, VA

If you get pleasure from 40-minute bowel movements, you'll love our burrito taste test on page 140.

Double Vision

After reading about the Scarface DVD in your October Hot Zone [Must Own], I rented the flick for the first time. Now I understand why everyone considers it one of the greatest guy movies of all time. Thank you! Oh, by the way, how long until Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen become legal?

Jonathan Moore
Salisbury, MD

Hunting season officially opens on June 13, 2004. Why do you want them to say hello to your little friend?

Space Needler

I enjoyed the "TV Firsts" blurbs in your 2003 TV Preview [October]—so it pains me to point out an egregious error on your part regarding the 1969 lunar landing hoax. You cite astronaut Buzz Armstrong as the first man to step onto a top-secret sound stage. Actually, it was his shuttle-mate Neil Aldrin who took that historic leap. C'mon, guys! Get your facts straight.

Patrick Sipeene
Medicine Hat, Alberta

Let us guess: You're a stammering pinhead from Bumfuck, Canada who has nothing better to do than stuff his face with Saskatoon Pie and try to errors in what's obviously a joke. Did we get the facts straight on that one?

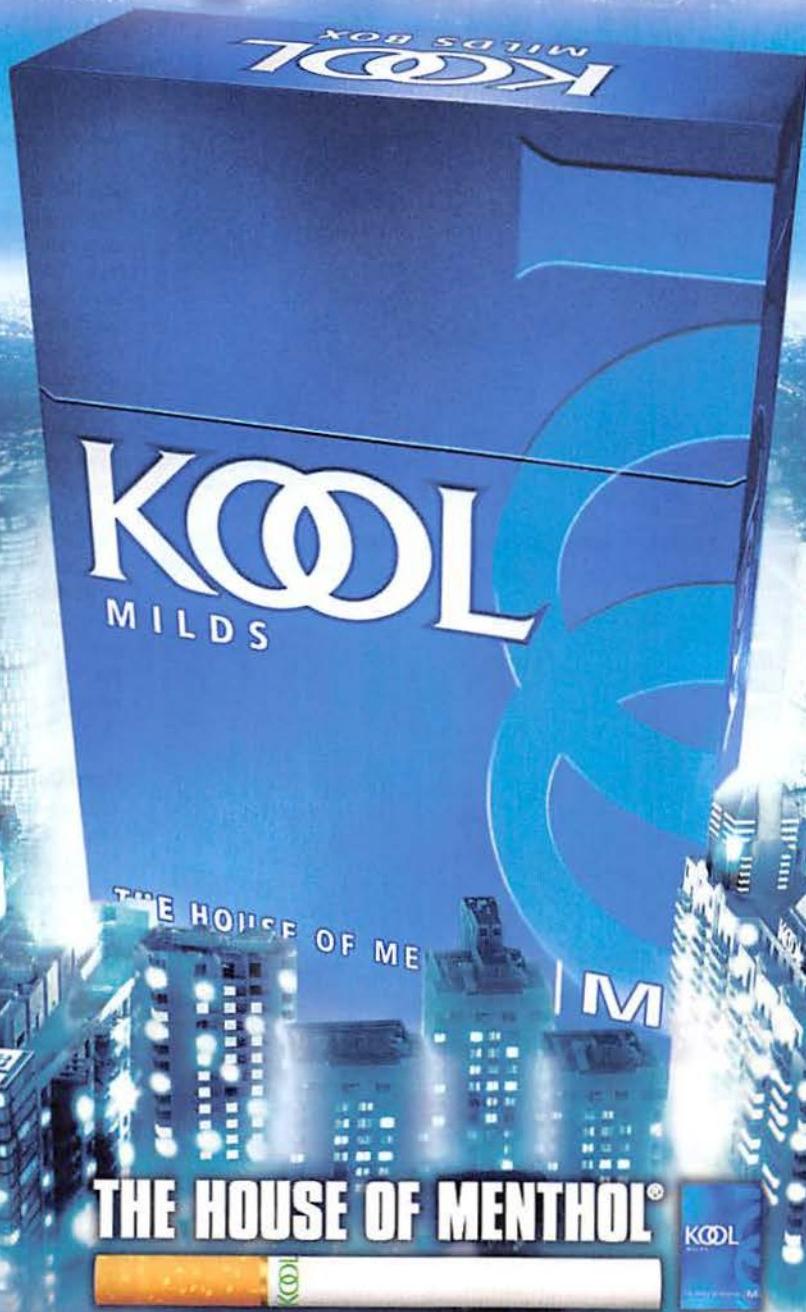
Go Wes, Young Man

After reading your Q&A with General Wesley Clark [We Want Answers, November], I'm prepared to take the guy seriously as a presidential candidate. This badass got shot up in Nam and lived to talk about it; that alone makes him qualified to lead our nation.

Ian Welsh
Cincinnati, OH

That's what we've been saying about that 50 Cent dude all along.

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

PUT ME IN MAXIM!

ALMOST FAMOUS

Ejection Letter

Meet the best ejection-seat mechanics in the Navy. Although we're trained in the science of assisted egress, we never throw away a copy of *Maxim*.

Brian Kemp
VFA-94 and VFA-97

Remind us never to use the crapper at your place.

Man's Pest Friend

We're entomology graduate students, so believe us when we tell ya Gina Gershon has a great ovipositor!

Scott Weihman & Justin Harbison
Gainesville, FL

Thanks, fellas! But, listen, Scott...that toupee isn't fooling anybody.

Misguided Youth

I caught my husband treating our nine-week-old son to *Maxim*. I thought you'd like to meet your newest reader.

Sandy Johnson
Via e-mail

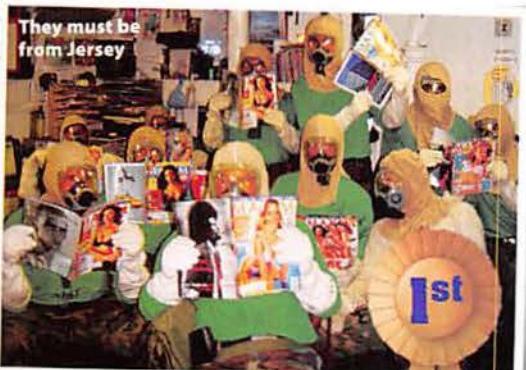
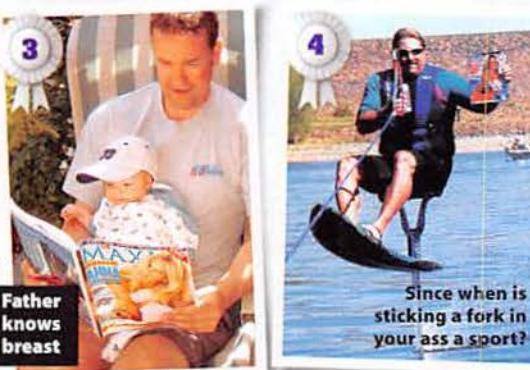
Couldn't you have found anything more challenging for a nine-week-old to read?

Ski's the Limit

Thanks for completing the perfect afternoon: water sports, a tasty beverage, and exceptional literature.

Steve Fletcher
Lakewood, CO

Call us crazy, but our idea of perfection involves a crazy señorita, lots of tequila, and a randy mule. But, hey, that's just us.

**BRONZ-ONORABLE MENTIONS!****DREAMS DO COME TRUE**

WIN A JOB AT MAXIM

Help us choose our next editorial ass!

Last September we challenged graduating college seniors to fill the clown-size shoes of our incompetent editorial assistant Jon Wilde and take on his role as staff punching bag. More than 600 of you suckers—er, wishers and dreamers—applied online! Even as you read this, meticulous editors are working round the clock to read, ridicule, and torch your painstakingly assembled applications. Go to maximonline.com to meet



the 100 semifinalists, then cast a ballot for your favorite lackey. In the coming months, we'll tally your votes, then pick our 10 favorite sumbitches, who'll be flown to New York City to compete in a series of demeaning editorial exercises at our midtown digs. One poor sap will ultimately win a chance at an impoverishing career in magazine publishing. Help us choose—but hurry! Voting ends on January 20th.

Bring Her On!

You guys should run a pictorial of the mysterious brunette cheerleader featured in that Kid Rock Coors Light commercial. She gives the sexiest glance-over-the-shoulder pose I've ever seen. Pausing the VHS tape while attempting to enjoy the moment just ain't cutting it anymore, fellas.

Mark Harris
El Paso, TX

Mysterious? Have you been living under a rock, Mark? That dark-haired lovely is actually Dallas Cowboys coach Bill Parcells in an uncredited cameo.

Joe Blow

A local radio station in Sacramento used your "25 Biggest Movie Badasses" feature [November] in one of their morning contests. They read aloud the names of 10 tough guys and challenged listeners to guess which five appeared in *Maxim*. Ultimately, the DJs decided to replace one of your picks with Joe Pesci in *GoodFellas*. I'd have to agree with them. He's perhaps the greatest ass-kicker of all time. How could you leave the world's most sadistic clown off your list?

Justin Boyer
Rocklin, CA

Sorry, Justin. Pesci's Tommy DeVito, while great, (a) hides behind a gun, (b) is a psychotic head case, (c) ends up getting whacked, and (d) is four feet tall. Even Danny DeVito could kick his ass.

Hard Cell

Your feature about the murderous prison gang Nuestra Familia ("Black Widow's Web," November) is a powerful indictment of the American penal system. It just doesn't work, and we need to take a long, hard look at "rehabilitation." Not only can gangs operate effectively from behind bars, they can actually thrive there. Which makes me wonder, how the hell do you punish criminals who are already serving multiple life sentences?

Roger Long
Via e-mail
Heh-heh. You said "penal." □

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OR CALL 386-447-6312

How can you have music video awards when you don't have music videos?



Exuse us for invading your lives with such a harsh thought. For that, here is a picture of a RAIN BOW.

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NYUK, NYUK, NYUK!

Got a joke that can top these? We'll pay \$150 for the next Joke of the Month. E-mail 'em to jokes@maximmag.com, or send 'em to Jokes, Maxim, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018.

Lookin' for Tail

Two blondes are walking down the road when one says, "Look at that dog with one eye!"

The other blonde covers one of her eyes and says, "Where?"

—Jerry T. Perkins, Pueblo West, CO

Staying Power

One Sunday during his sermon, a preacher asks the congregation how many are willing to forgive their enemies. They all raise their hands, except for one elderly lady in the back pew.

The preacher notices and asks, "Mrs. Jones, why aren't you willing to forgive your enemies?"

"Well, I don't have any," she replies.

"Mrs. Jones, you're 93 years old and have no enemies? How is this possible?"

"It's easy," she says. "I simply outlived the bitches."

—Jack Keeth, Bella Vista, AR

Delicate Question

Q: How many perverts does it take to screw in a light bulb?

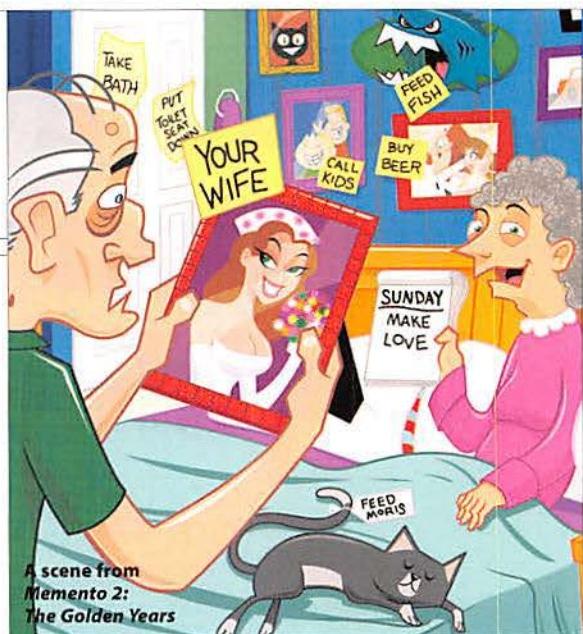
A: Just one, but it takes a surgical team to get it out.

—Frank Lib, St. Louis, MO

Test Tubes

The weekend before their chemistry final, four college friends go on a road trip. They have a great time but wind up missing the exam by a few hours.

They proceed to tell their professor they got a flat tire on their way back, so he lets them take a makeup test.



Q: What do you get when you mix Ex-Lax with holy water?
A: A religious movement.



The guys study all night and show up on time for the test in the morning. The professor places them in separate rooms and hands each a test booklet. The first question is worth five points, and each guy answers it easily.

Then they turn to the second question: "For 95 points: Which tire?"

—Oliver Buckmaster, via e-mail

Diff'rent Strokes

A woman wants the interior of her house painted, so she calls a contractor for an estimate.

"In the living room, I'd like to have a light beige," she explains.

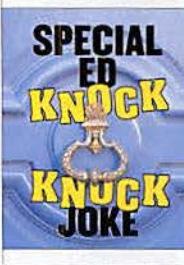
The painter nods and then writes down "beige" in his notebook. Then he goes to the window and yells, "Green side up!"

"Excuse me, but who are you talking to?" asks the woman.

"Oh," says the contractor, "I have four blondes laying sod across the street."

—Brian Wallace, Baltimore, MD

ROCK BOTTOM



THE \$150 JOKE



Memory Lame

An elderly couple go to see a doctor because they're having trouble remembering things.

After an exam, the doctor says, "You're fine, but you should write notes to help your memory."

That night the old man gets up to go to the kitchen. "Will you get me some vanilla ice cream with strawberries?" the wife asks.

"Sure," says the husband.

"Shouldn't you write it down?"

"I don't have to," he insists. "It's vanilla ice cream with strawberries."

Twenty minutes later he returns with a plate of bacon and eggs.

"Goddamn it," she yells. "You forgot my fucking toast!"

—Ken Downey, via e-mail

Ambutch

Q: What do you call 1,000 heavily armed lesbians?

A: Militia Etheridge.

—Richard Taylor, San Francisco, CA

The Naked Truth

A woman standing naked in front of a bedroom mirror says to her husband, "Honey, I look fat, ugly, and pale. Give me a compliment to cheer me up."

The husband thinks for a second and replies, "At least there's nothing wrong with your eyesight."

—Paul Crupi, Ocean Township, NJ

Shotgun!

Q: What's tragic about a Cadillac that goes over a cliff with four terrorists in it?

A: A Cadillac seats seven.

—Mike Brown, Westlake, OH



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SAMSUNG

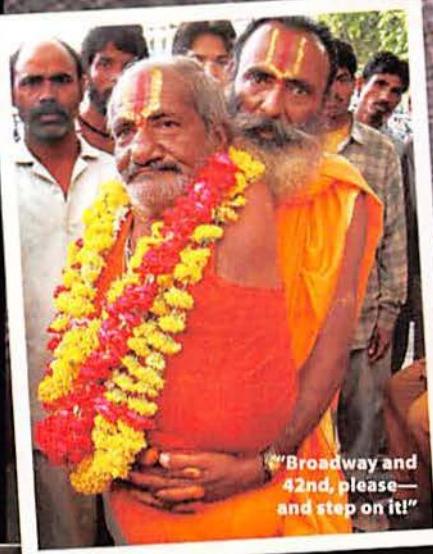
CIRCUS M

> THE BIG PICTURE

STAND TALL

This Indian holy man could use a helping hand or two.

Remember how tough you thought you had it selling candy bars to raise money for Little League? Well, Om Prakash's fund-raising efforts are a bit more taxing. Born without arms or legs, Om is pictured here in Bhopal, India, panhandling for dough to build a temple to the Hindu monkey god Hanuman. Ghastly birth defects like Om's are common in Bhopal, where a Union Carbide plant leaked 40 tons of toxic pesticide in 1984, killing more than 8,000 people and poisoning 500,000 others. Twenty years later, Bhopal's soil and groundwater still have levels of carcinogenic and defect-causing chemicals up to 50 times higher than EPA safety limits—and that's to say nothing of the mutant supervillain overpopulation. Luckily, Om has his brother to carry him as they seek donations and attend religious meetings. And as the pic shows, you don't need limbs to get leid.



AXIMUS

A Maxim
View of
the World



"Tom Selleck, eat
your heart out!"

CIRCUS MAXIMUS

-Planet. Maxim

We print the stories other news organizations are too responsible to report!



SOUTH KOREA

BIG BUSH A BIG HIT

To rival Japan's sexual perversity, South Koreans are paying \$2,500 to transplant hair from their heads onto their genitals. Why? A lush pasture is a sign of fertility.



ITALY

HOOCH DEEMED HITLER-RIFFIC

Peace-mongering Germans are enraged over Italian Alessandro Lunardelli's line of Fuehrerwein wine, which portrays Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and other prominent lunatics on its labels. Lunardelli says that despite the uproar, sales are killer.



UNITED STATES

FALSE LEG IS REAL DANGEROUS

A Michigan man was sentenced to three days in jail for beating an alleged heroin dealer with his son's prosthetic leg. "The guy didn't deserve the whipping," said the father, who administered it when the dealer approached his son. The boy wasn't wearing the leg at the time.



GERMANY

KARAOKE X-RATED, STILL STUPID

The fun-lovin' Huns are wild about "porn karaoke," competitions in which sets of couples are judged on their ability to moan, grunt, and squeal like pigs during a muted one-minute XXX movie sex scene. Still no word, however, on whether *scheisse* movie nights will prove as popular.



INDIA

PEEING GIVES BOY A BUZZ

A month after complaining to his parents of abdominal pain, a 13-year-old Bengali boy noticed tiny insects flying out of his penis. Science-whiz doctors were unsure of the cause but theorized that minuscule fly larvae somehow entered the boy, then got lodged in his urinary tract. Wee!



LA-LA LAND

THE HOLLYWOOD RAT

We sniff out the smelliest dirt!

ALL TRUE!

Christian Slater beaten by wifey!



1904719 11-10-2003

During an argument over the actor's strip club visits, wife Ryan Haddon hurled a glass at his head. He got nine stitches; she got booked for battery.

UNMANLY MAKEOVERS



"I swear I'll scratch your eyes out!"



"Hey, brother—wanna pirouette?"



"Gonna need lots of bodybags...and Nair!"



"Say hell-i-o to my fabulous friend!"

BEHIND EVERY GREAT BEARD, THERE'S A GREAT TRIMMER.

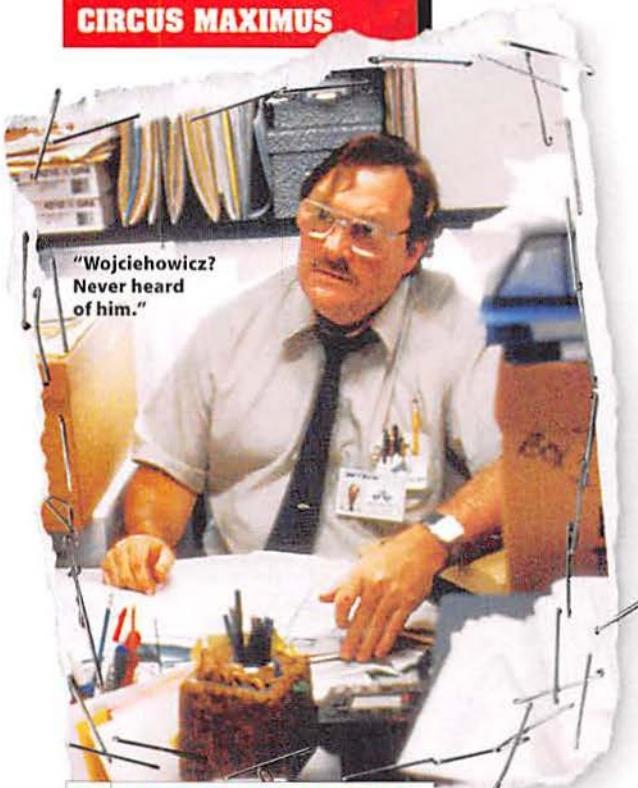
Only the new Remington® Titanium VacuumTrim™ has titanium-coated blades for a precise trim every time. Plus a powerful vacuum system that catches virtually every hair, putting an end to messy cleanups.



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CIRCUS MAXIMUS



IMAGINARY FRIENDS

IDOL CHATTING

What would *Office Space's* Milton Waddams be up to if he were real?

MAXIM: You burned down Initech and made off with \$300 large. What did you do with all the cash?

MW: They took back my stapler, and I told them I would burn down the building, so I did. I hope I did not hurt the squirrels, as they were merry.

M: The dough, Milton—what'd you do with it?

MW: I went on a tropical vacation and I sat on the beach, but then they moved my lounge chair three times until I was no longer on the beach, even though I told the people at the resort not to. I took my complaints to the island's tourism board and bribed them to have the place condemned. Then I burned it down.

M: We're noticing a pattern. So what's next for you?

MW: I do not know, because I have no job anymore and there is nothing for me to do. I could come work for *Maxim* because you have desks and I have my own stapler. It is red.

M: We're not hiring. Try *GQ*.



26

Average number of restaurants in Singapore per square mile.



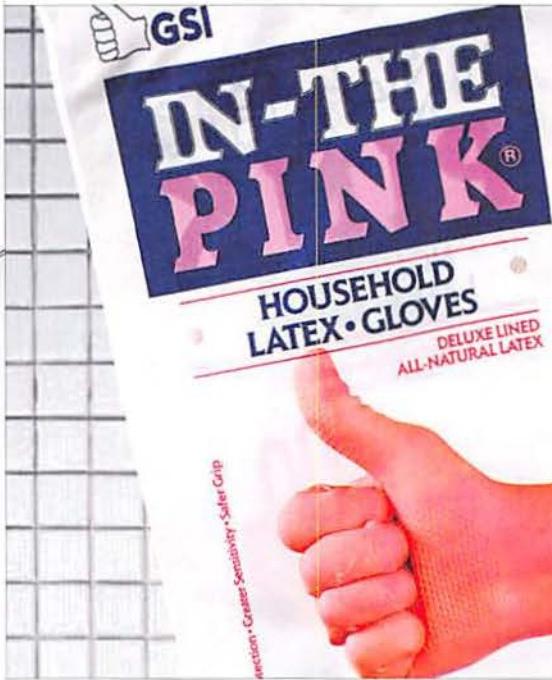
OK, SO MAYBE SHLOMO'S ONE-HOUR BRIS HUT WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA.



SEEMS WRONG SOMEHOW

FOUND PORN

Someone actually thought this stuff was innocent.

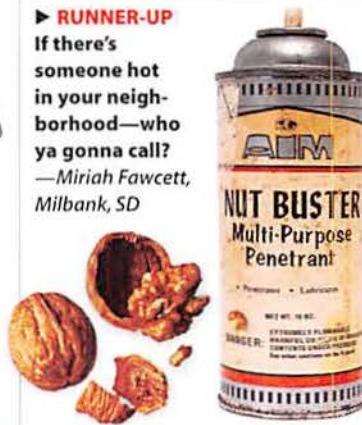


◀ THE \$150 WINNER
Who said housework needed to be a chore?
—Doug Samuel, Lexington, KY

► RUNNER-UP

If there's someone hot in your neighborhood—who ya gonna call?

—Miriah Fawcett, Milbank, SD



▼ RUNNER-UP

Clearly, these guys haven't gotten a whiff of Courtney Love lately.

—T.K. Smith, Lindale, TX



▼ RUNNER-UP

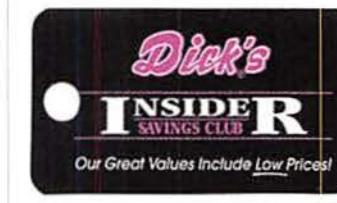
Every night is ladies' night at Windermere Church!

—Michael Mansour, Windermere, FL



HAVE YOU SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL SMUT LATELY?

If it turns us on, we'll send you \$150! Mail your entry to: Found Porn, *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., New York, NY 10018.



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56

Percentage of time men control the remote. Ladies get the clicker 35 percent of the time.



DRUGSTORE COWBOYS

RU EXPERIENCED?

The RU-21 pill was developed by the KGB to protect Russky spooks from the perils of hangovers. But would this miracle drug work on, say, drunken magazine staffers? There was only one way to find out...

GUINEA PIGS	ROB, 31	JACLYN, 24	STEVE, 32	JON, 21	DAN, 31
DRINKS	10 pints of beer	Eight cosmos	Four 375 ml bottles of Thunderbird	Eight tequila shots	Six vodka shots, four beers, two Jägermeister shots
BAC PEAK	.120	.124	.197	.120	.095
SOBRIETY TEST	Scored 240,317 on smutty Photo Hunt video game.	Fell out of a taxi, bruising her knees and elbows.	Blacked out for the night. Does not recall sleeping on bar floor.	Spackled the bar with partially digested chili cheese hot dogs.	Flashed Ozzy devil horns 84 times in two hours.
THE MORNING AFTER	"I'm tired, but I actually feel fine. No jack-hammering headache or anything like that."	"My head hurts, I'm nauseous, and I can't focus. My one regret is not taking a pill at the end of the night, maybe before I fell out of the cab."	"This sucks. Man, I don't know how those homeless guys do it."	"Despite—or maybe because of—my unfortunate vomiting incidents, I feel pretty good. Ha, ha, ha."	"It's almost like there's a headache in my head, but I can't actually feel it. Like it's being blocked by something. It's pretty strange."
RU-21 SCORE	*****	*****	*****	*****	*****
THE VERDICT	RU-21 sort of works, if you're smart enough to take the pills regularly and not drink fortified wine.				

FINE ART

GREENS PARTY

Veg out and try to guess the subject of each salad portrait.



- Willem Dafoe
- Queen Elizabeth
- Michael Jackson

- Chef from South Park
- Shaquille O'Neal
- Marilyn Monroe

- Elton John
- Bill Gates
- Janet Reno

- Saddam Hussein
- The Rock
- Elvis Presley



WIN DINNER WITH HIROKI! Create your very own vegetable portrait of a celebrity, then e-mail a photo to tossedsalad@maximmag.com. Check maximonline.com for more details.

Answers: Queen Elizabeth, Marilyn Monroe, Elton John, Elvis Presley; your mother—oops, sorry, habit.

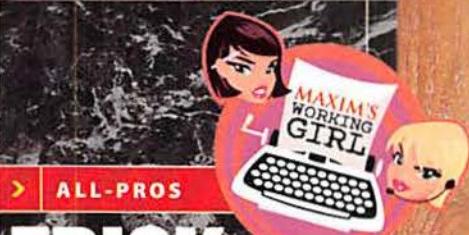
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CIRCUS MAXIMUS



> ALL-PROS

FRISK FACTOR

America's sexiest police officer has the right to remain hot!

Name: Elsie Mendoza

Experience: She may have spent the past three years bustin' perps in Jersey, but nothing has tested Elsie more than her six-month stint at the academy. "The drill instructors find your weakness and hound you," she says. "I've seen guys cry." These mind games serve a purpose beyond mere humiliation, though. "If you can't handle the training, how are you gonna handle the street?" By bawling like a baby?

Qualifications: Even in uniform, the 5'1" Elsie is as cute as an armed button. But that doesn't mean the 27-year-old can't subdue a raging meth addict, as she did during a scuffle in the middle of a busy intersection. "He was big, but I put him in a leg lock. We're taught not to fight the body fight, the body part." Clearly a hands-on gal, Elsie was even game for an undercover gig. "They almost had me go out as a prostitute," she begins. "But it didn't work, because I have all my teeth," Braggart.



> HELP WANTED

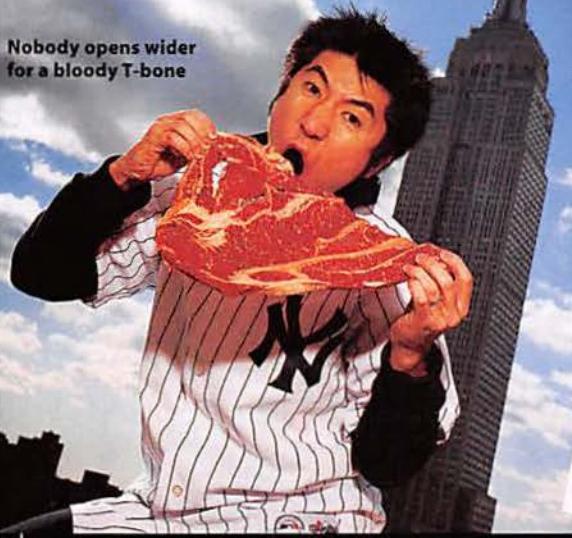
- > Know a hot smoke jumper?
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- > Or any hottie with a cool job?
- > E-mail her pics and info to workinggirl@maximmag.com and we'll give her a page!



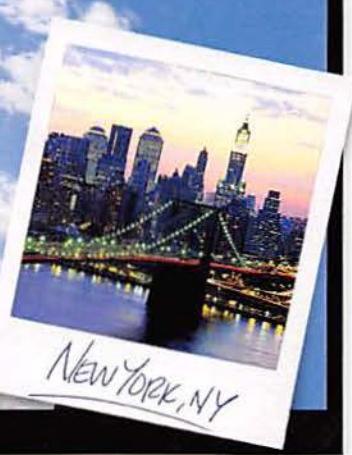
Subscribers see more photos for free in the *Maxim Lounge* at maximonline.com.



Nobody opens wider
for a bloody T-bone



CIRCUS MAXIMUS



> HIROKI EATS AMERICA!

UNBEATABLE MEAT

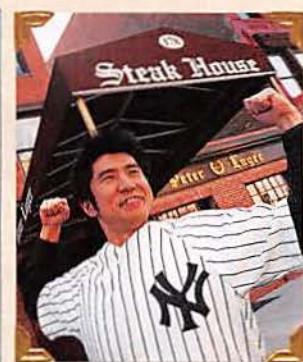
Beef—it's what's for our Japanese art assistant as he rates the best steakhouses in New York City.



Sparks: The joint where gangster Paul Castellano ate lead.
Hiroki wrote: "This is perfect medium-rare cooked—it looks almost my three fist. How much pound? 400 grams? More gravy flavor. I see dead people."



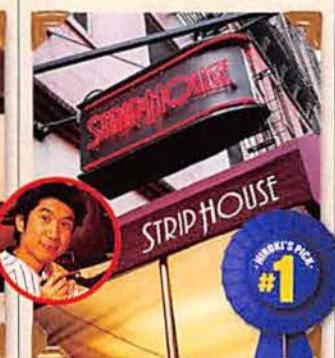
Old Homestead: Oddly, it's in the Meatpacking District.
Hiroki wrote: "With slender crisp, it's so thick steak. Keep juicy and bloody wild meat. Only salt pepper, no any tricky sauce. That's samurai spirits."



Peter Luger: A cash-only—eat it, IRS!—beef temple since 1887.
Hiroki wrote: "Customers look Yakuza. Mammoth T-bone sizzling, it will use weapon. I'm feeling primitive man, every foods dynamic. Female steak sashimi."



Ben Benson's: The Midtown fave of health nut David Wells.
Hiroki wrote: "This steak is hard to chew. They don't like me? Nothing taste. Not sweet, not spicy. Not good. My sleepy jaw will break soon."



Strip House: The new kid on the charbroiled block.
Hiroki wrote: "Moody, cabaretic restaurant. Taste megaton high level. The size is brick. Outside is technique burning. I rate five Hirokis. So good, goddamn it!"



Tad's: A Times Square rathole.
Hiroki wrote: "Is this plastic toy knife? This made of nerves and muscle. Steak is hard, harder, hardest. Never-ending chewing. I will suffer from constipation for three days. And hookers."

*Out of
the blue
Comes a new spin
on a mild cigar.*

Introducing
Helix™ cigars,
handmade in Honduras
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*Finally,
the legendary quality
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Connecticut Shade wrapper
in a mildly priced cigar.*

> BAR O' THE MONTH

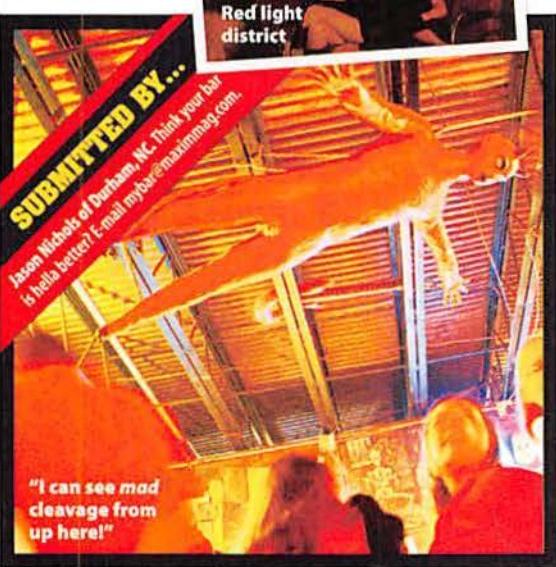
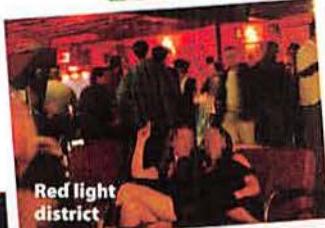
HELL

We'll be damned if you don't covet this sinful Tar Heel hot spot.

Is it hot in here? Those paddle-happy nuns lied—Hell's not so bad after all! Tucked into a windowless basement, the red and black walls of this Chapel Hill tavern are covered with mildly satanic paraphernalia ranging from Dante quotes to Ozzy posters. "We wanted a place with cheap drinks and no pretense," explains Mark Dorosin, co-owner since 1997. Adding to the infernal design are red leather couches, dioramas of the seven deadly sins, and a life-size Lucifer.

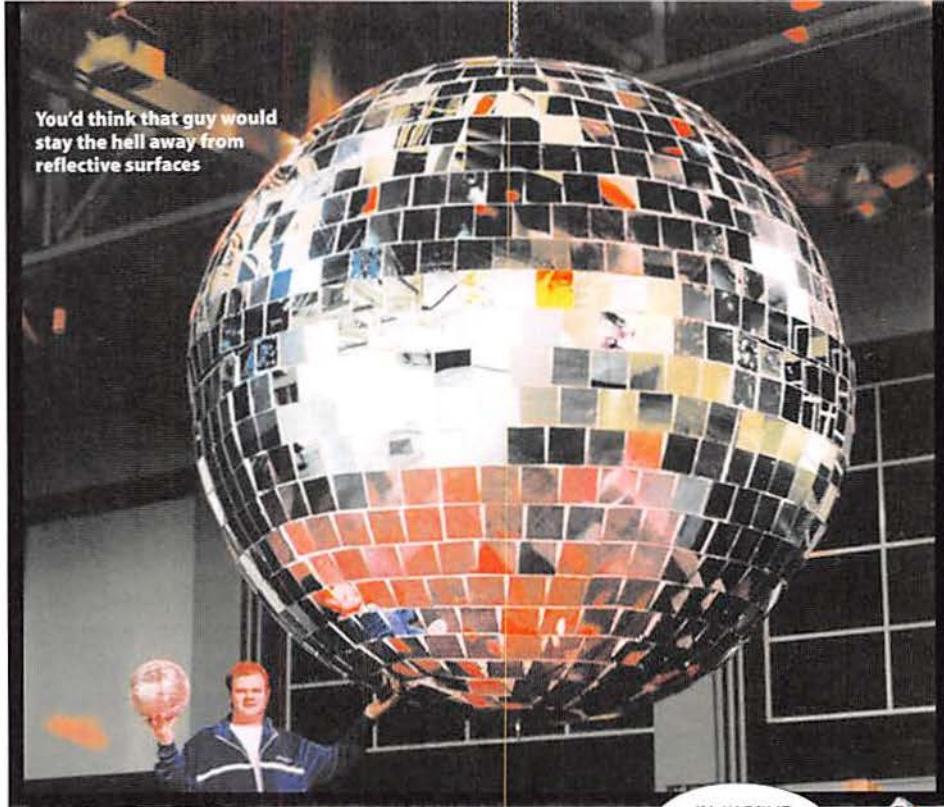
Membership has its privileges: In backward North Carolina, any place that sells only liquor has to be a private club, so it takes more than a life of sin to get into Hell—it takes \$5 a year. "There's a three-day waiting period after you apply," Dorosin says. "It's easier to buy a gun." Hell's 6,500 members enjoy specials like Malt Liquor Mondays—each 40 has its own paper bag!

Phone number of the Beast: Go to Hell at 157 1/2 East Rosemary St., Chapel Hill, or call 919-929-9666.



"I can see mad cleavage from up here!"

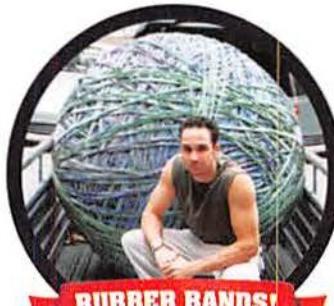
You'd think that guy would stay the hell away from reflective surfaces



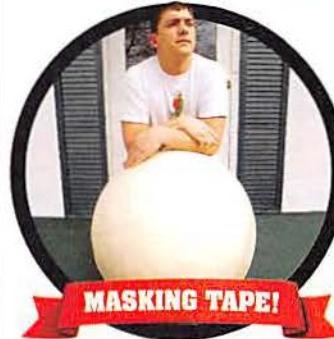
> SPHERE FACTOR

BIG BALLS!

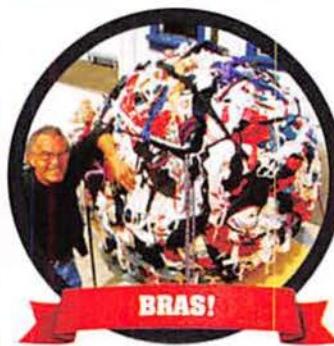
We scour the globe for gigantic...globe-shaped...globes.

**RUBBER BANDS!**

John Bain started his 3,120-pound elastic orb while slacking off at work. If only we were that productive.

**MASKING TAPE!**

"Monsterball," 18-year-old Scott Bartlett's opus, rivals your mother for world's stickiest 420-pound object.

**BRAS!**

Ron Nicolino hoped to build a bra bridge across the Grand Canyon with his 14,000 bras. Get this: He failed!

**ALUMINUM FOIL!**

We had interns ball up \$500 worth of foil. Then we had them smooth the foil back out and return it for a refund.



RATCHET & CLANK

GOING COMMANDO

They're back. And they're itching for action. With tons of planets to conquer in a whole new gigantic galaxy, you better believe Ratchet & Clank are gonna sink their teeth into some destruction. Ummm, destruction. With weapon upgrades, mods, armor and the ability for Ratchet to get stronger and smarter as the game goes on, this could get uglier than the Grandmas In Bikinis Calendar after-party. Speaking of parties, there's also hoverbike racing, space combat and gladiator arenas. As far as weapons and gadgets go, Ratchet & Clank are stacked with 50 new ones, along with unlockable upgrades, so by the end of the journey, you'll go through more weapons and gadgets than a hungry fat man will go through chicken wings at lunch. Lock and load, baby, lock and load.

YES, YES, YES, YES, YES, YES, AND HELL YEAH.



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PLAY IN OURS.



Mild Violence

PlayStation®2

INSOMNIAC
GAMES

www.us.playstation.com

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Diapers are required
for first-time drivers

> HISTORY LESSENED

MAJOR ISSUES

1859: *Maxim* becomes the official rag of the Underground Railroad.

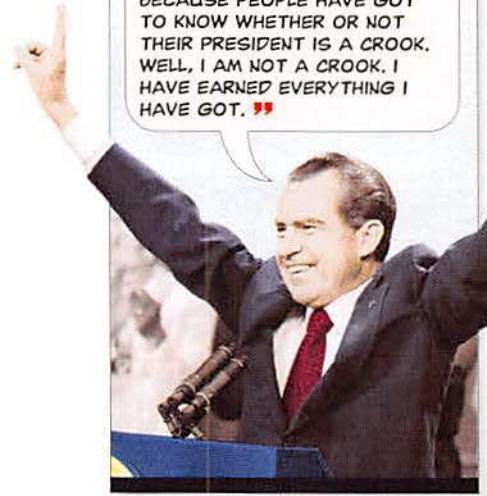


> GREAT QUOTES

GET IT RIGHT

Tricky Dick Nixon faces the nation and pleads not guilty.

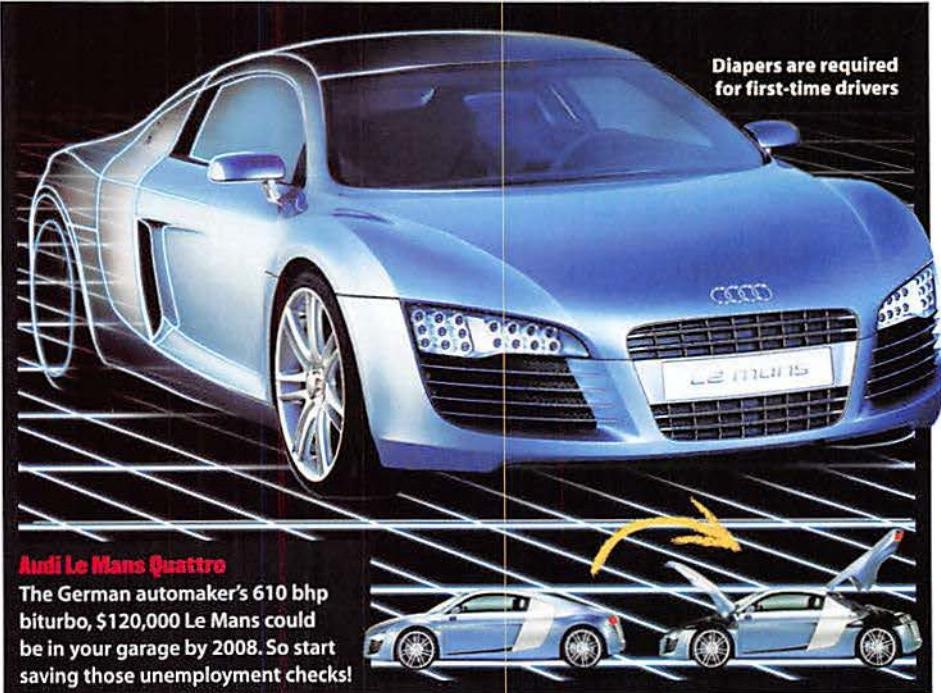
"I MADE MY MISTAKES, BUT IN ALL OF MY YEARS IN PUBLIC LIFE, I HAVE NEVER PROFITED FROM PUBLIC SERVICE—I HAVE EARNED EVERY CENT. AND IN ALL OF MY YEARS OF PUBLIC LIFE, I HAVE NEVER OBSTRUCTED JUSTICE. AND I THINK, TOO, THAT I COULD SAY THAT IN MY YEARS OF PUBLIC LIFE, THAT I WELCOME THIS KIND OF EXAMINATION, BECAUSE PEOPLE HAVE GOT TO KNOW WHETHER OR NOT THEIR PRESIDENT IS A CROOK. WELL, I AM NOT A CROOK. I HAVE EARNED EVERYTHING I HAVE GOT."



10

Percentage of female Army recruits who test positive for chlamydia.

Are you shiftless Sanford or ruthless Saddam? <http://www.smalltime.com/dictator.html>

**Audi Le Mans Quattro**

The German automaker's 610 bhp biturbo, \$120,000 Le Mans could be in your garage by 2008. So start saving those unemployment checks!

> THE WHEEL WORLD

AUTO SPYING

Here's a look at four concept cars designed to emasculate state troopers.

Alfa Romeo 8C Competizione

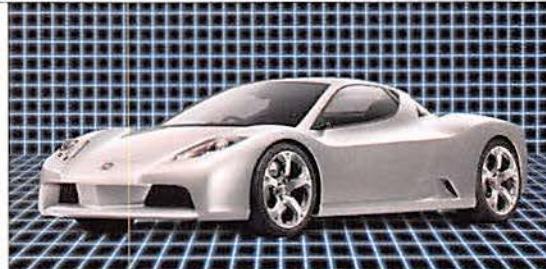
Alfa's recent sport sedans haven't provided the thrills of the classic Spyder, but the six-speed 8C may mark a return to road-shredding glory.



A 400 bhp V-8 turbo codesigned by Ferrari powers the car.

Honda HSC

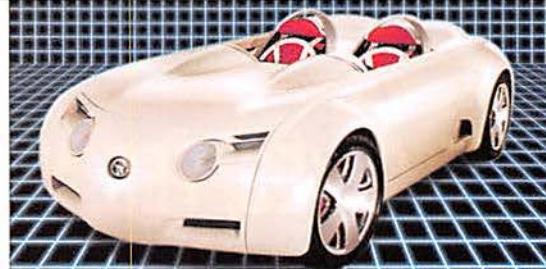
With a 300 bhp V-6 and styling so badass it'd intimidate a great white shark, the HSC is one Honda that, by law, must never be used to drive Junior to soccer practice.



This next-gen NSX has a longer wheelbase and wider body.

Toyota CS&S

This hybrid has a 1.5-liter gas engine powering the rear wheels and two electric motors driving the front. No backseat? No problem! There's a hidden pair of rumble seats.



A holographic instrument panel confirms you're speeding.

"Astonishing TV"

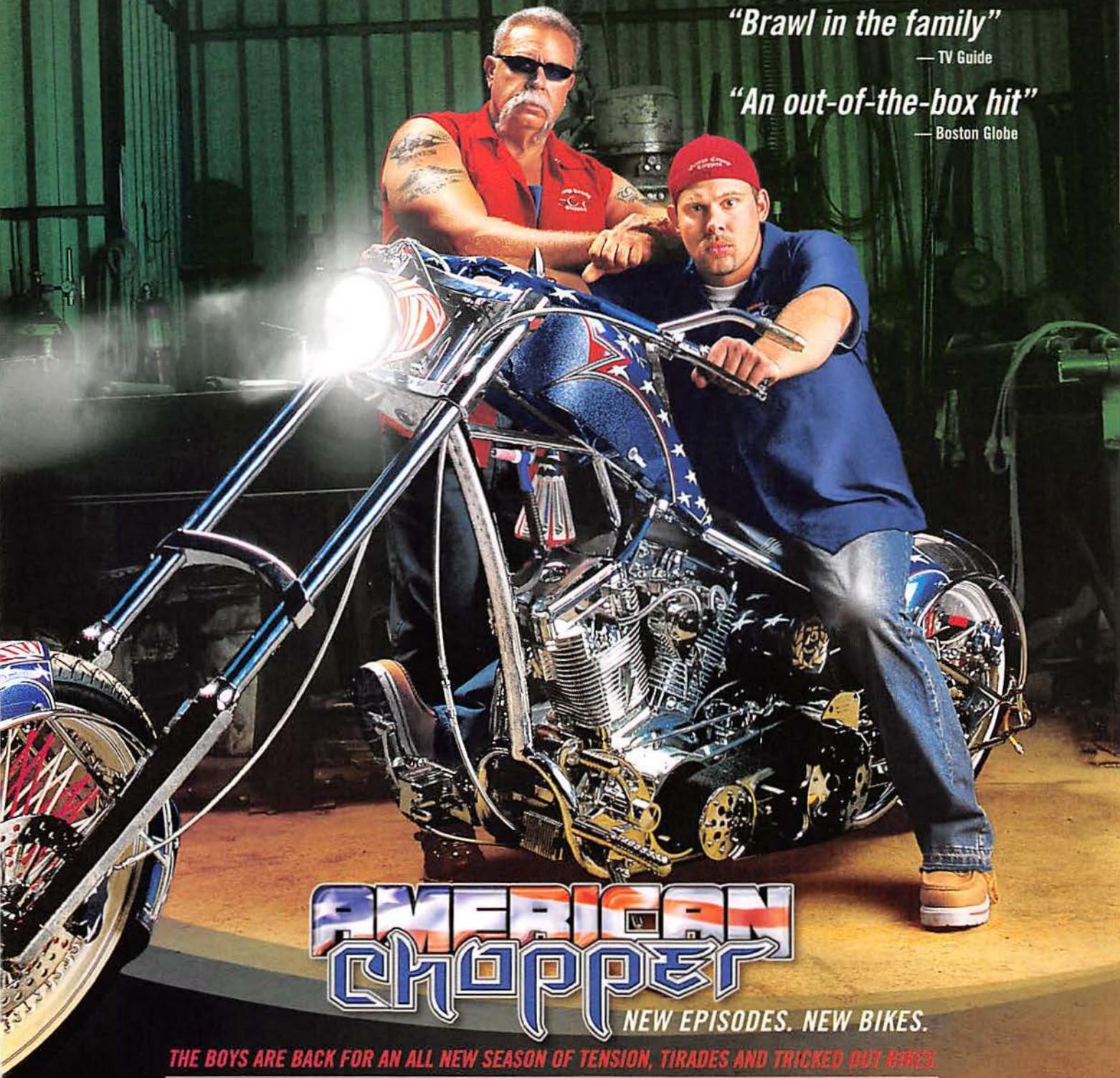
— NY Post

"Brawl in the family"

— TV Guide

"An out-of-the-box hit"

— Boston Globe



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MAXIM WORLDWIDE

BÁRBARA MORI

Proof positive that everything's hotter south of the equator.

As seen in: *Maxim en Espanol*, November '03

Her story: Uruguay's

never been a tourism hot spot, but that may change once people catch a glimpse of native babe Bárbara.



Having starred in Mexican soap operas, the 25-year-old half-Japanese starlet (she has the Japanese symbol for *mori*, or woods, tattooed on her back) was nervous about frolicking in the surf for *Maxim*. "A little tequila would've helped," she says. "But it's OK, I look better wet." Okee-dokee...let's move on. Bárbara, who's about as mesmerizing—wow, look at those eyes—as a girl gets, sometimes toys with the fragile hearts of men: "If a guy is used to getting his way with women, I like to make him beg." That means guys like us, who aren't used to getting our way with women, are in like Flynn, right? Sweet!



Subscribers see more photos for free in the *Maxim Lounge* at maximonline.com.

Sorry, but we need our undershirt back, immediately

It's EASY to burn off a Green Light.™

A.



B.



C.

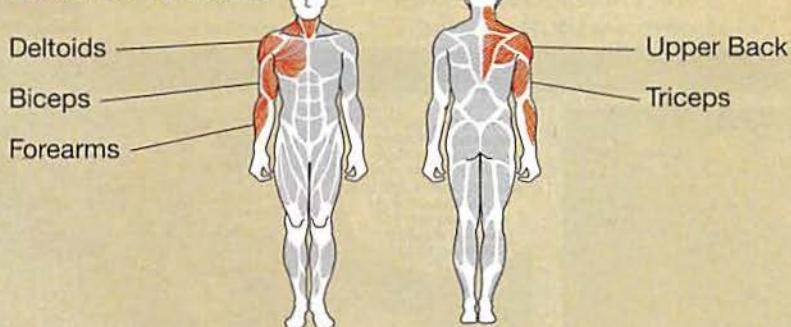


"High Five"

While enjoying the game and a Rock Green Light, the new great-tasting low-carb beer (A), raise your arm back with elbow slightly bent and palm open (B). Now connect with your friend's hand at peak height (C). Repeat until hand stings. *Warning: Missing your friend's hand will result in ridicule. So will drinking any other low-carb beer.*

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> WHO CARES?

**G'HEAD,
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ANYTHING**

Maxim answers your pricey, spicy, cars-burning-ricey questions.

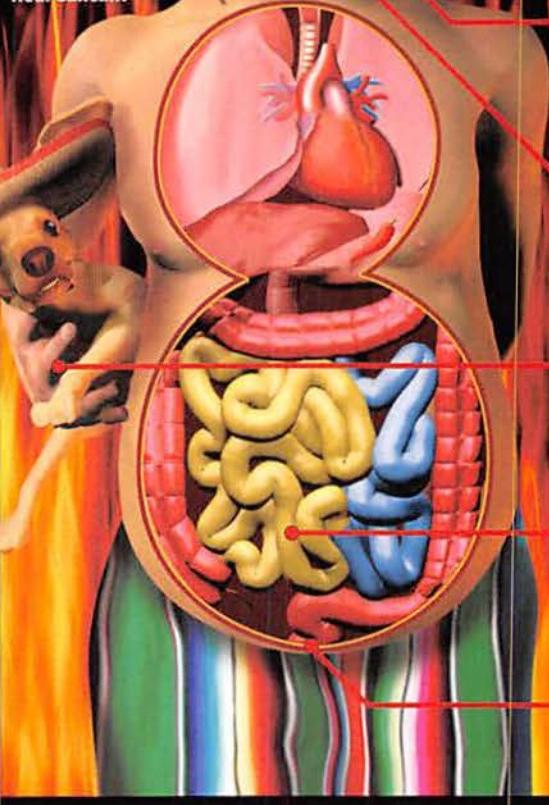
Q: How much U.S. currency is currently in circulation?

A: Including the \$1.30 in filthy change we jacked from a bum, there's an ominous \$666 billion floating around. However, a mere *one third* of that is in the United States. The rest is circulating overseas, where the dollar's stability is preferred by third-world merchants, organ traffickers, and Saudi terrorists. "The total amount of circulated currency fluctuates based on demand," explains Michael Lambert, cash manager of the Federal Reserve Board. "Demand is based on population growth and economic activity, but it's also driven by political uncertainties around the world." For instance, people tend to hoard cash when a catastrophe—an earthquake, a hurricane, a new NBC sitcom—strikes, driving up demand. Of the 22.7 billion pieces of U.S. paper currency, 34 percent are ones, eight percent are fives, six percent are tens, 23 percent are twenties, five percent are fifties, and 21 percent are hundreds. Sorry, your \$3 bill doesn't count.



Baby, don't ever change

"This didn't happen in *The Real Cancun!*"

**GOT DUMB-ASS QUESTIONS?**

Send them to Ask Anything, *Maxim*, 6th Ave, New York, NY 10018. Or just e-mail ask@maximonline.com. Hurry up, Minelli-alike!

Q: What would happen if we ran out of oil tomorrow?

A: A total socioeconomic meltdown—but you could call in sick to work! "It's a grim scenario," says Bob Tippee, editor of skin rag *Oil & Gas Journal*. "The economic adjustment would be deadly." Half the world's crude is used to make gasoline, so transportation would come to a screeching halt. Oil also accounts

Q: ¡Ay caramba! What the heck did that habanero just do to me?

MOUTH: Capsaicin, an alkaloid unique to chili peppers, caused the burning in your boca. Dairy products offer the best relief. "The fattier, the better," says Dave DeWitt, publisher of *fiery-foods.com*.

HEAD: Your brain releases painkillers called endorphins that make you feel high. Capsaicin also raises your heart rate, causing sweatiness, a runny nose, and even fainting. God, you're a pussy.

HANDS: Even your dainty hands are too thick to be affected by capsaicin, but they may carry the chemical to more sensitive body parts like your eyes or scrotum, which'll burn like a bastard.

GUT: Capsaicin doesn't irritate your gastrointestinal tract because mucous membranes prevent absorption. In fact, capsaicin increases gastric secretions, aiding overall digestion. Well, until...

ASS: Researchers say the fire-in-the-hole feeling associated with eating hot foods is a result of roughage consumed at such meals. We have a few hot-sauce-guzzling editors who'd disagree.

for 40 percent of the global energy supply, which means smoke from coal burning would coat the lungs of street urchins. People would freeze from lack of heat and starve due to vastly reduced fertilizer production and food distribution. But, hey, you'd save a fortune on car insurance.



"Ye-e-ah,
boy-y-y!"

> MORAL AUTHORITY



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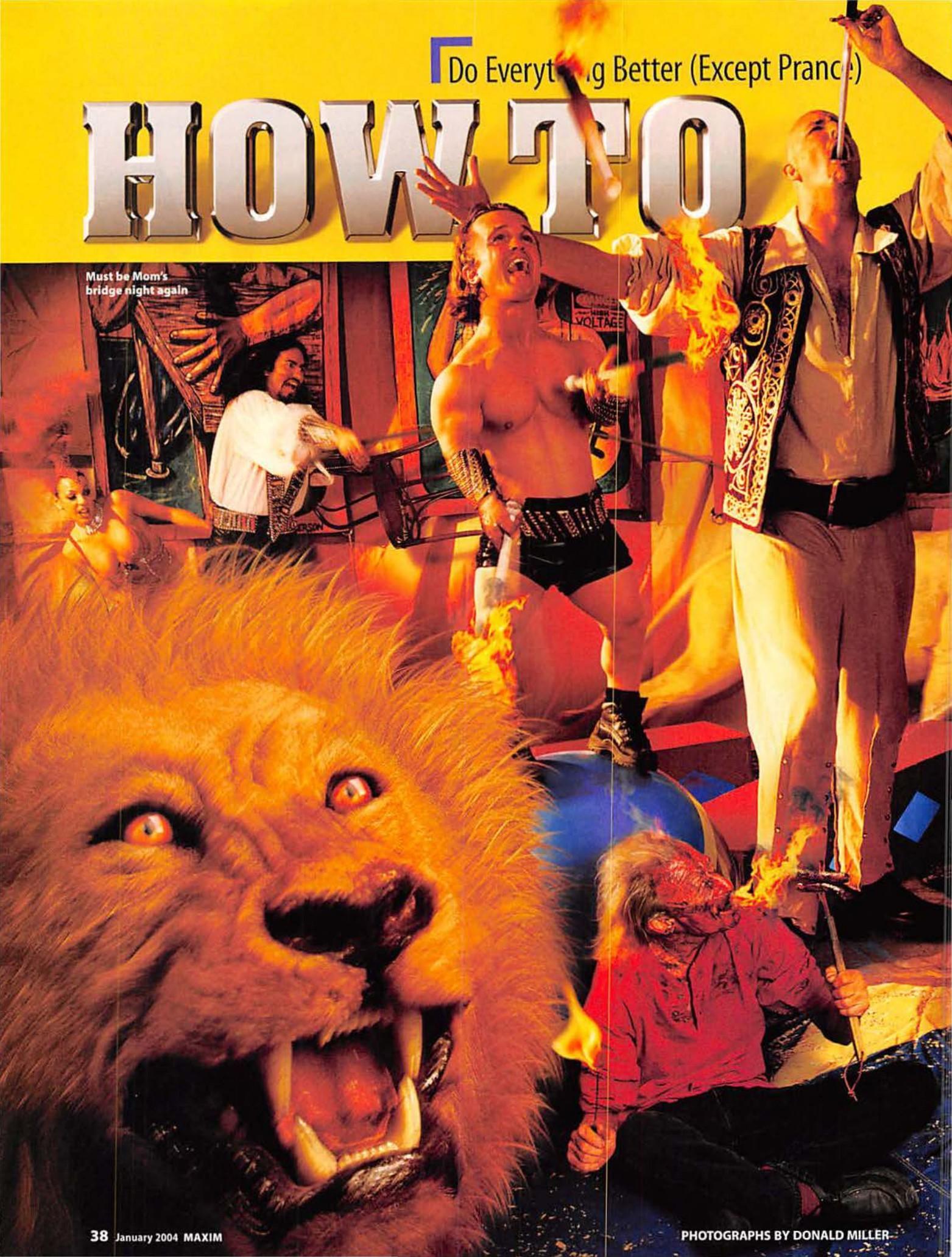
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Do Everything Better (Except Prance)

HOW TO

Must be Mom's
bridge night again





> HOW TO

JOIN THE CIRCUS

You've threatened to run away and do it for years but never followed through. Read this to become the greatest schmo on Earth!

MANURE IN LUCK

Mental positions that involve shoveling elephant shit tend to have a high turnover rate, so circuses are always on the lookout for entry-level workers with low self-esteem. To land a job as a roustabout (circus hand) or a candy butcher (concession-stand worker), subscribe to industry magazine *The Circus Report* (\$48 at amazon.com) and keep an eye on the classifieds. Or, when the circus comes to your town stop in to apply—but make sure your bags are packed: "If we have a job, you'd better be ready," says Big Apple Circus general manager Guillaume Dufresnoy, "because you're leaving with us the next night." Your first task? Fetching the clowns their morning boilermakers.

GET YOUR FREAK ON

If performing in the sideshow is more your speed, you have two options: Grow a beard and convince people you're a lady or enroll in the world's freakiest night school. "By the end of my class, everyone is eating fire and lying down on a bed of nails without getting severely punctured," promises Todd Robbins, dean of the Coney Island Sideshow School in Brooklyn. (Check coneyislandusa.com to register for the six-day, \$600 course.) Robbins teaches students how to hammer nails into noses by having them practice with Q-tips. He also shows future sword swallowers and aspiring prostitutes how to overcome the gag reflex by repeatedly sticking coat hangers down their throats.

CLOWN CLASS

If you want to become a skilled performer like a clown or a trapeze artist, hit the gym and hit the books. "You need to have a good body and an understanding of movement," says Dominique Jando, director of the San Francisco School of Circus Arts. Attend a specialized college to perfect the juggling, tumbling, and balancing skills circuses require. If you're angling to become Siegfried's new Roy, wannabe trainers learn by assisting animal handlers or zookeepers. Send a videotape of your seven-minute act to circus directors ranging from Ringling Bros. to "mud shows," or small traveling circuses. Save the Tijuana donkey act for your private tape collection.

HOW TO



"Note to self:
Buy a wallet."

HOW TO

BE A BOOKIE

Watch sports and take money from suckers—but as your job.*

GET ACTION

If Uncle Sal isn't able to show you the ropes from the state pen, you can get an easy start by offering to "sub-book" for a pro bookie during the summer. Some of them shut down after the NCAA tournament and don't reopen until football season because they hate taking action on baseball—it means working seven days a week. So you can offer to use a bookie's client list in return for doing all the work and giving him half your profits. Don't like those odds? Strike out on your own. When taking a bet—try to do business over the phone—agree on what the guy currently owes you or is owed by you, write down his new bet, and repeat it back to him. Tabulate results on espn.com. It's like being an athlete, without the exercise!

GET MONEY

Set it up correctly and you'll be assured of making money thanks to the vig, a 10 percent "fee" bookies collect on all losing bets. If you do it right, with a total of \$1,000 wagered on each side of a betting line, you end up paying out evenly—but thanks to the vig, you net \$100. "Theoretically, our goal is always the 50-50 split," explains Mark Goldman, director of Race & Sports at the Venetian Resort in Las Vegas. Check the spreads on sites like [DonBest.com](#), then adjust the odds to local favorites; if you live in Detroit, give bad odds to the lowly Tigers and Lions because fans will still bet on them. If a guy doesn't pay up, you're not supposed to break his legs. Instead, work out a payment plan—how does 80 percent interest sound?



HOW TO

PREY ON HER WEAKNESSES

The crazier she is, the less crazy you seem!

WORK HER BODY

If you've managed to attract the interest of a beautiful woman free of charge, feed her body image paranoia so she doesn't come to her senses. She's worried about not getting enough exercise? Remind her that sex is great for cardio. She's worried about extra calories? That's twice the Fluffer-nutters for you!

RIDE HER MOOD SWINGS

Her tendency to get overly emotional about the most trivial things can work to your advantage. "The pendulum swings both ways," says Gilda Carle, Ph.D., author of *Don't Bet on the Prince*. So while she may burst into tears when you leave the cap off the toothpaste, she'll think you're a saint if you sit through the entirety of *Under the Tuscan Sun* without clawing your eyes out. Plus, if she knows she's prone to irrational behavior—say, during her monthly visit from crazy ol' Aunt Flo—you can convince her she's nuts even when she isn't. Repeat after us: "Baby, you told me to hock all your furniture for meth. Remember?"

MINE HER JEALOUSY

"The good thing about jealousy is that it shows she's afraid of losing you," says Steve Nakamoto, host of iVillage.com's relationship advice column. Tell her how cool your buddy's girlfriend is for letting him go to Tijuana with the guys. She won't want to seem uptight, so she'll back off. Never mention an ex-girlfriend in connection with a sexual act—merely allude to something you'd like to try again—and she'll agree to wear the Viking helmet as well.

MILK HER MOTHERING

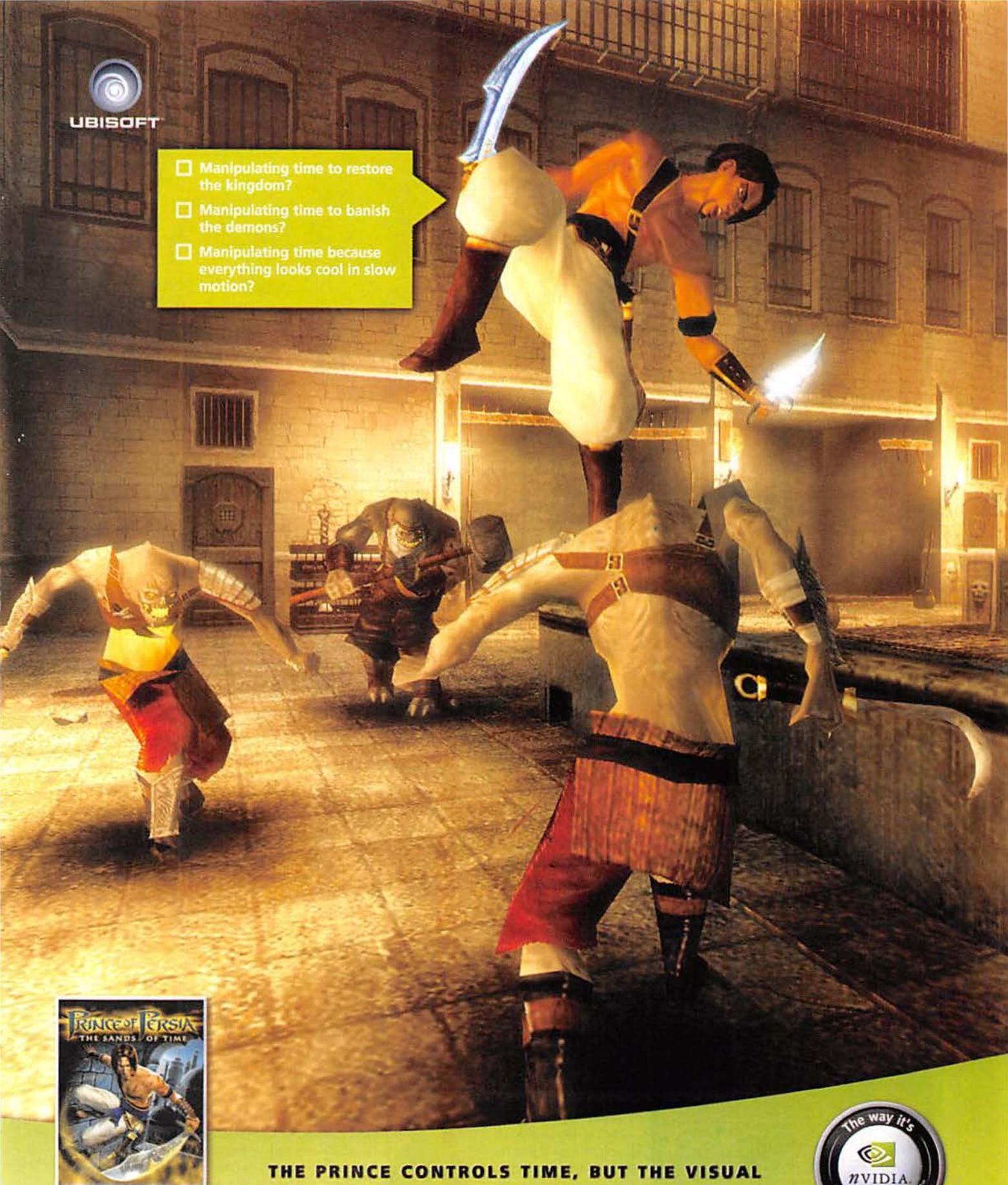
You know how your girlfriend is always nagging you to throw out those ripped T-shirts or to eat with utensils? Well, that annoying maternal instinct may just work in your favor. "It indicates that she's nurturing and will go out of her way to make sure you're comfortable," Carle explains. Show your utter incompetence in endearing ways. Offer to cook her a romantic meal; after you've laid waste to the kitchen—don't forget to toast the soup!—she'll say she appreciates the heartfelt gesture, then she'll make sure you never get near an oven again.

*As long as you don't mind the fact that it's illegal.



UBISOFT

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- Manipulating time to banish the demons?
- Manipulating time because everything looks cool in slow motion?



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HOW TO

> HOW TO

CHOP WOOD

Why pay for heat when you can steal it from Mother Nature?



1. CHOOSE A TREE

Look for a tree that's already been felled by a lumberjack or beaver. Hardwoods like maple and oak burn well, but softwoods like pine are easier to cut. Now grab your 3½-pound sharp ax with one hand at the bottom of the handle and the other about two thirds up.



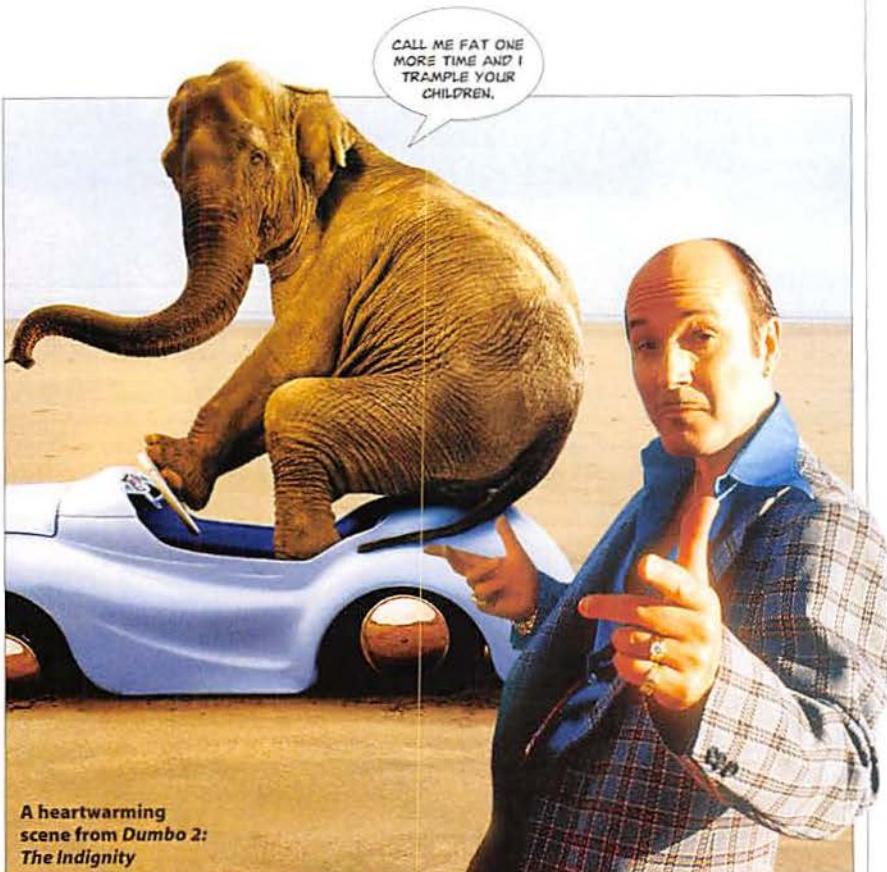
2. CHOP IT UP

"Straighten your arms, then swing," says pro lumberjack Matt Bush. "Don't bend your elbows." Making angled V-cuts in the trunk, cut the tree into two-foot lengths. "About 30 degrees each way is good; more can be better but takes skill." And you don't have any.



3. DO THE SPLITS

To split the trunk chunks lengthwise, place them on a stable flat surface like a large tree stump or the hood of your neighbor's 'Vette. Make sure there are no low-hanging branches or wires, then use a single chop for the final cut. Voilà: You've got wood!



> HOW TO

SELL YOUR CAR

Turn your bucket of bolts into cash and screw over a gullible sucker!

1. PREP THE VEHICLE

A used car is like a hooker: Keep it clean and plenty of dopes will assume there's nothing wrong under the hood. First off, give your ride a good wash and wax followed by a tire-polish with a satin-finish cleaner. Wash the windows—inside and out—with glass cleaner before wiping them down with newspaper for a downright dangerous gleam. Inside the car, vacuum up crumbs and used condoms, and wipe down the dashboard with Pledge. Replace any burned-out lights and fuses; they're cheap and easy to fix, and they give a potential buyer one less thing to haggle over. Under the hood, you should degrease your engine, top off your fluids, and get an oil change—so you can point to the little sticker on your windshield as you talk about how much you've always babied your beloved Pacer.

2. SET THE PRICE

"There's a culture in the automotive business that makes people feel like they have to bargain," explains Charlie Vogelheim, executive editor of the car appraiser *Kelley Blue Book*. Find a starting price by using a calculator at [kbb.com](#), but don't be disappointed if you don't end up getting it. You need to spend money to make money, so be prepared to blow some on advertising. The Sunday paper has the most-read classified section, but one ad may run \$100. Your best bet? Web sites like [cars.com](#), [carsdirect.com](#), and [ebaymotors.com](#). For about \$35 you can post pics and plenty of text for a month. Mention perks like heated seats and customized "La Cucaracha" horns, and use terms like "original owner" and "non-smoker" if you can. But don't lie—false advertising leads to tire-iron-wielding customers.

3. CLOSE THE DEAL

Order your car's history report for \$20 from [carfax.com](#); assuming you didn't rebuild the engine with an Erector set, the report will show that your car has been taken care of. It may sound stupid, but when it's time for some sucker to take a test drive, go with him: You can answer questions along the way, and he can't drive off with your friggin' car. Have the title, a blank bill of sale, and maintenance records handy in case he shows interest, then prepare to get down to business. Scammers will offer to pay cash on the spot in exchange for a much lower price. Screw 'em—know the minimum you're willing to accept, then refuse to go below it. Feel free to mention that other people are looking at the car later that day. When the guy caves, accept only cash, money order, or certified check. Then hand him the keys to his new lemon! Hint: Take them off your key ring first.



"Lemme tell you the best thing about prison."

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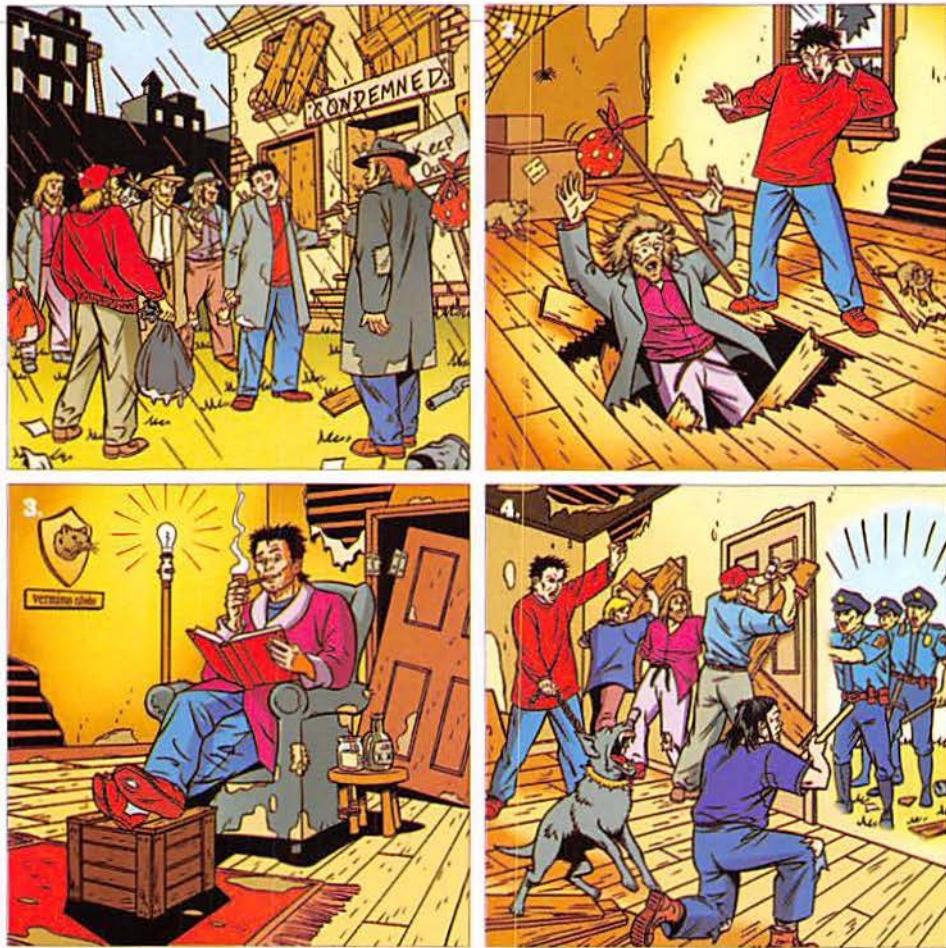
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HOW TO



› HOW TO

BE A SQUATTER

Don't pay for a tiny apartment. Live in a condemned hovel for free!

1. FIND IT

First, gather up a posse of like-minded freeloaders—it's harder to evict *several* degenerates. Some cities mark abandoned buildings with symbols to indicate the level of disrepair, but even condemned houses may be habitable. Also take note of the neighborhood itself. "Neighbors who rent are more tolerant of squatters than homeowners are," says Ted Gullicksen, homeless advocate for Homes Not Jails in San Francisco. Once you have a swank pad in mind, consult the "lot and block" maps at City Hall to make sure the owner doesn't live nearby.

3. SPRUCE IT

Establish yourself as a respectable, friendly presence so the neighbors don't rat you out to the cops. "Just tell people you're fixing the place up," Gullicksen suggests. If there's a padlock on the front door, cut it off, then install a lock and use keys to get in and out. "It's when you're climbing through the second-floor window that neighbors get suspicious," Gullicksen adds. Also, thinking of rats as scampering house pets rather than disease-carrying vermin will help lend your hovel a homey feel.

2. TAKE IT

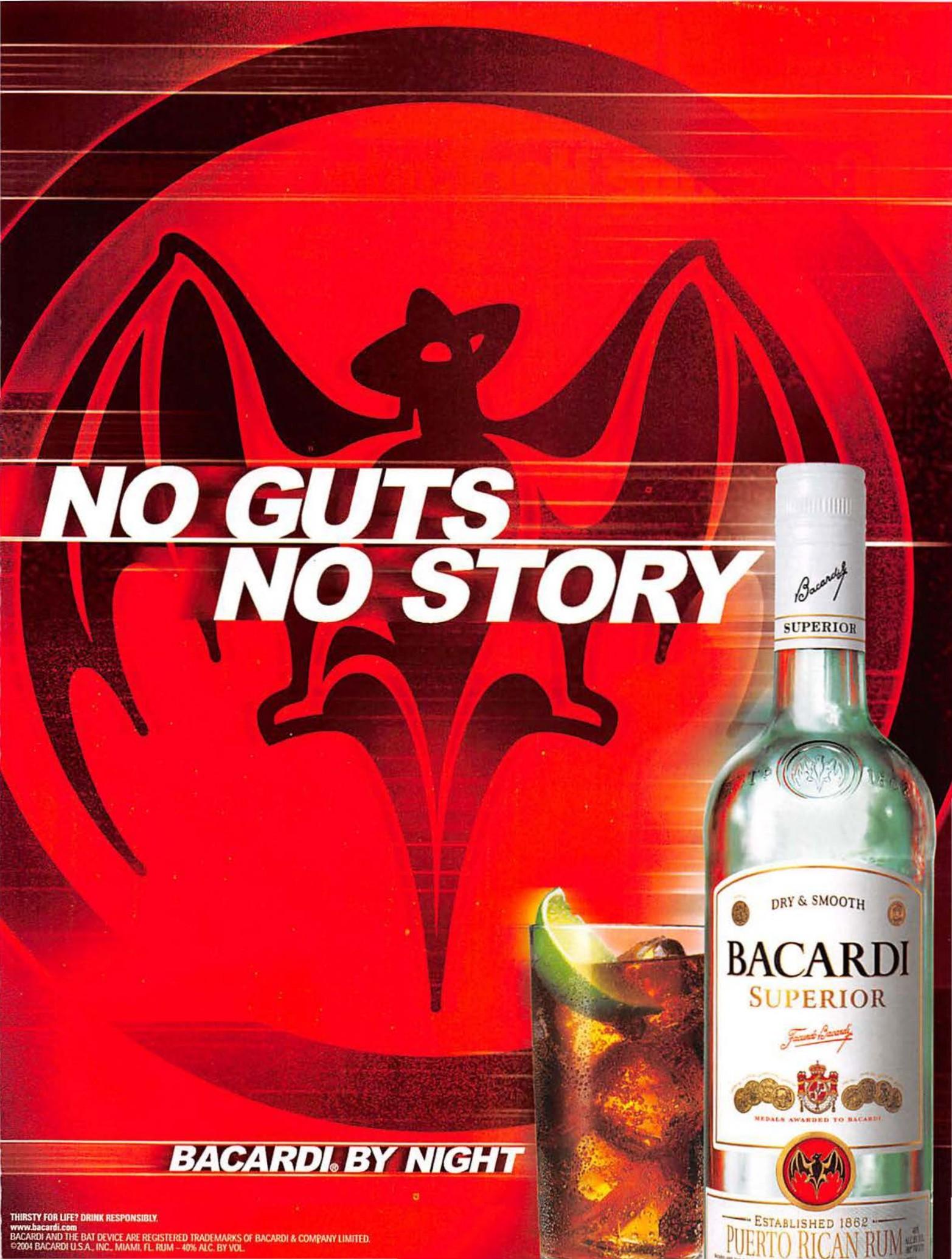
Before you hang Grandma's HOME SWEET HOME sign on the front door, see if the building is equipped with such luxuries as utilities and front doors. Shore up structural weaknesses, and turn on the water (warning: It's illegal) by locating the main pipes in the house or under the sidewalk out front. If the building is wired for electricity, call to get the power turned on or remove the meter (also illegal) and make the connection yourself. Your new digs may be covered in trash, hypodermic needles, and hobo urine, so bust out the Lysol and get to scrubbin'!

4. LEGALIZE IT

Linking the building's address to your permanent records makes it harder for the cops to evict you. So get as many pieces of ID with your new address as possible, and have mail sent there. (In addition to buying *Maxim* on the newsstand, subscribe!) Register utilities in your name, and pay the bills on time to establish tenancy. States like California with liberal housing laws give squatters who live in a building for five years (and make improvements) the opportunity to legally assume ownership and stick it to da man!



"Now if I could
only find a bra..."



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NO STORY**

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PUERTO RICAN RUM

Cracking Her Code

Peekaboo thongs, tongue studs, back tattoos: Is her body language saying what we think it's saying—or does she just have style? **Jodi Bryson** talks to the ladies to find out.

Years ago, if a girl had a pierced tongue, she was a hard-core punk; if she had a tat, she was with the circus; and if her panties were showing, she had a price list next to her bed. Sigh—the good old days, when guys could tell who wanted them, and who wanted them to go away. Now that the hungry mainstream has swallowed up all these fringe trends, men aren't sure what to think—and that's dangerous. Misinterpret her nonverbal message ("So I notice you're a hooker...") and you could wake up locked in a trunk on the set of *Trading Spaces*, tied up with nylons and a scented potpourri ball gag. I asked my sexiest friends who follow the trends to help us out: What exactly are these common visual cues trying to tell guys?

We know how to get you to think of us in a new way—as in undressed.

The lower-back tattoo

What you think: It's an invitation to look at her upper heinie region...and a tease of more interesting sights below. The real scoop?

1. **Deception.** "I got my first tattoo on my back when I was 17. I knew I could hide it from my parents and that I wouldn't see it every day if I wound up hating it."—Cristin, 22
2. **Hippy-dippy reasoning.** "My tattoo is at the base of my spine because it's a place that's a source of strength and balance, which goes with the meaning of my design."—Lia, 28
3. **Sexy preview.** "I got a tattoo of the sun and moon, just because I liked the way it looked. If I want you to see it, you will. That's

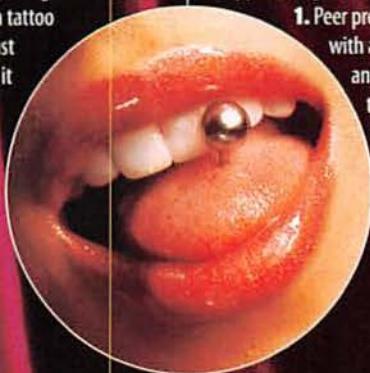
what's cool about having it—it's like a secret I can let slip when I want."—Jennifer, 26

4. **Vanity.** "It's a part of my body that I know isn't going to be all fat and stretched out in 40 years, so that made me a little more confident about getting one."—Lili, 24

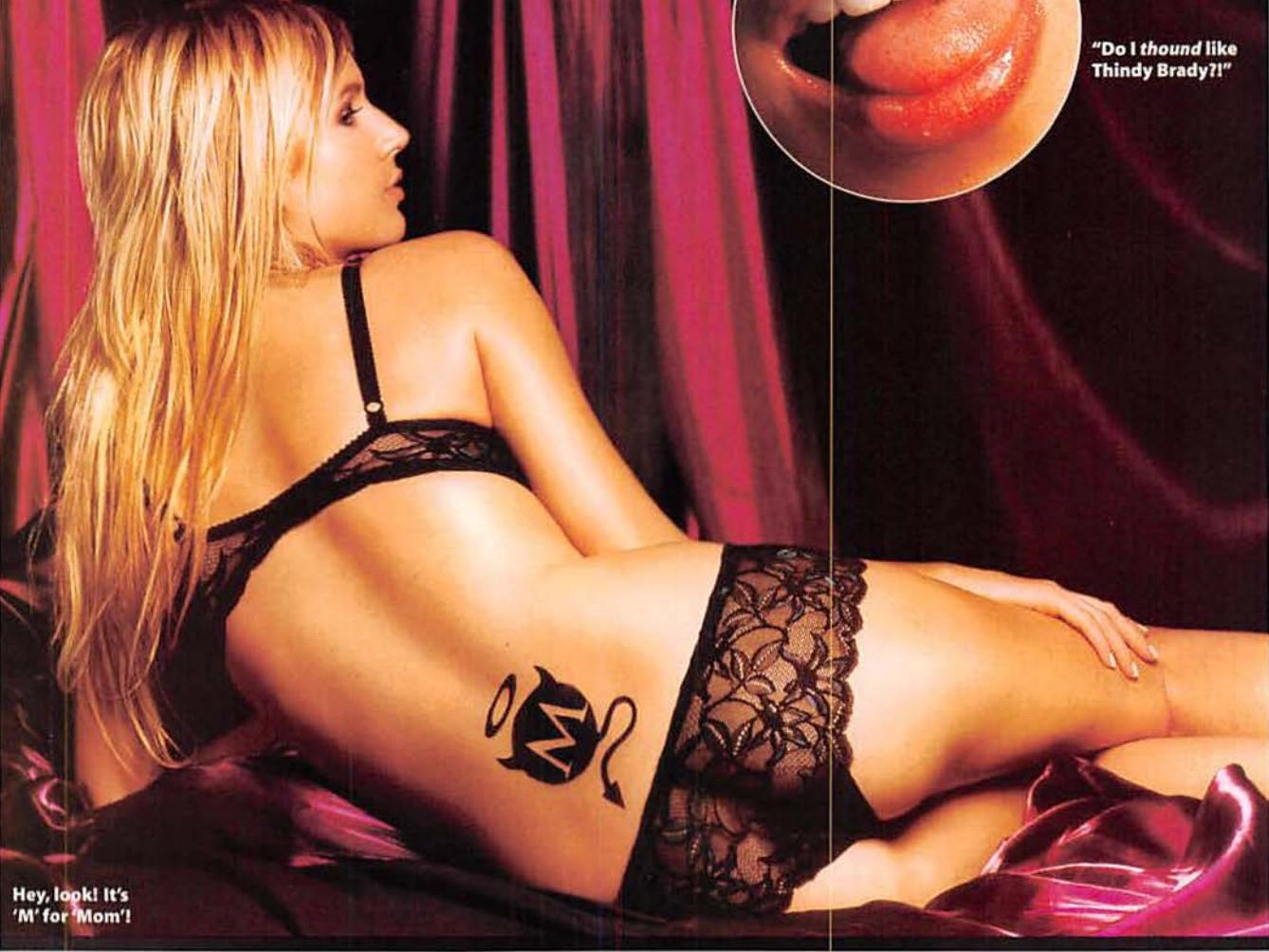
The tongue barbell

What you think: Why would a girl pay to get a piece of metal jammed through a vital muscle? She's committing to your hummer happiness, right? Let's see...

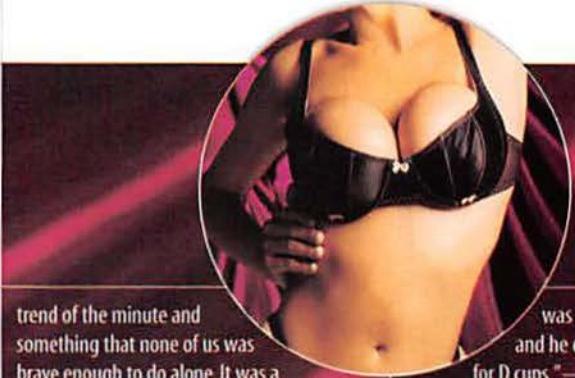
1. **Peer pressure.** "In college I went with a few of my best friends and we all got our tongues pierced. It was definitely just the



"Do I thound like Thindy Brady?!"



Hey, look! It's 'M' for Mom!



"Dang, where'd I leave my bike lock."

trend of the minute and something that none of us was brave enough to do alone. It was a bonding experience for us, and a 'We're away from our parents' feeling, too!' —Jen, 25

2. Better BJ performance. "I'm into piercings, and the tongue bar is pretty. It definitely changes how I perform oral sex. It's OK if it turns you on when you meet me, but all the same rules of seduction apply." —Maya, 30

3. Boyfriend management. "I dated a guy who had tons of piercings, and, yes, his tongue stud definitely affected my oral sex pleasure. So I figured it couldn't hurt—too much—to return the favor! Knowing he'd done it made me feel better about going, and I've gotten three more piercings since." —Kate, 24

Gigunda boob implants

What you think: The about-to-pop porn-star look implies porn-star sex...and she's looking for a stunt dick. True? (Please?!)

1. Feminizer. "Growing up with sisters in beauty pageants, I felt like the ugly duckling. At the very least, I knew I couldn't wear their clothes because they never fit right. So last year I decided to get implants, and I haven't looked back. I feel a million times more feminine with full breasts." —Heather, 22

2. Status symbol. "I always, always, always felt insecure about my flat chest. During the dot-com boom, I came into enough money that I thought, Hey, why not do this for myself? I went to the extreme. My boyfriend at the time

was definitely a boob man, and he encouraged me to go for D cups." —Melissa, 33

3. Self-assurance. "I was self-conscious during sex because I always thought my body was disappointing the guy. So, hey, I bought boobs. I saved enough to get them in my early 20s. When you're throwing down five grand, why go small? But now I wish they didn't look so obviously fake." —Alexandra, 32

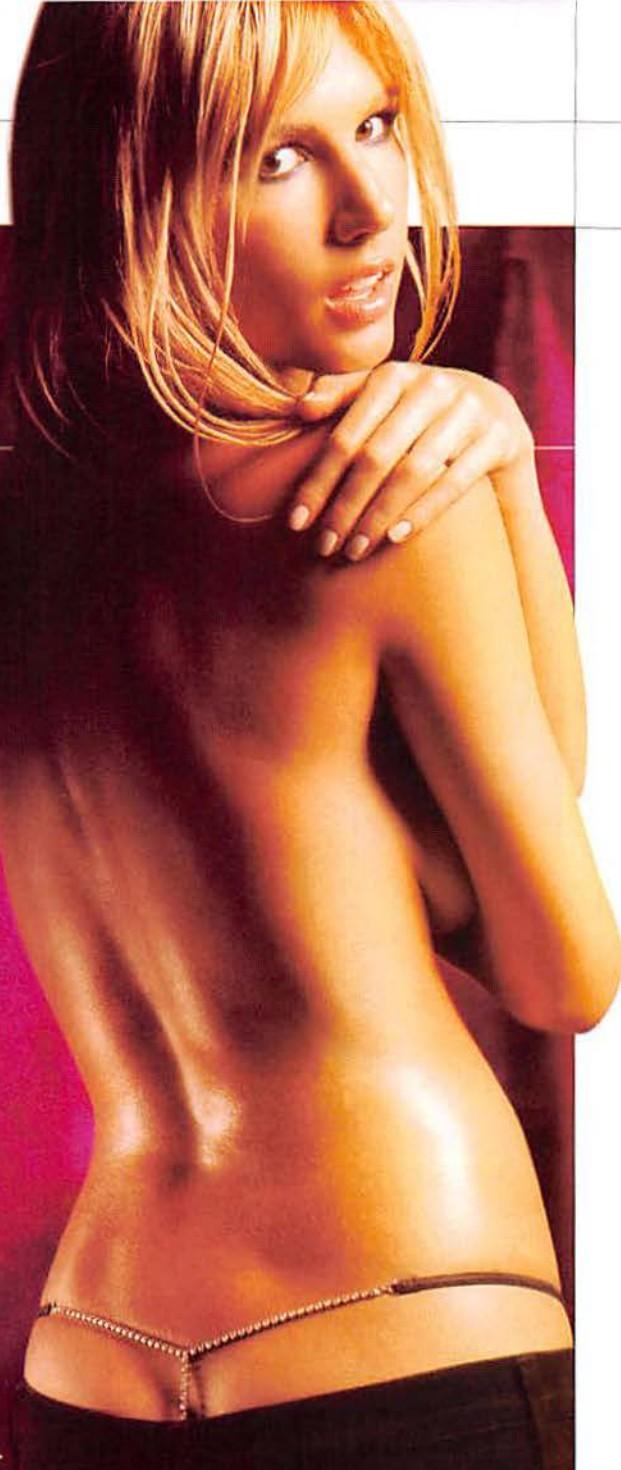
The thong peep show

What you think: It's the opposite of Victoria's Secret—women use this billboard space between the top and bottom of their corporate suit to advertise how uninhibited they are. Meanwhile, girls' actual reasons:

1. Attention-grabbing. "A woman who sports side moons, where the straps of her thong are showing, knows what she's doing. She likes the attention. We women know we can totally get you to think of us in a new way—as in undressed—with just the suggestion of our thunderpants." —Kristen, 30

2. Practicality. "Butt cleavage? Hot! But it's not on purpose. Jeans now are as low-cut as they can go without exposing our naughties, so it's almost impossible to keep our thongs from sticking out. It's not that we want you to get in our pants; we're simply having trouble keeping our panties in our pants." —Liz, 31

3. Fashion. "There are times when I'll wear really low-waisted pants and have the strings from my thong arranged on purpose to create ▶



HOW TO SPOT A BUNNY BOILER

These harmless behaviors can indicate whether she's crazy for you...or just crazy.

■ Warning sign: She says "meds" when she means "medication." Translation: Too familiar with the lingo? She's under a doctor's supervision. You'd better hope she's a nurse.

■ Warning sign: She blows her stack when her food arrives too slowly. Translation: She's hysterical. Expect her to blow up over every little thing, even if you were lit and there was no penetration.

■ Warning sign: She asks, "What do you have on tap?" when the taps themselves are in clear view. Translation: She's either illiterate, codependent, or an asshole—maybe even all three.

■ Warning sign: She cleans her bathroom on a weekly basis and always has plenty of toilet paper on hand. Translation: Diagnosis OCD. Keep a shrink on speed dial.

■ Warning sign: She pursues sex with anything that moves: gas station attendants, female roommates, even zoo animals. Translation: She is normal! Don't be so damn paranoid. —Mark Remy

"May I suggest the veal?"

"Get it up now, lover boy."



"I bought this 'cuz I was feeling a little nude."



a cool angle with my clothes. Then it's just a sexy accessory, like wearing a black bra under a lace shirt." —Julie, 32

The super-miniskirt

What you think: It's an advertisement of hot legs, easily opened. The girls say...

1. A showcase. "A tube top, a miniskirt, they're all the same. Girls wear skimpy clothes to say, 'Check out my best features! Look but don't touch... unless you're invited!'" —Lisa, 30
2. Confidence builder. "My boobs? None. Abs? None. My legs? Naturally toned and freakishly

A miniskirt is as close as I can get to being naked.

long. When I need an ego boost, I wear a short skirt, because I always feel like a model, even on my worst fat days." —Kate, 28

3. Fountain of youth. "Now that miniskirts are in style, I can mix them with more 'serious' clothes and look grown-up, but not 50. Plus, in hot weather they're as close as I can get to being naked at work." —Robin, 24

The baby tee

What you think: The bared, flat belly says, "I work out, and I know I look good." Is she looking for a make-out partner? Girls say:

1. First impressions. "Sure, I'll wear one of those tops that are like a washcloth with two strings attached. I like to get dolled up, so sue me. It's not like guys go out in order to talk to the girl with the best personality!" —Lynn, 28

2. Showing off. "I've worked hard for my abs. Baby tees let me wear a T-shirt and jeans but still look hot." —Chris, 34

3. Just because. "My waist looks girlier than my arms, which are buff from years of playing volleyball. So I'll wear a crop top to look cute. And, yes, it's fun to be admired, even by men I would never touch." —Jaime, 24

YOUR STYLE BUSTED!



1. TRUCKER HAT

You think: "I'm the hippest thing going!"
She thinks: "Breaker, breaker, I've got a poser on my niner."



2. AVIATOR SUNGLASSES

You think: "I've got Maverick cool!"
She thinks: "Sir! Prepare to be shot down, shark bait. Sir!"



3. MAD BLING-BLING

You think: "I look hella tight, yo."
She thinks: "Is there a Liberace tribute show downtown?"



Think your oh-so-trendy look says "cool"? You may be playing the fool, chump boy.



4. HAIRY-TORSO-REVEALING SHIRT

You think: "I reek of raw masculinity."
She thinks: "Holy Travolta. Did something die on your chest?!"



5. LEATHER PANTS

You think: "She'll wonder if I'm a rock star."
She thinks: "Something stinks—can you check for a wet dog around here?"



6. CRAPPY OLD SNEAKERS

You think: "I have a creative soul."
She thinks: "Fancy a swirly, McDweebish?"
—Jon Wilde

"SIMPLY GORGEOUS."

GAME INFORMER

"TOP-NOTCH."

FHM



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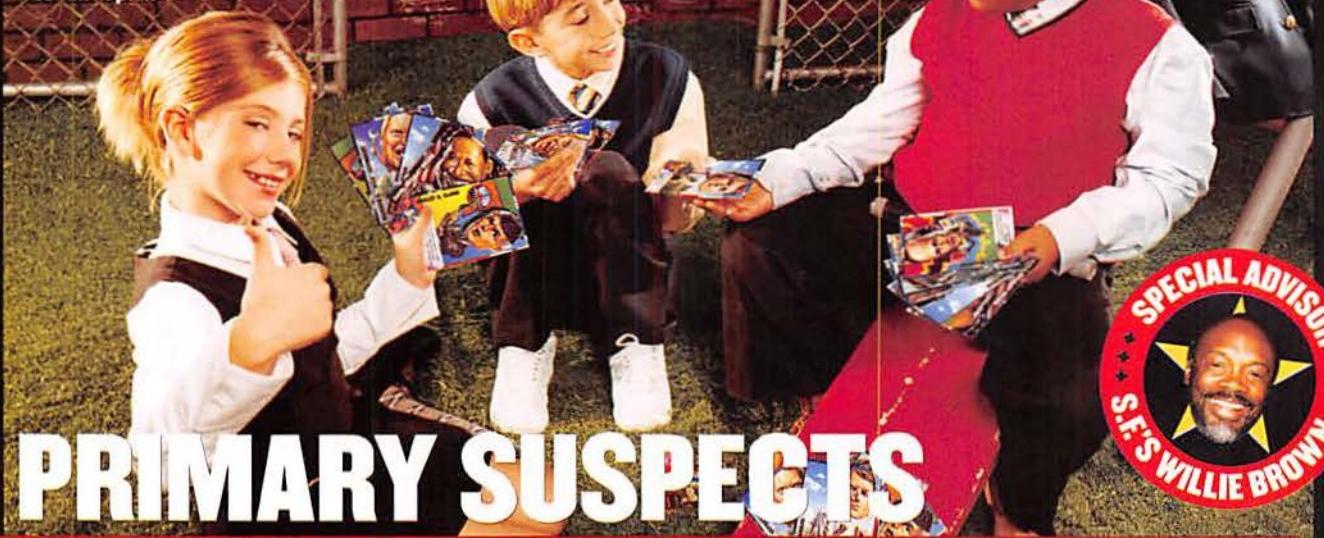
PlayStation.2



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Young Republicans successfully repeal free-lunch plan



PRIMARY SUSPECTS

Everything you need to know about the Democrats who hope to lick Bush (but not in an Affleck kinda way). BY ANDY VALVUR

WESLEY K. CLARK

CV: Career soldier since Nam. Led NATO against Serbia. CNN military analyst.
War chest: \$3.5 million and skyrocketing*
Vegas odds: 15 to 1*

JOHN R. EDWARDS

CV: Former trial attorney, first-term senator from North Carolina.
War chest: \$14.5 million
Vegas odds: 40 to 1

DENNIS J. KUCINICH

CV: Former mayor of Cleveland, state senator, and fourth-term congressman.
War chest: \$3.5 million
Vegas odds: 250 to 1

THE PARTY CRASHER

AR

Who is he? As NATO's top dog, General Clark kept the allies' whoop-ass deliveries to Serbia on a brutally efficient schedule. A former Rhodes scholar who graduated first in his class at West Point, he's got brains... but, hey, can he tap a keg in the dark while holding a bong?
On the issues: Just before the war in Iraq, Clark testified before Congress that he had serious concerns about the U.S. going it alone; now he promises to heal the rift with our European "allies." He also wants to roll back the tax cut for anyone making more than \$200,000 a year.
Skeleton: In 1994 Clark posed for a photo in which he swapped hats with General Ratko Mladić of Serbia, who was later charged by the International War Crimes Tribunal with committing genocide. But Clark didn't inhale.
Willie's advice: "It's good to see a Democrat who's a general. Now can you show me you're a general who's really a Democrat?" Whoa! Algebra.
Outlook: Certainly, Clark's military cred deputizes the Dems. If he's lucky, the other candidates won't frag his ass. To win, the brass on his shoulders must move to his balls.

BARRISTER OUT OF CAROLINA

NC

Who is he? A Southern institution like slavery and mint juleps, Edwards rose from humble origins to become one of the Tar Heel State's most successful ambulance chasers, then a senator. He gets down with the people à la Bill Clinton... but can he parlay a town hall meeting into four phone numbers and a lipstick-kissed schmoeckie?
On the issues: Hailing from target-rich North Carolina, Edwards emphasizes homeland security and takes a standard internationalist approach when it comes to rebuilding Iraq. He's hot for blue-collar votes, promising "to work for people." Finally, a candidate who doesn't work for robots!
Skeleton: The Justice Department has launched an investigation to discover if a Little Rock law firm that gave Edwards big bucks used surrogates to dodge the campaign contribution limits. Lawyers skirting the law? Call Ripley's!
Willie's advice: "Gracefully go back to the Senate and come back bigger and stronger next time."
Outlook: Edwards has the bucks to stay in the race longer than dignity merits; maybe he'll crawl back to the senatorial incubator after losing his own state's primary.

THE RED DENNIS

OH

Who is he? A poor boy from Cleveland, Dennis Kucinich has six siblings and occasionally slept in cars as a kid. He's a bona fide bleedin'-heart liberal, full of sympathy for all but the rich. Twice divorced, Kucinich is now single, perhaps due to his fart-fermenting vegan diet.
On the issues: Kucinich is rabidly antiwar and was the only candidate from Congress to vote against the Patriot Act. He wants to withdraw the U.S. from NAFTA, end the drug war, and create a Department of Peace in the Cabinet. And, like, we're all gonna be nude, man, because our bodies are nothing to be ashamed of. You're all so beautiful!
Skeleton: While serving in Congress, Kucinich voted to ban RU-486 and "partial birth" abortions, saying life begins at conception. In May 2003 Kucinich said no one should be appointed to the Supreme Court unless they affirm a woman's right to choose.
Willie's advice: "Dennis who?"
Outlook: President Kucinich? Ain't gonna happen. But if a long-haired chick in a Kucinich T-shirt offers you a brownie, take it immediately.



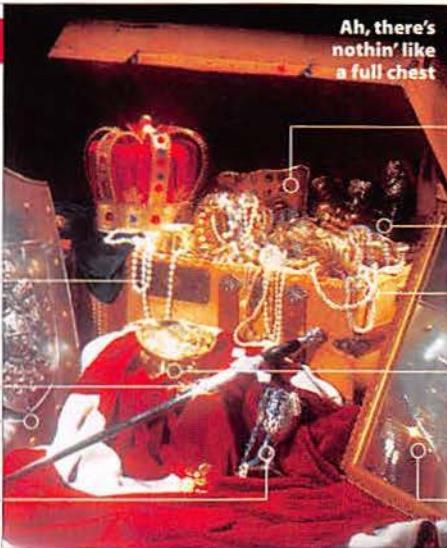
"Our intelligence indicates that Iraqi males think *Maxim* rocks!"

MONEY SHOT

DON'T SPEND IT ALL IN ONE PLACE

Think you can't buy the presidency? A proposed breakdown of Bush's projected \$150 million war chest.

1. Bill for CIA "plumbers" fixing White House leaks with extreme prejudice: **\$25 million**
2. Pay Al Gore to take another dive: **\$20 million**
3. Well-behaved robotic stand-ins for the Bush daughters: **\$30 million**
4. Super-secret North Pole holding facility for the real Bush daughters: **\$6 million**



5. Self-ejecting pretzel research at MIT: **\$10 million**
6. Extension cords for VP Cheney's pacemaker: **\$15 million**
7. Reward to 4th Cavalry for "discovering" anthrax in a Tikriti grandma's icebox: **\$9 million**
8. Dr. Phil's encounter therapy to bring Powell and Rumsfeld closer to man love: **\$5 million**
9. Room and board to keep Bin Laden and Hussein on ice at Swiss health spa: **\$15 million**
10. Production costs for November pay-per-view event in which they both are boned to death by horny elephants: **\$15 million**

HOWARD B. DEAN III

CV: Six-term Vermont governor, formerly lieutenant governor and a state rep.
War chest: \$25.5 million
Vegas odds: 4 to 1

RICHARD A. "DICK" GEHPARDT

CV: Congressman from Missouri since before Civil War. Ran for prez in 1988.
War chest: \$13.5 million
Vegas odds: 12 to 1

CAROL MOSLEY BRAUN

CV: Former senator (Ill.) and ambassador to New Zealand's \$50 million sheep.
War chest: \$340,000
Vegas odds: 250 to 1

THE MAD DOCTOR

Who is he? Before becoming one of the longest-serving governors in Vermont history, Dean was a physician. Grass-roots supporters believe the ex-doc can cure the country's economy, security, and health care woes. Just bend over and try to relax, America.

On the issues: Dean promises to balance the budget, simplify taxation, and nationalize Vermont's health policy. He swears he'll "tear up" Bush's war doctrine and says any new troops in Iraq "are going to be foreign." Why should American kids have all the fun of being blown to hell?

Skeleton: "He's thin-skinned," says John O'Kane, a manager of government affairs for IBM Microelectronics in Burlington, who's worked with Dean. "We choose our words very carefully around him." So much for jokes about his mother, who's also thin-skinned if you don't spoon her.

Willie's advice: "Do you know the way to 270? You're a hot ticket, but can you get the needed 270 electoral votes?"

Outlook: Dean will fix Kerry with a steely gaze during a debate and say, "I can kill you and make it look like a heart attack." Shit, that would shake things up!

MAN OF THE HOUSE

Who is he? As perennial a Democratic fixture as dead starlets, Gephardt entered public life at 30 after a harrowing tour of duty in the Air National Guard. The son of a milk truck driver, he likes to tout his working-class roots. Oh, he also has no frickin' eyebrows.

On the issues: Gephardt backed the war, but he has a long history of flip-flop. He supports core party positions like universal health care and locking up Social Security, but as a labor man he's wary of free trade. Pet issues: establishing an international minimum wage and granting amnesty to illegal aliens. "Good," says Hiroki. "Dick Apart, I vote him."

Skeleton: In 1977 he was pro-life: "Life is the division of human cells," he said, "a process which begins at conception." By '86 he had reversed this position, along with his support of the MX missile program. He opposed the first Gulf War and practically picked up an M16 for Part Two.

Willie's advice: "Can you rally the base? Are you yesterday's news? Answer those questions, and fast."

Outlook: Dick wants Bush, bad, but Bush won't let Dick in. Dick will say anything, but Dick might become a Dole.

THE LITTLE SISTER THAT COULD

Who is she? A Chicago native, Braun started out as an assistant U.S. attorney and rose through the state political structure. G'head and shrug about a black woman's chances at the White House, but Braun was the first African-American woman to break into the U.S. Senate. That's like being the first man invited to a lesbian orgy.

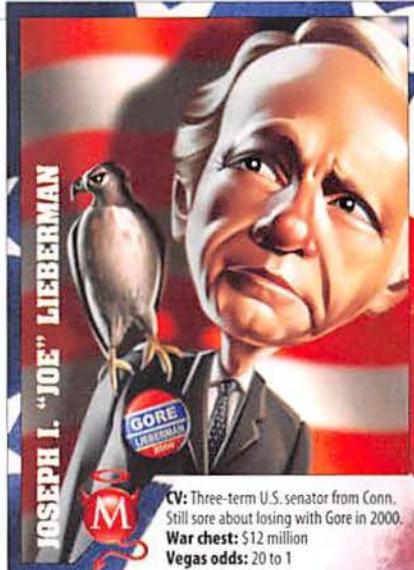
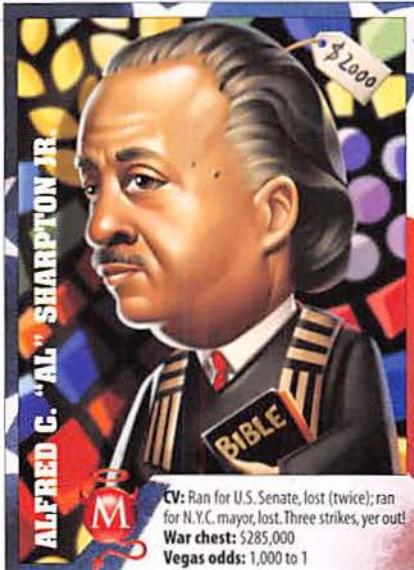
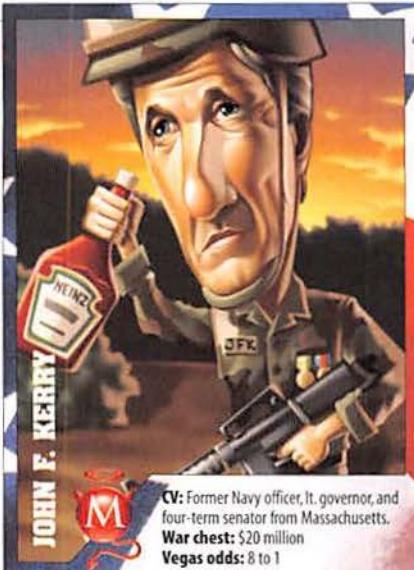
On the issues: She was antiwar in Iraq but isn't about to wuss out now that we're there. "Americans don't cut and run," she says. She's pro-affirmative action, she promotes a single-payer health care system, and she wants to rip up Bush's tax cut package and smoke it.

Skeleton: She once visited Nigerian dictator Sani Abacha, whose regime was condemned for human rights abuses. And OK, OK, her boyfriend was a registered agent for Abacha's government. But dictator schmoozing in D.C. is like incest in Alabama: It just comes with the territory.

Willie's advice: "Figure out why you're there, whom you help, whom you hurt, and what your exit strategy is."

Outlook: Braun's a long shot, but if she can get women to vote, she'll be sitting on a very kissable black ass.

ELECTION 2004



SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

MA

Who is he? A rich kid, Kerry chucked his silver spoon for a combat knife, won 3,000 medals, and cofounded Vietnam Veterans of America. In the Senate he initiated the Iran-Contra hearings and often takes on his own party. His initials, JFK, might explain why his wife, ketchup heiress Teresa Heinz Kerry, married a guy with an ax head.

On the issues: He's for the internationalization of Iraq and says he'll kick our foreign oil addiction. Wants to repeal the tax cut and use the revenue for education and middle-class grease. He'll require high schoolers to do public service—like they need more excuses to hate authority.

Skeleton: In October 2002, Kerry voted for the Iraq war resolution sought by the Bush administration, then soon after expressed dismay over the march to war and said he would not support a unilateral attack by the U.S.

Willie's advice: "Don't assume everything's going to fall into place; keep up the fire you displayed at your kickoff."

Outlook: Expect Kerry to run all the way to the convention and humbly represent Vietnam so many times that Wesley Clark will start having DIs and flashbacks.

THE MINISTER OF MOUSSE

NY

Who is he? America's most flamboyant civil rights activist, Al became a minister at nine, then later worked for Satan—whoops!—Don King. He infamously championed Tawana Brawley, a 15-year-old who lied about being gang-raped by six white men. Surrogate dad: James Brown, who'd be the coolest first father in history.

On the issues: Sharpton says he's running "to raise issues that would otherwise be overlooked." He wants to amend the U.S. Constitution to make good public education and health care, as well as the right to vote, human rights. (Nope, technically voting isn't a right!) And while we're at it, what ofay bitch named that place the White House?

Skeleton: Along with Tawana, there's the 1983 FBI surveillance tape that Bryant Gumbel showed on HBO's *Real Sports*. In it Sharpton discusses a drug deal with reputed mobster Michael Franzese. No indictments issued.

Willie's advice: "See Carol Moseley Braun."

Outlook: This is the most attention Big Al's ever had, so he'll bask till he's broke. If he gets the other candidates to address civil rights issues, he'll have got what he came for.

THE INCREDIBLE SULK

CT

Who is he? He played the nebbishy Tubbs to Al Gore's wonky Crockett in 2000, running for VP while simultaneously standing for his third Senate term. He promised to bring "integrity" back to the White House. So, Senator, you're in favor of good things and opposed to bad things...is that it? He's working the same act again this time, only without the aid of Al Gore's sex appeal.

On the issues: Lieberman's the nasal hawk of the bunch, having stumped for an Iraqi regime change for over 12 years and cosponsored the resolution authorizing Daddy Bush to punk-slap Saddam out of Kuwait. This time around he had a plan for postwar Iraq drafted before the fighting started, which is more than Junior Bush can say. He's strong on environmental and Green Party issues, perhaps because he himself displays the passion of a turnip.

Skeleton: None yet, but he may have eaten bacon in '72.

Willie's advice: "Lighten up."

Outlook: This guy's a ticking time bomb. One of these days he's gonna do something crazy, like...like...wear brown socks with a blue suit.

EXTRA! EXTRA!**BEATING THE PRESS: HEADLINES FROM THE FUTURE****As the primaries heat up, so will the front page. These'll fly off the stands faster than CBS can bend over.**

Senator Kennedy Apologizes to Hooters' Staff for Full Moon.

■ SHARPTON ONLY DEM IN IOWA CAUCUS

"Who else will speak out for crackers?" says uncontested candidate.
—Ames Tribune, Jan. 18

■ WHITE HOUSE EYES ON SUPER TUESDAY

Bible Belter Bush says he's glad NFL moved Super Bowl from Sunday.
—Miami Herald, Feb. 2

■ SCHWARZENEGGER WINS CALIFORNIA PRIMARY

—L.A. Times, March 3

■ DEAN DECLARES HE'S ONE QUARTER AFRICAN-AMERICAN

"My campaignizzle is gonna get up in dere," candidate tells NAACP.
—Philadelphia Inquirer, April 16

■ CLARK TO KERRY: SENATOR, YOU ARE NO JOHN RAMBO

Vets argue about who ate more Nam doo-doo.
—Oregonian, May 7

■ DEM CONVENTION TO MOVE TO N.Y.C.

Party worried anybody nominated in Beantown will be natural loser.
—Boston Herald, July 29

■ KENNEDY MOONS HOOTERS STAFF

Lawmaker: "Jäger shots get me randy. Sorry."
—New York Times, July 29

■ "GUESS WHOSE FINGER THIS IS?"

President claims dead pinkie is Bin Laden's.
—Washington Post, Nov. 7

PROMISES, PROMISES

THE MAXIM PLAN

Lower taxes, equal rights...blah, blah, blah. It's time to put the gender back in, uh, agenda.

Hear ye! Hear ye!

Candidates, be duly advised. Whoever meets these righteous demands may consider this a receipt for the votes of 12 million faithful and dutiful Maxim readers.

1. Home openers for all major sports teams will be paid federal holidays.
2. Shortfalls in the federal budget will be made up by Canada. "Nice little country you got here, Prime Minister. Too bad if something were to...happen to it."
3. The nation's "drug czar" will finally become what we always hoped he was.
4. A blue-ribbon committee will be established to find out who that one kid who always has the best lunch is. His mom will oversee the federal school lunch program.
5. Immigration and asylum priority will be given to Swedish females between the ages of 18 and 25.
Especially twins.
6. Any man can claim his right hand as a dependent.
7. Once a year every army base in the land shall set up a bunch of beer cans and let the nearby townies fire off any weapon they want at no charge.
8. Any man who messes with another man's car or girlie gets publicly caned.
9. New cabinet post: Secretary of "Shh! I'm watching TV"

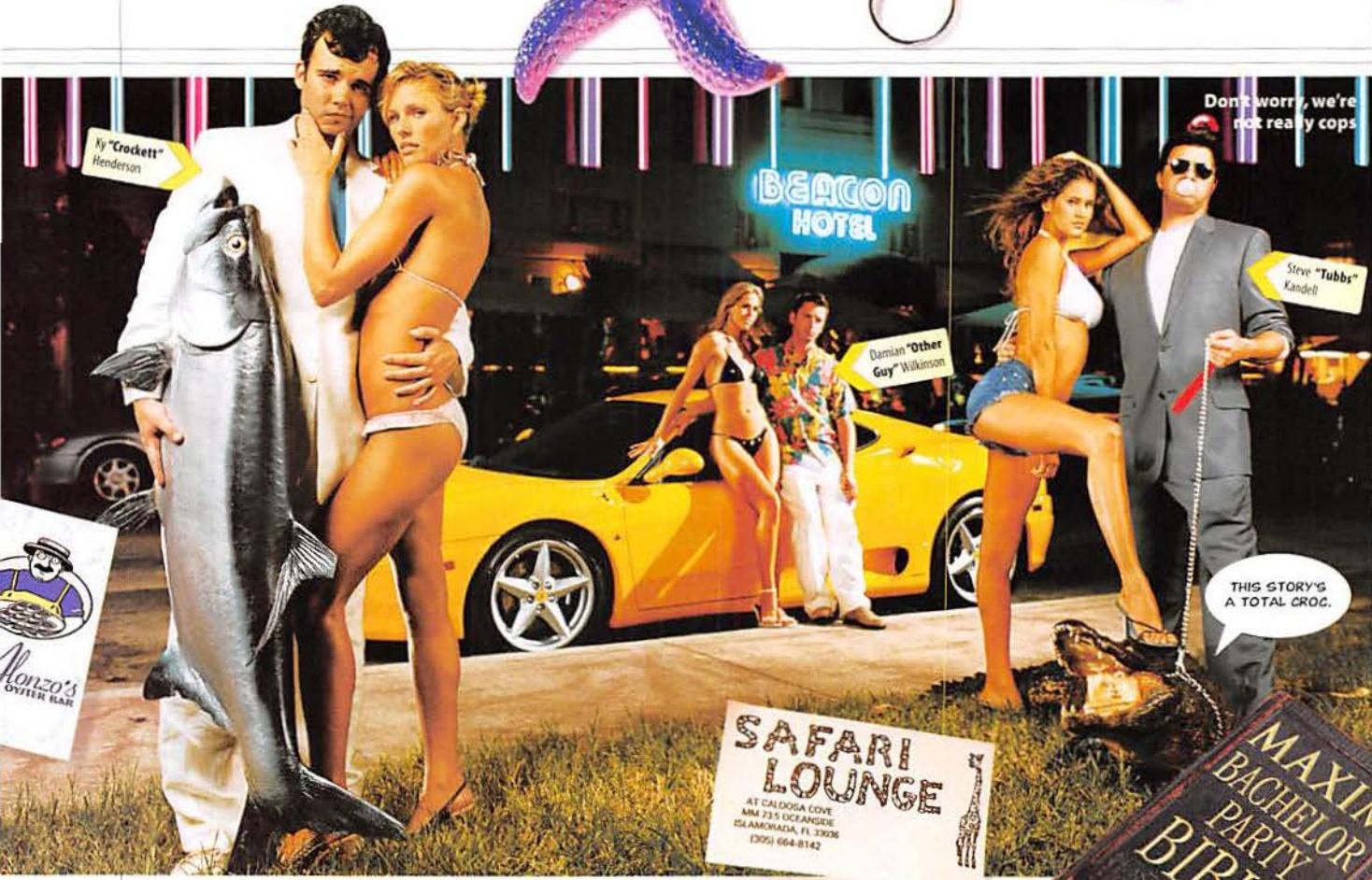




LAST STAND



I K E Y W E S T



Book 5: Miami

In our final guide to prenuptial mayhem, we uncover the dark side of the Sunshine State. BY STEVE KANDELL

You guys are assholes," says the bikini-clad hottie lying across from us at The Hotel's rooftop pool. "And you have a terrible sense of style."

Well, she's half right—who else but assholes would don *Miami Vice* outfits to investigate bachelor parties in southern Florida? Amid the bronzed goddesses overlooking Miami Beach on a sunny Monday morning, we stick out like sore, foul-smelling, pastel-hued thumbs.

Over the past three days, we've braved rough seas in an epic struggle against nature, embarked on an island-hopping pub crawl, and been surrounded by legions of off-duty models in a wild beachside club. All we want is some rest, not to bring down the local real estate values.

But we'd better not get too comfortable... I have only an hour to locate the rental car, then find someone to carry senior associate editor Ky Henderson and associate

KEY STATS

South Florida by the numbers.

362,470

Total population of Miami.

61,768

Senior citizen population of Miami.

∞

Hot chick population of Miami.

>3 million

Cruise ship passengers who sail into Miami each year.

67

Miami's daily temperature... in winter.

art director Damian Wilkinson so we can make our flight. No panic—I simply ask myself: *What would Crockett do?*

End of the road

Our trip begins at the end... of the United States. Mile Zero in Key West marks the southernmost point of the lower 48, so our plan is to start here and drink our way up to Miami.

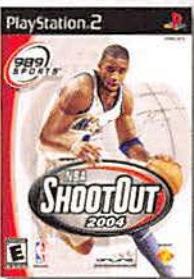
With its lax open container laws and well-entrenched beads-for-boobies bartering system, the main drag of Duval Street is like Nawlins' Bourbon Street, only with a hell of a lot more Jimmy Buffett. Many of the bars honor Key West's favorite son, Ernest Hemingway, which is ironic since most of the patrons seem functionally illiterate. We spend much of the night in a dive called the Green Parrot, then head to the Key West Scrub Club. It has hot chicks! Bathing! Or so the ads in the taxi lead us to believe.

The first thing we notice when we walk into this "strip bar" is that there's no bar. Or strippers. There is, however, a large man who shows us a closet-size room with a cot, like a school nurse's office but with weirder stains. For a price we can be entertained here by a lady. Damian disappears for two presumably expensive hours.

Deep-sea fishing is the perfect send-off for a buddy who's already got a hook in his gills (mainly because it gives him one last perfect opportunity to jump overboard), and Key West famously has some of the best in ▶



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the world. In the morning we drag our still-sloshed asses to the dock to meet salty ol' Capt'n Walt and his mate Paul (although Paul insists they're just friends). As Paul preps the *Top Notch* for our trip, he warns us that the waters today are "a little choppy." Translation: If you think you're queasy now, just wait until you're rolling over huge swells under the blazing sun for a few hours. The waves get so bad that Damian not only stops bitching about seasickness—he stops drinking.

After two hours without a single bite, Capt'n Walt decides we've had enough and heads back to shore, where we can become nauseous and disoriented in a manner we're more accustomed to. The dock is in sight when one of the rods starts bending at an impossible angle. In one fluid motion, Paul grabs the rod, starts reeling it in, and shoves Ky into the chair. In a flash Ky's strapped in, using every bit of strength he can muster to reel in the fish and avoid letting this \$900 rod slip from his hands. With his arms about to give out completely, he asks me how long he's been battling.

"Not quite five minutes."

By now people drinking on the dock can see Ky fighting what has to be a whale the size of Brando, and they start cheering. The fish finally pops to the surface...and is immediately chomped by a shark. My first concern is that no one will ever believe this happened. Then I look up at the crowd on the dock and worry that we'll never live it down. Not for the first time, Ky's sitting alone with his rod in his hand while people laugh at him.

Street lethal

To get to Miami, we arrange for a Ferrari from exclusiveautorentals.net and drive through the Keys along U.S. 1. This two-lane road is surrounded by ocean and cool bars, but it's also one fender bender away from turning a three-hour joyride into an all-day traffic jam.

After filling up on delicious barbecue from Porky's in Marathon (not to be confused with

KEY STATS

2 Number of Florida rivers called Withlacoochee.
>100 Percentage of Miami beaches that allow topless sunbathing.

1 Reasons to take a vacation anywhere else.
3 Rank of Florida on the list of world's largest penis-shaped landforms.
1997 Year the Florida Marlins first won the World Series.

144,988 Kilos of cocaine the DEA Miami Field Division has seized since 2000.

150 Length, in miles, of the coral and limestone islands and reefs that make up the Florida Keys.

882 Number of Keys.

1 Number of Florida Keys named No Name Key.

7 Length of the Seven Mile Bridge, which links Marathon Key with Big Pine Key...in, um, miles.

"Hey, was it something I said?"



TRAVEL ADVISORY

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

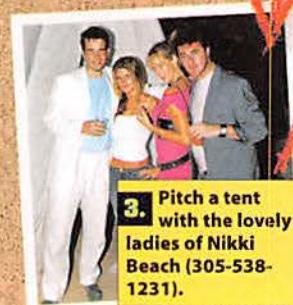
Don't miss these hot spots while in town—fancy suits optional.



1. Kick back on Miami Beach and watch the ladies come runnin'.



2. Bet the farm on jai-alai...if you can figure out how.



3. Pitch a tent with the lovely ladies of Nikki Beach (305-538-1231).



4. Look cooler than us at Pearl (305-538-1231).



5. Lots of steamin' chicks at the Cleveland (305-531-3486).



6. Make a wish at, um, Wish (305-674-9474).

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the Florida-based cinema classic of the same name), we pull into the Safari Lounge at mile marker 73½ (look for the giant rhino out front). We enter the seaside tiki bar/hunting lodge and sit beneath a stuffed deer, then realize we forgot something important: a designated driver. One heated round of rock-paper-scissors later, I'm chugging my third brew while Ky curses into his Sprite.

The crown jewel of the Keys is off the beaten path but worth the trip. Alabama Jack's has been perched on the swamp in Key Largo for

about 60 years. Maybe it's the sunstroke or the booze, but the dozen cowgirls ranging in age from 17 to 77 line-dancing to "Sweet Home Alabama" are actually starting to look hot. Caught up in the moment, Ky hurls a bottle at the band to show his appreciation. Unfortunately, the stage isn't covered in chicken wire, so we flee before the fiddle player gets back up.

Vice, vice baby

Turns out Miami is more than just Viagra-popping retirees and bloodthirsty Cuban drug lords. South Beach ►



LOCAL LORE

MIAMI ADVICE

Orange you glad you have this insider lowdown on partying South Florida-style?



■ "The bars along Ocean Drive are touristy, but the best clubs in Miami are in South Beach, mostly around Collins Avenue. The best of these is Opium, an enormous, outdoor Asian-themed club."

—Alexis, 27, jewelry designer

■ "Mac's Club Deuce is cool, but another really great local dive is Ted's. They have a late-night happy hour at 2 or 3 A.M."

—Elliott, 32, band roadie

■ "The only strip bar in Miami Beach is Madonna's, but it sucks. Go downtown to Solid Gold or Gold Rush, which is actually open 24 hours. Once you're in the VIP room there, you can pony up and pretty much do whatever you want."

—Marky, 35, photographer

■ "The craziest time to go to Key West is during Fantasy Fest in October. It's a whole week of parades, costumes, bikers, drag queens, and general mayhem. It's basically Mardi Gras, but in Florida."

—Mike, 23, bartender

■ "Stop staring at me or I'll call the cops." —anonymous bikini-wearing roller-blader on Ocean Drive

7. Set sail with Capt'n Walt (topnotchcharters.com).

8. Tired? Crash at Wyndham Casa Marina (305-296-3535) in Key West.

9. Get away from all the crowds at Virgilio's (305-296-8118).

10. Let it all hang out on Duval Street in Key West.

11. Get your freak on at Key West's annual Fantasy Fest.

12. Chase the bad guys in Jet Skis from Ski Key West (305-296-2210).

13. Feel the need for speed? Rent scooters from Randall J. (305-296-0208) anyway.

14. Get all sticky at Wax (305-296-6667).

is packed with hedonistic clubs that don't close until 5 A.M., all stumbling distance from the surf and our hotel, called, oddly enough, The Hotel (305-531-2222).

We sample a few, but there's one place that puts the others to shame. Nikki Beach is more than Miami's most notorious club—it's an ADD sufferer's dream. We're ushered past the velvet rope by our new friend Alexis, who's hot enough to get past any doorman, even with three losers in tow. Sprawled out over six acres at the tip of South Beach, this place in its Sunday night prime is a shock to anyone used to drinking in seedy dives. There

are beds, hammocks, even tepees as far as the eye can see. And girls. Tons of girls.

Alexis marches us to the VIP lounge, which doesn't seem to be in the same zip code. There's so much going on, it's hard to know what to look at—until we're surrounded by belly dancers writhing on tabletops. That'll do. Several rounds of mojitos later, Damian's on a table with a bevy of tropical beauties hooting and stuffing singles into his pants.

By the time I find my way back from the bathroom—clubs this big should provide trail maps—Damian has moved to one of the canopy beds with a fellow dancer. Ky and

KEY STATS

> **29.95** List price, in dollars, of the Miami Device stubble razor from the Wahl Clipper Corporation.

3 Months before the product was taken off the market following its introduction in 1986.

Alexis are gone as well, and they don't turn up in an ill-advised search of the tepees. Realizing that trying to find anyone is futile in my current state, I focus on walking the eight blocks back to The Hotel. I flop onto a poolside chair as the sun comes up and get a good look at my suit, ravaged from three days of neglect. Crockett and Tubbs would never let themselves go like this.

We make it to the airport, sunburned and burnt in general. Five cities, five bachelor parties, no weddings. Sure, there were casualties—some brain cells, our dignity—but if we didn't provide this service, who would? **M**

All the Entertainment You Need to Escape Reality

HOT ZONE



THE YEAR THAT WAS

Welcome to our first annual, 100 percent Norah Jones-free look back at the year's best, worst, and deadliest in music.

SIGN THE DEVIL IS WALKING AMONG US
Christian rock. Who else but the dark lord would drag P.O.D., Evanescence, Chevelle, and Switchfoot out of church basements and onto our radios?

WORST CASE OF LOOKING A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH
Chicago Creed fans sued Scott Stapp, claiming he was so wasted (on communion wine, perhaps?) that he couldn't sing.

WORST CUSTOMER RELATIONS
The RIAA, an association representing major record labels, sued 261 music fans (including a 12-year-old girl) for illegal downloading. Nice.



WHAT'S FUN THIS MONTH

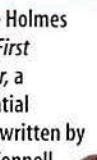
MAIN EVENTS

JAN. 1



■ Happy New Year! Sorry, didn't mean to shout. OK, OK, we'll shut up and go back to bed.

JAN. 9



■ Katie Holmes stars in *First Daughter*, a presidential comedy written by Jerry O'Connell. Yes, that Jerry O'Connell. Obvious Oscar bait.

JAN. 10



■ Didja ever notice how most stand-ups suck? What's up with that? Luckily, Chris Rock drops some knowledge on Seattle's Paramount Theater tonight.

JAN. 13

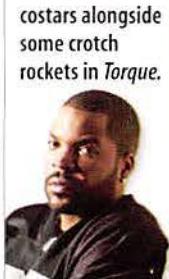
■ HBO's *Curb Your Enthusiasm*—Larry David's hilarious campaign to turn being an asshole into an art form—finally comes to DVD.

JAN. 15



■ The Reality Central Channel begins providing 24/7 reality TV today. It's just like living your actual life...only even more excruciatingly boring!

JAN. 16



■ Ice Cube costars alongside some crotch rockets in *Torque*.

JAN. 17

■ On this day in 1893, America overthrew the Hawaiian empire. Later that day they were already making lewd "come-oniwanalaya" jokes to native girls.

JAN. 18



■ Buy *Barbarian* for the Xbox, GameCube, or Game Boy Advance today. Unfortunately, none of the platforms provide a cure for loincloth chafing.

JAN. 20

■ Are you aware that there are penguins? Yeah? So why do we need Penguin Awareness Day?



JAN. 23

■ Ashton Kutcher gets dramatic like a big boy in the psychological thriller *The Butterfly Effect*.

JAN. 25



■ Catch the JV Oscars, a.k.a. the 61st Annual Golden Globe Awards. The starfish smooching begins on NBC at 8 P.M.

JAN. 30

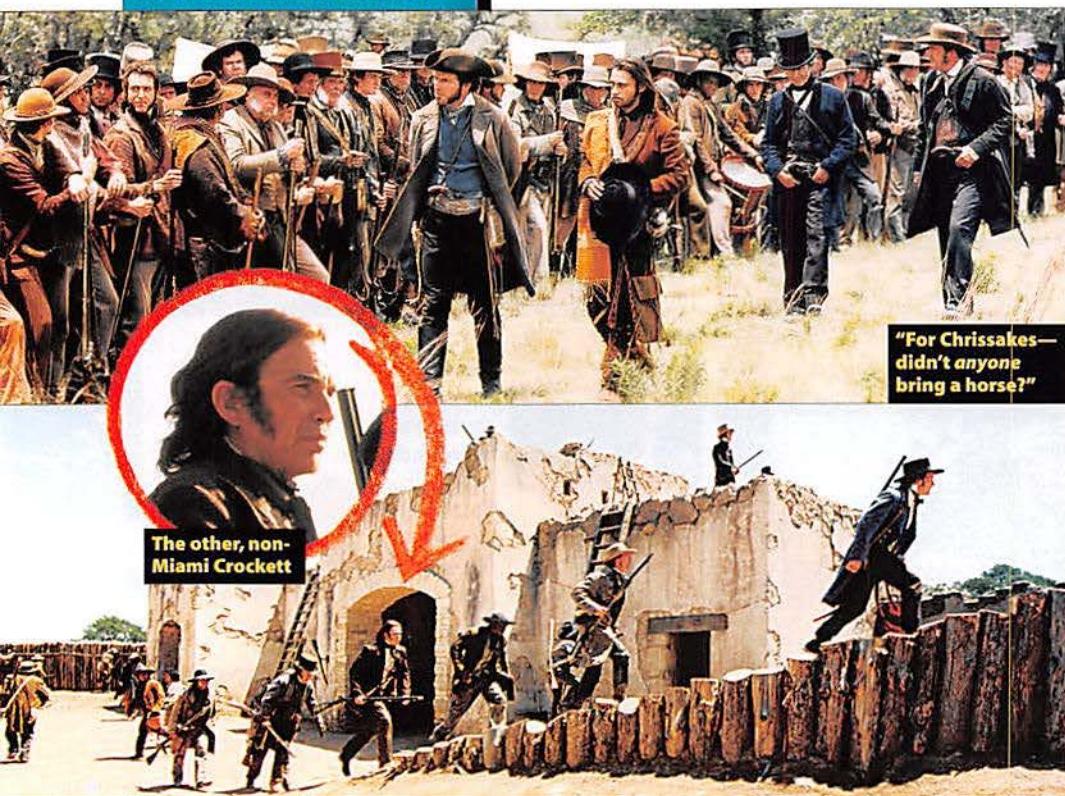


■ Do you believe in Kurt Russell as 1980 U.S. Olympic Hockey coach Herb Brooks? Then go see *Miracle* today.



THE MAXIM LOUNGE
Get more movie reviews and features at maximonline.com.

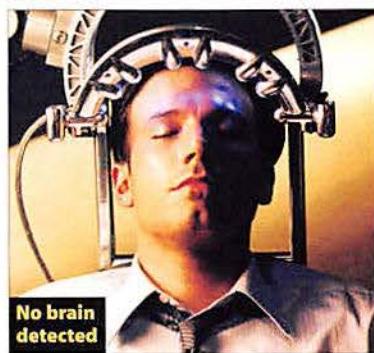
HOT ZONE > MOVIES



The other, non-Miami Crockett

"For Chrissakes—
didn't anyone
bring a horse?"

DON'T MISS



PAYCHECK

Ben Affleck gets his memory erased. Wouldn't you?

Out: December 25

Director: John Woo

Stars: Ben Affleck, Uma Thurman

The story: Affleck stars in this futuristic thriller, based on a Philip K. Dick story, as a "reverse-engineer" (someone hired by companies to take apart competitors' technologies) who has his memory wiped after each job to ensure security. After one gig he awakens to find he can't remember two whole years of his life and that his former bosses are out to get him. He must scramble to, um, *totally recall* what happened.

The buzz: The premise is more worn out than J.Lo's ring finger, but director Woo should keep the action moving at a brisk pace. And Uma's definitely back in our cool book after *Kill Bill*.

We're guessing: ★★★★



GET THIS!
Three versions of "The Ballad of Davy Crockett" reached the Top 10 at the same time in 1955.

Horror Show
Mindhunters (Jan. 9) Val Kilmer hunts down career, kills it.

> MAIN ATTRACTION

THE ALAMO

Stars get big and bright deep in the heart of Texas.

Out: December 25 **Director:** John Lee Hancock

Stars: Billy Bob Thornton, Dennis Quaid, Jason Patric, Marc Blucas, Jordi Molla

The story: Oh, you remember—a bunch of Texans in coonskin hats get their collective asses handed to them by the Mexican army. Thornton plays Davy...Davy Crockett, king of the wild frontier; Quaid plays Sam Houston, of Rockets and Astros fame; and Patric plays not-so-gay blade Jim Bowie.

The buzz: Eye-popping shots of a besieged Alamo definitely do the job of psyching us up. This is how we like our history—with plenty of cannon fire and bullet-riddled bodies. We're also dying to see which one of these frontier heroes finds Pee Wee's bike.

We're guessing: ★★★★

RATINGS:

MOE



CURLY



SHEMP



LARRY



CURLY JOE



> ALSO PLAYING



THE PERFECT SCORE

Out: Jan. 16 **Director:** Brian Robbins
Teens attempt to steal SAT tests so they can achieve "perfect scores." Why not just rob a bank and skip college altogether?

We're guessing: ★★★



TORQUE

Out: Jan. 16 **Director:** Joseph Kahn
2 Wheels 2 Furious—Ice Cube stars in this action flick about rival biker gangs that's sure to feature at least five skin-shredding crashes.

We're guessing: ★★★



COLD MOUNTAIN

Out: Dec. 25 **Director:** Anthony Minghella
A Civil War version of *The Odyssey*. Jude Law is a soldier trying to get home to his wife (Nicole Kidman). A chick flick with cool battle scenes.

We're guessing: ★★★



HOUSE OF SAND AND FOG

Out: Dec. 26 **Director:** Vadim Perelman
Jennifer Connolly and Ben Kingsley fight over a house. Finally, an edge-of-your-seat thriller about real estate!

We're guessing: ★★

GRAB LIFE BY THE HORMS



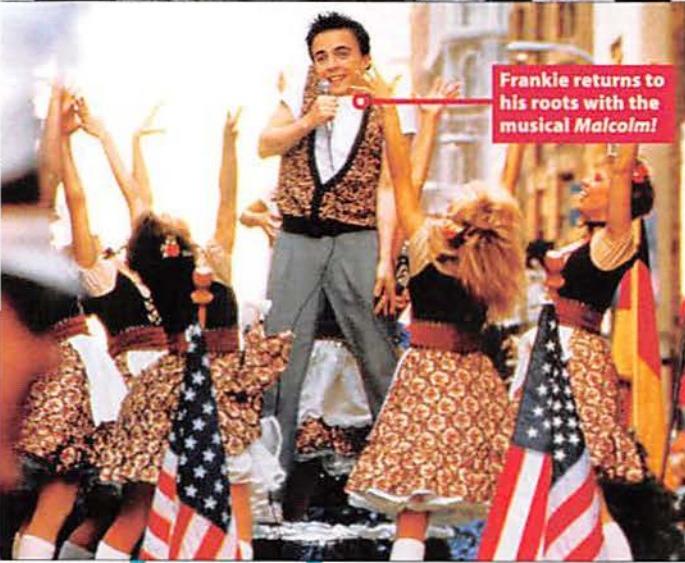
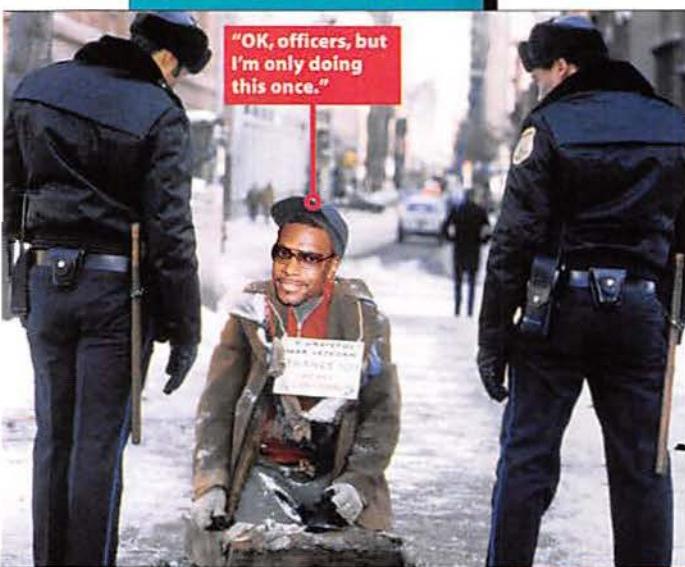
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HOT ZONE > MOVIES



R.I.P.

GET THIS!

► January is known as "dead month" because most delayed (read: bad) movies come out.

FRESH POOP

Listen up, you primitive screwheads! Despite earlier denials, *Evil Dead's* **Bruce Campbell** may enter the horror crossover fray in a *Freddy vs. Jason vs. Ash* flick... Another *Conan* movie's in the works, even if **Governor Schwarzenegger** backs out. Rumors have either **the Rock** or **Vin Diesel** crushing enemies and hearing da lamentations of da women... **Billy Bob Thornton** and French actor **Vincent Cassel** are joining the crew for *Ocean's Twelve* (uh, wouldn't it be 13 now?)... **John Malkovich** may play the villain (an obscure character called Ra's Al Ghul) in the new *Batman* movie... *Magnum P.I.* will be the latest '70s/'80s TV show to be made into a movie you don't want to see.

> ORIGINALITY BREEDS CONTEMPT

REFRIED TEENS

In honor of *Love Don't Cost a Thing* (an "urban" remake of the '80s classic *Can't Buy Me Love*), we ask Hollywood: Why stop there?

www.trading.com/places

Online trader Lou Winthorpe (Ashton Kutcher) has it made. But when the owners of his dot-com encounter street con man Billy Ray Valentine (Chris Tucker), they make a wager on what would happen if Billy Ray and Louis traded places. With the help of a Web designer turned hooker (Kirsten Dunst), the pair eventually turn the tables on the old coots and live it up... for a year, until investors come looking for returns and send them all back to the streets.

Ferris Bueller Kicks It Old School

Principal Rooney (Ernie Hudson) hardly even notices when scheming hustler Ferris (Frankie Muniz) plays hooky, since he's more concerned with the school's 43 percent attendance rate and malfunctioning metal detectors. But when Bueller hacks into the school's Web site and posts Photoshopped nudes of Rooney's secretary, Rooney chases the errant teen. He finds him, but a quick-thinking Ferris blames the truancy on his parents' divorce and *Grand Theft Auto III*, and promises that he'll sue the

school if they attempt to punish him for his emotional distress. An embattled, alcoholic Rooney is forced to resign.



Two heads, zero career prospects

Ridgemont High's Off the Hizzle Foshizzle

The students at Ridgemont care more about fun than getting an education. There's Spicoli (Seth Green), an Ecstasy-popping, Xbox-playing do-nothing; and Brad (Kieran Culkin), who works at one of the eight Starbucks in the mall and whacks off to fantasies of wannabe pop singer Linda (Mary-Kate Olsen). When disciplinarian Mr. Hand (Tom Berenger) attempts to curb the kids' behavior, he sets off socially awkward, trench-coat-wearing Mark (Josh Hartnett). But, man, Spicoli's speech at the memorial service is *classic*.

Queer Science

Shy 15-year-old outcasts Gary and Wyatt (Jonathan Lipnicki and Haley Joel Osment) create their perfect mate (Justin Timberlake) on their G4 iMac. Can the nerdy duo become the most popular boys at Elton John High?

> MAXIM RINGS...

DAVE CHAPPELLE

The Chappelle Show and *Half Baked* star's on our speed dial.



"Take my call, beeyotchi!"

Maxim: How often do you get offered weed?

Dave: It's crazy, man. I'll be pushing my kid in a stroller, and people will offer me weed. I'm like, "Hey, man, I'm with my kids..."

M: When's *Half Baked 2*?

D: That's actually come up. The thing is, I don't know if I want to be "the weed guy." Look—Tommy Chong's doing nine months in prison. Maybe that's not such a good thing to be.

M: What makes you laugh?

D: I find myself laughing at stuff that's not really funny. I don't know if I want this in

print, but... Roy getting bitten by the tiger. My whole thing is, he shouldn't fuck with tigers.

M: So what's up with the new *Chappelle Show* season?

D: Our MO has always been "Dance like nobody's watching." It wasn't until the show actually premiered that I was like, "Holy shit—this is going to be on television!"

M: Finally, women always say they want a guy with a sense of humor. True?

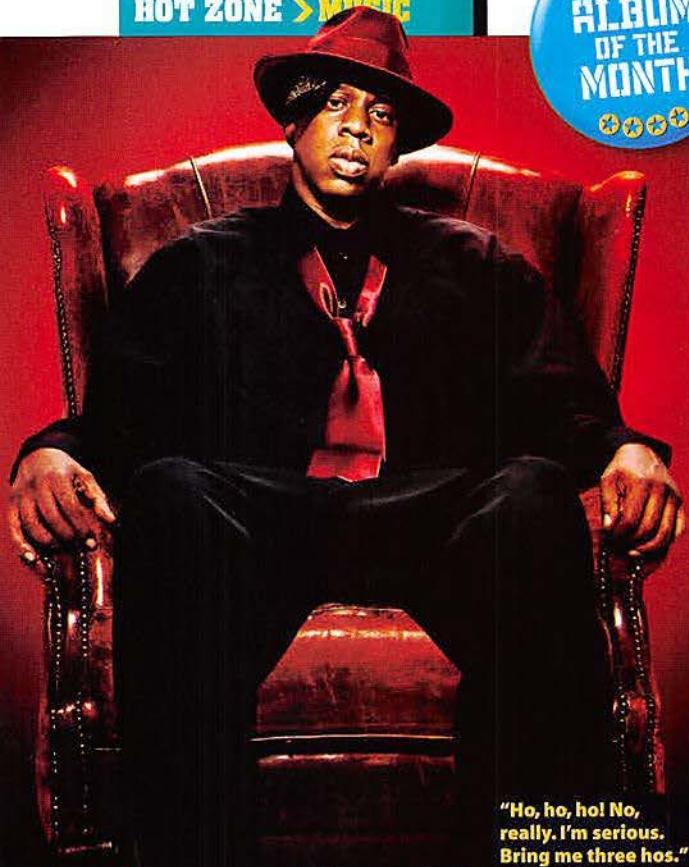
D: That's not true. Unless "sense of humor" means "money." I don't believe them bitches for a second.

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"Ho, ho, ho! No,
really. I'm serious.
Bring me three hos."

**GET THIS!**

> The first CD to sell over a million copies: Dire Straits' *Brothers in Arms*.

RATINGS:

BIG BABY JESUS

OL' DIRTY BASTARD

RUSSELL JONES

DIRT McGIRT

PRISONER #42837

RELEASES MAKING NOISE

THE OFFSPRING

Splinter (Columbia) The Offspring have always had a habit of undermining their righteous punk fury with goofy novelty hits. On *Splinter* their clowning finally works in their favor. "The Worst Hangover Ever" is a ska-pop ode to alcoholic misadventure, while "When You're in Prison" is a primer on lockup survival ("Don't be no one's bitch"). It's juvenile, but the worst thing the Offspring could ever do is grow up. —David Peisner


MARK LANEGAN BAND

Here Comes That Weird Chill (Beggars Banquet) If you've listened to Mark Lanegan's solo records, you may think the former Screaming Trees singer has forgotten how to rock. We're happy to report he hasn't. His latest is an eight-song mini-album with a snarling, reverb-heavy psychedelic blues kick. What could have been a throwaway EP is instead a dark-hearted rock triumph. —D.P.


ELBOW

Cast of Thousands (V2) The accolade "huge in England" usually means jack over here (hear that, David Beckham?), but sometimes our former colonial oppressors get one right. The tracks on Elbow's second outing take their time to unfold, but they eventually supply the same sort of buzz summoned by a cocktail of early-'70s Pink Floyd and not-entirely-legal pharmaceuticals. Nice call on this one, mates. —D.P.


MIKE ERRICO

Skimming (Velour) Anyone who identifies the term "singer-songwriter" with John Mayer and his annoying, whiny ditties should give a listen to Mike Errico. While his strong guitar riffs and R&B-tinted voice will get your attention, it's Errico's self-deprecating sense of humor that will pull you in. Honestly, wouldn't you rather listen to a guy who stopped harboring schoolyard wedgie grudges years ago? —Jim Howlett


MISSY ELLIOTT

This Is Not a Test (Elektra) Rather than rest on her sizable laurels and let her effortlessly funky beats do the work, Miss E finally doles out a heapin' helping of her underrated vocals, and the result is a *Test* worth taking. At this point she probably dreams in drum tracks and snores shout-outs to Timbaland, so her dips into the sultry ghetto soul of "Is This Our Last Time" and the Prince-tastic ballad "Dats What I'm Talkin' About" (featuring an appearance by Lolita-lover R. Kelly) are that much tastier by comparison. We give it an A. —Dan Catalano



ON THE MAXIM BOOMBOX	
Laika <i>Wherever I Am / Am What Is Missing (Too Pure)</i>	Electric Soft Parade <i>American Adventure</i> (BMG)
Bedroom Walls <i>I Saw You Coming Back to Me</i> (Giant Pets)	Paul K & the Prayers <i>The Night We Cheated Death</i> (Shrunken Stomach)

MUST BUY

JAY-Z

The Black Album (Roc-A-Fella)



Jay-Z may have started that retirement party a little too early. Although this so-called "final" album finds Jigga lyrically nonchalant (which suggests he may have started moving his personal effects out of the studio midway through recording it), it's still a solid outing from a man who can pretty much bang out hits without even trying. He's still got the clout to summon the best producers in the business, and they do the job even if they aren't exactly straining themselves, either. Rick Rubin's rock'n'roll rollick ("99 Problems") is rugged, but a throwaway confection from the Neptunes ("Change Clothes") inspires equally slight lyrics from Mr. Carter. Of course, a less-than-stellar album from Jay-Z is still better than 90 percent of the hip-hop that's out there, so any complaints we have are probably just nitpicking anyway. But, c'mon, Jay, you've got at least one more in you, right? Tell us you're not going out like this. —Elizabeth Mendez Berry

Maxim rating: ★★★★

**LIKE THIS?
TRY THESE**


Notorious B.I.G.
Life After Death (Bad Boy, 1997)



Nas
God's Son (Sony, 2002)

MOUTHING OFF

REVENGE OF THE JEDI

*Mark Hamill warms up his vocal cords to take on Hollywood with AMC's *The Wrong Coast*.*

Mark, as executive producer and a voice actor on the show, you're the right guy to ask: What exactly is *The Wrong Coast*?

We're supposed to be the irreverent, satirical show on AMC. When I met with them, I pitched a lot of ideas, and one of them was this parody of *Entertainment Tonight*.

Are they going to let you guys get nasty?

I was hoping we could do a show that the family could watch together. Look, we can't out—*South Park*! *South Park*. Also, there's a tendency now toward brute humor like, "You're fat, you're ugly, and your career's over." There's no wit there. My bottom line is being funny. But am I worried about offending celebrities and courting litigation? Gee, I hope we do! That would really put us on the map!

How'd you get into the voice-acting stuff?

I did a few things as a teenager, but I didn't get into it until 1992, when I did the Joker for the animated *Batman* series. That opened up a floodgate of new jobs. I had no idea. To this day one of my favorite parts ever is the Joker.

Would you ever be in a reality-TV show?

They asked me to do one, and I thought, *Are you kidding?* It was a *Big Brother*-type thing. I asked who else was going to be in the house, and they said, "Carrot Top, Martha Stewart...." I mean, would you rather do hard time in Sing Sing or get locked in a house with people like that?

What's your take on the *Star Wars* legacy?

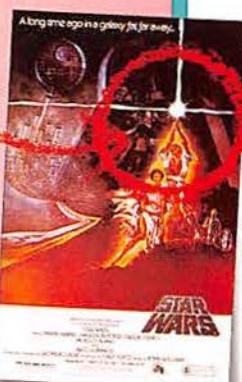
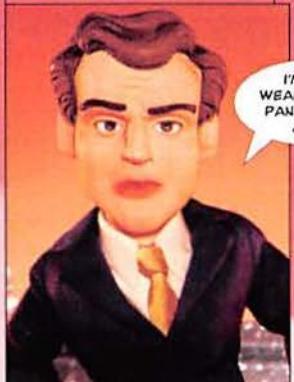
I try to remember the good things about it. You can tell there are kids out there who are genuinely entranced by it, but then there are the memorabilia dealers. They have no passion for the items; they just want to make money. I'm so sick of seeing my autograph with a certificate of authenticity that's completely bogus. Guys come up to me with stacks of 50 photographs. They say, "Don't put it to anyone because I'm not sure who I'm going to give it to." Yeah, right, buddy. Should I just put "Best Wishes to eBay"?

Have the prequels taken the heat off?

You'd think so. I was dying for them to come out. I said to George, "You didn't tell us we'd have to wait so long!" [laughs]

Honestly, what's your opinion of them?

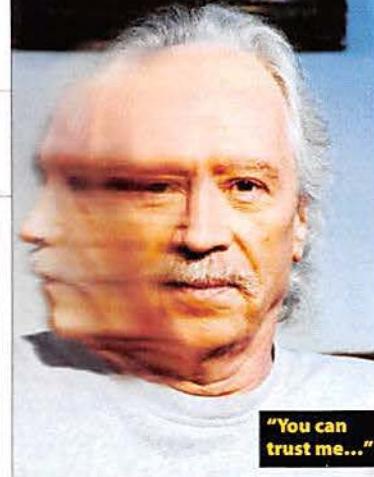
I'm not a film critic. I wasn't even comfortable talking about the ones I was in! I feel completely detached from them. But the whole thing is such a part of pop culture—it's like I used to be in the Beatles, now I'm in Wings.



Beat it before he shows his dark side

HOT ZONE > DVD

MAXIM
DVD
OF THE
MONTH

**ACTION!****JOHN CARPENTER**

The Escape From New York director can't evade our questions.

Why has Snake managed to maintain his appeal for so long?

He's a classic rebel. Part of him is quintessentially American. He's unlike other heroes because he's not motivated by God or country—he doesn't care. There's something really appealing about someone like that.

So why should people buy this DVD?

You'll see the first 10 minutes of the film, which have never been seen before. It's a bank robbery that Snake pulls off and he gets caught. I cut it out because I screened it for a small audience and they said, "You know, the movie gets interesting once he's in the prison." I realized it doesn't matter that they caught him. But I found the old footage and rescored it. So the DVD isn't a piece of shit; it actually has something new on it!

What are your thoughts on the state of New York today?

There was a time when they were wondering if the scenario I came up with could ever happen. But they turned it around again. Now we have a Times Square that's all Disney-fied. You can look at it as being wonderful or...not. But the world that I envisioned did not come to pass, which is fine with me. I'm happy.

**MUST OWN****COLLECTOR'S EDITION:
ESCAPE FROM
NEW YORK**

Release date: December 16

New York has become a massive hive of violence, rage, and insufferable human misery. But enough about the news. The definitive edition of John Carpenter's bleak action flick arrives in a two-disc set that blows the original DVD version out of the water like an escaping convict. Brand-new features go a long way toward answering nagging questions—such as "Is Harry Dean Stanton still alive?"—while the commentary

Movie: ★★★★☆



with Carpenter (joined by Kurt Russell) proves that he's one of the only directors who can be informative without boring you to tears. There's even a featurette on the new Snake Plissken comic book series (a special copy comes with the set). Repeat after us: "This is the Duke of DVDs! It is A-Number One."

Extra! The highlight is "Missing Reel #1," the original sequence that was going to open the movie. It shows the bank heist that landed Plissken in police custody in the first place.

Trivia: The opening narration was done by an uncredited Jamie Lee Curtis.

Special features: ★★★★☆

BLIPS ON THE SCREEN**GET THIS!**

Since 1997 two billion DVDs have been sold in the United States alone.

**AMERICAN WEDDING** (Out: January 2)

Like Chevy Chase, Steve Martin, and Dan Aykroyd, the older these *American Pie* kids get, the less funny they become. That doesn't bode well for *American C-Section*.

Maxim rating: ★★☆☆☆

**UNDERWORLD** (Out: January 6)

Sure, this movie is surprisingly dull—but guns, babes, and hot vampire-on-werewolf action? Somewhere, Bela Lugosi is kicking himself for not thinking of this idea first.

Maxim rating: ★★☆☆☆

**THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN** (Out: December 16)

This *X-Men* for librarians is cheesy, but it does feature a cool Dr. Jekyll/Mr. Hyde transformation. And Sean Connery, as usual, rocks.

Maxim rating: ★★☆☆☆

**ALEX & EMMA** (Out: December 23)

Director Rob "Meathead" Reiner makes a flick for those who thought *When Harry Met Sally* was too gritty. Do anything to steer your girlfriend away from this one.

Maxim rating: ★☆☆☆☆

Photograph, Odette Sugerman (Carpenter); styling, Suzie Hardy; hair, Frankie Payne for Prive at Luxe; makeup, Darlene Jacobs for Mercury Artists Group. Shot on location at the Sunset Marquis Hotel, LA.

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Real name: Ashley Hartman

Better known as: Holly, the hot party girl on Fox's *The O.C.*

Her story: This small-town girl sang her heart out on *American Idol* season two and lost—but got lucky after the show. "A few weeks later, the producers of *The O.C.* offered me a job," says the Ladera Ranch, California native. Turns out this 18-year-old has a work ethic that would put a coked-up honeybee to shame. "When I was 12 I ironed shirts for all the single guys in our apartment complex," says Ashley. "I needed money to buy braces." Now she fills her time singing, modeling, and building her management company, Go Big Incorporated; she also works part-time as a receptionist at a plastic surgeon's office ("I answer phones and observe surgeries"). We need a nap just writing about all that...

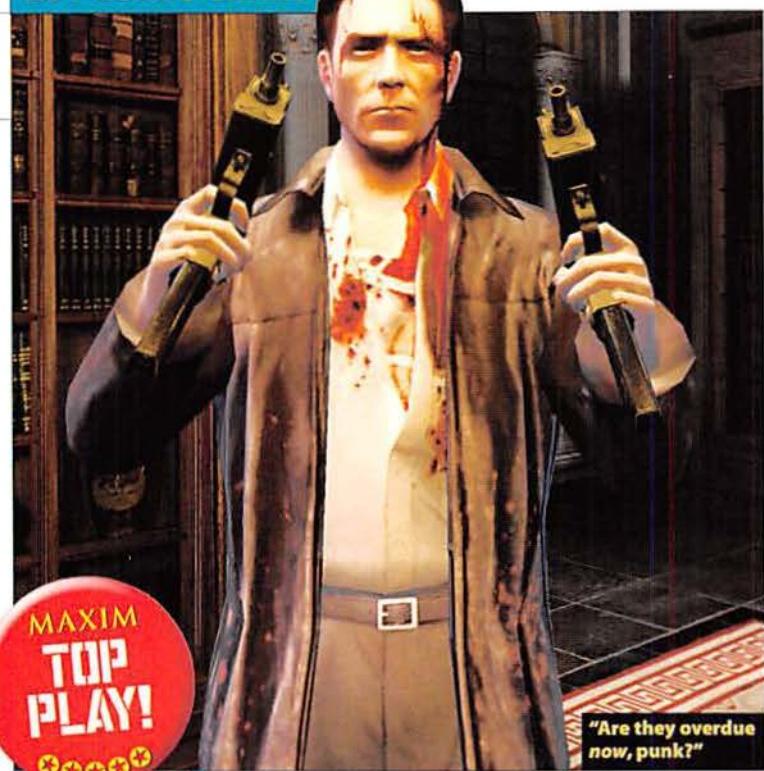


POP-UP:

► Ashley's recording a demo tape.

► 'I hit a guy with my car, and he didn't press charges—he took me to dinner!'



HOT ZONE > GAMES

"Are they overdue now, punk?"

> GAME ON!

MAX PAYNE 2: THE FALL OF MAX PAYNE

Rockstar Games [★★★★]

Like a good cop flick, the saga of tormented, pill-addicted NYPD detective Max Payne couldn't be contained in just one ultraviolent installment. The sequel from the folks who brought you *Grand Theft Auto: Vice City* trims some of the donut-and-cold-coffee fat of the original and stocks this one's hard-boiled story line with Russian mobsters, Molotov cocktails, grenades, and submachine guns aplenty. Sure, the dialogue and narration contain more cheese than a Hickory Farms gift basket, but once the bullet-time-enhanced action kicks in, you'll be too busy force-feeding goons their daily dose of lead to really care all that much.

Freeze, punks: We're here to bring the Payne! —Alex Porter

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

CHEATS!

■ *Madden 2004*

[★]

Don't be satisfied just scoring on your friends—hold the circle button after a touchdown to spike the ball in their faces.

■ *The Simpsons: Hit and Run* [★]

After you collect all the cards in the game, play as Lisa and go to see the Comic Shop Guy. He'll sell you a movie ticket. Take that to the Aztec theater and you'll get a special *Itchy & Scratchy* cartoon.

■ *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* [★]

Go to the password screen and enter "LMSR" to access Splinter, the Turtle's rat sensei. Also, enter "LSDRM" to see an archive of all the TMNT toys made by Playmates.


> ACTION FIGURES

OF HUMAN BOND BABES

Heidi Klum, Shannon Elizabeth, and Mya go digital for 007.

To create the perfect James Bond game, you need the essential James Bond ingredients: Q-lab gadgets, exotic locales, fast cars, and unbelievably hot women. Check, check, check, and a very emphatic check, say the makers of Electronic Arts' upcoming *James Bond 007: Everything or Nothing*. They've loaded 007 to the gills, but to fill the slinky dresses they've pulled out the *really* big guns: Heidi Klum, Shannon Elizabeth, and Mya were all cyberscanned from every conceivable angle and placed directly into the action. "A series of photos of their bodies was taken," says game producer and official lucky bastard Joel Wade. "We needed to make sure we got all the proportions just right." And for that we're grateful. "Unfortunately, the whole process as of yet requires no clothing removal. I'm working with the developers of the scanning equipment to see what we can do about that next time," he laughs. *Ahem.* Well, consider us shaken and stirred.—A.P.



Some lovely Klum-age

GAME KEY:

XBOX



PS2



GAME CUBE



PC


> BLIPS ON THE SCREEN


ALIAS Acclaim [★★★]

The one thing we expect from an *Alias* game is that the digital Sydney will match the real-life hotness of Jennifer Garner. Sadly, this poorly designed outing drops the ball. *Maxim* rating: ★



FINAL FANTASY X-2 Square Enix [★]

It's *Charlie's Angels* meets *Dungeons & Dragons* when you play as three hot girls in an action RPG quest to collect magical spheres. No, not those magical spheres... *Maxim* rating: ★★★



DEUS EX: THE INVISIBLE WAR Eidos [★★★]

In this mind-blowing combat game, you outfit an antiterrorist chick with weapons, gadgets, and bio modifications for superhuman skills. But don't expect her to put out afterward. *Maxim* rating: ★★★★★



BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

Vivendi Universal [★★]

Dogfight against Cylon scum as the young Adama, the character played by Lorne Greene on the '70s TV show. Gets tedious real quick. *Maxim* rating: ★★

NAMCO

WWW.GAMER.COM

the evolution of **SPEED**



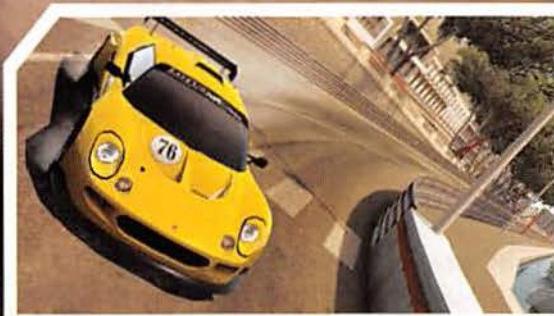
It's survival of the fastest. R: Racing Evolution thrusts you into the intense competition and heated rivalries of high-velocity professional racing. Adapt, or enjoy the exhaust.



Experience the handling of realistic, high performance physics.

Master GT, Rally, Drag and the premier racing circuits.

Fine-tune real world licensed vehicles



From the developers of Ridge Racer.

PlayStation®2



Mild Language Suggestive Themes



R:RACING
EVOLUTION

www.racing-evolution.com

06:55

> JIM CONDUCTS UNDERWATER COMBAT OPERATION

09:21

> JIM PERFORMS ROOT CANAL OPERATION

> GET THE BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER

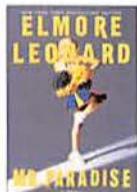


2400/1

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ARMY OF ONE

GOARMY.COM

HOT ZONE > BOOKS



TOME RAIDERS

MR. PARADISE

By Elmore Leonard (William Morrow, \$25.95)

While Leonard can't be accused of breaking new ground with his latest, we'll be damned if his trademark dead-on dialogue and can't-put-it-down pacing aren't still enough to rope us in. *Mr. Paradise* has the usual collection of

untrustworthy dames, shady lawbreakers, and sly comedy that we've come to expect, with Leonard pulling it all together for another hard-boiled knockout.—*Ben Goldstein*
Maxim rating: ★★★★½

MAXIM
TOP SHELF!
★★★★

CELEBRITY CHOICE

DANTE HALL—
KANSAS CITY CHIEFS
Charlotte's Web

By E.B. White
"I've always loved this book. So many great characters. That Templeton was one cool rat!"



THE FINE PRINT

TOUR OF DUTY

By Douglas Brinkley (HarperCollins, \$26)

If you enjoyed John McCain's bio, you'll love this unauthorized biography of Massachusetts senator and Democratic presidential

candidate John Kerry, which focuses on his military service in Vietnam. Regardless of how you're voting, Kerry's story (the man earned three purple hearts) is an engrossing read.
 ★★★★½

CALL ME THE BREEZE

By Patrick McCabe (HarperCollins, \$25)
A trippy tale about a young lad trying to "find himself" in Northern Ireland with help from hallucinogens has all the charm of an

old neighborhood pub; McCabe's raw prose, seemingly unedited dialogue, and flawed-but likable characters make for a hilarious novel—even without any chemical enhancements.
 ★★★★½

MUST BUY!

READ 'EM AND WEEP
Edited by John Stravinsky (HarperCollins, \$19.95)

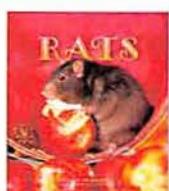
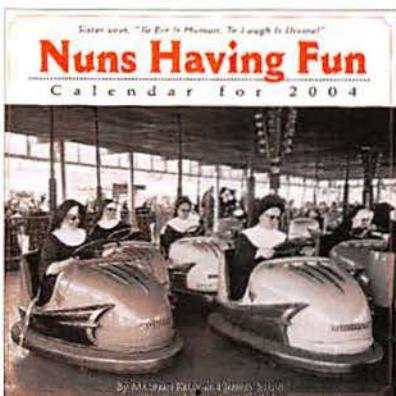
Read 'Em and Weep is a straight flush of previously published essays, short stories, and novel excerpts on the topic of poker. Literary card sharks from David Mamet to Mark Twain all show their hands in this one, and we're betting you'll love it. Of course, we could be bluffing...
 ★★★★½



GET THIS!

> Americans visit libraries 3.5 billion times a year—three times as often as the movies.

> THAT TIME OF THE MONTH



HABIT FORMING

Nuns Having Fun (Workman, \$12)

This collection of black-and-white and sepia photos from the '50s and '60s depicts 12 months' worth of sassy sisters—they dance, they sing, they swim, they drive bumper cars, they shoot the holy hell out of skeet, and none of them (praise Jesus) is played by Whoopi Goldberg. To add to the

giddy nunsense, the coauthors of the book *Growing Up Catholic* offer humorous, and borderline sacrilegious, quips throughout the calendar. This penguin-tastic goof is such bizarre fun, it might even be enough to have you considering the priesthood. OK, OK, almost considering the priesthood...

RATS

(Browntrout Publishers, \$12)

These color photos of the usually loathsome garbage-picking rodents will, if nothing else, serve as a monthly reminder to call that exterminator.

GARDEN GNOMES

(Workman, \$12)

Put up these pinups of stubby—and more than a little scary—pint-size old men and celebrate 2004, "the year of the gnome." (It's some Czech thing—don't blame us.)

**GET THIS!**

> Tom Clancy was paid a \$14 million advance, the largest ever, for *Without Remorse*.

19:48

> DAVID'S HELICOPTER REACHES 3,000 FT

19:53

> DAVID'S INSTRUCTOR CHIPS THE POWER

> GET THE BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER



2400/7

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ARMY OF ONE

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WE WANT ANSWERS!

NORM MACDONALD

The former *Saturday Night Live* newsman and star of *A Minute With Stan Hooper* cracks wise about not being famous; being a fighter, not a lover; and presidents who've killed.

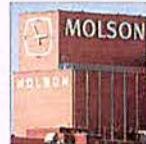
QUICK PICKS



SPORTS TEAM
"The Montreal Canadiens. Definitely the Habs. They are the greatest sports franchise ever."



CHEESE
"Head cheese. For some reason it doesn't taste like any other cheese. There's something different about it."



BEER
"Molson Brador. I don't even know if you can get this beer anymore. I think the name means 'strong arm.'"

Do people still come up to you and call you the *Weekend Update* guy?

It's weird, because I'm kind of a peripheral celebrity. One time on a plane, this guy sits next to me and goes, "Hey, I know you. You're that guy on *Saturday Night Live*. Sam, right? Yeah, that's it—Sam!" I didn't care, so I just said, "Yeah, that's it." So then he goes, "What's your last name?" I was going to say Macdonald, but I thought that would trigger the guy to remember my first name, so I said, "Sam Henson." He looks at me funny, but doesn't say anything. A few minutes later, this other dude comes over and says, "Hey, aren't you on *Saturday Night Live*? What's your name?" "I'm Sam Henson." The guy goes, "Really? That's your name?" I just said, "Yeah, yeah... now move along."

That must have changed after you got a show named after you, right?

Nope. Once I was walking to the lot right before taping an episode, and I didn't have my ID with me. I was running late, and I said to the security guard, "Look, I have to get on the lot, my show..." He goes, "What show?" I go, "*The Norm Show*." He goes, "Who are you?" I'm like, "I'm Norm." He goes, "You're on the show?" I go, "Yeah... I'm the star." So he goes into the booth and comes back out with three other guards, who all agree with him that I'm definitely not the star of the show. So I ended up being late.

What drew you to your new show, *A Minute With Stan Hooper*?

When I was a kid, I always watched *Green Acres*, *The Andy Griffith Show*, *The Beverly Hillbillies*. I loved shows about rural people, because you can make them as crazy as you want and no one questions it. Plus, I wanted old character actors, not young, sexy people. When I see young, sexy people on TV, it just makes me angry.

Do you remember any particularly bad talk-show experiences?

Once I was on *The View*. One of their producers had all these ideas that he thought were funny, like, "Why don't you come out wearing a red wig?" I go, "Why?" "Because the gals have been teasing Barbara Walters

about the red tints in her hair." I'm like, "No, I'm not doing that." So he comes up with this other idea, where a cell phone will ring and I'll answer it and pretend to be talking to my manager, "Morty." I said no to that one too. But right before I go out, the producer slips the phone into my pocket without me knowing. So I go on, and the women ambush me with this photo of me with George W. Bush. This was back when he was campaigning for president. I'm completely apolitical; I don't know anything about anything. I just happened to meet Bush once. Then they put up this picture like it's Kurt Waldheim with Hitler or something, which annoyed me.

So what did you do?

Because I don't think before I speak, I said, "Well, he's better than that guy we have in the White House now—he murdered a guy!" And they were all like, "What are you talking about?" So I acted dumb and said, "It's a matter of public record—Bill Clinton killed a guy. Didn't you know that?" They got all mad, and Barbara Walters said, "You're treading on thin ice, mister." And then, amid all this chaos, this phone rings, and I pick it up and go, "Morty?" And the women all go, "Who's that?" And I say, "I dunno. This guy backstage told me to pretend I was talking to Morty..." Barbara glares at me for several seconds and goes, "We'll be right back."

You're originally from Canada. What do you miss about the Great White North?

I like to fight. I noticed when I came to America that people don't fight that much. In Canada we fight because, first, we play hockey, and hockey teaches you to fight at a young age. Second, we drink. And third, we don't have guns. In America you can't fight safely because the other guy might have a firearm.

Why are Canadian brews so good?

I don't know. I grew up in Quebec, and back then they let you drink when you were 16. And they had this beer called Molson Brador that was, I think, like, 12 percent alcohol. That's not even beer at that point. So I came to the States, and suddenly I could drink about 60, 70 beers a night.

Did you ever get really badly heckled while you were doing stand-up?

One time a guy threw a firecracker at me. I got all mad and went to the manager, shouting, "This guy threw a firecracker at me! Get him out of here!" And the manager just goes, "But he's a regular."

If they did an *E! True Hollywood Story* on you, what dirt would they have?

I have virtually no life, so it would be hard for them to find anything. And I don't care for sex. I find it an embarrassing, dull exercise. I prefer sports, where there are rules and you can win. There's no winning in sex.

What's your strangest personality quirk?

Ever since I was about seven, I've flipped coins and kept a compulsive track of heads versus tails. Really—I have reams of notebooks. I think the count is something like 38,000 to 34,000. It's a sign of a life wasted.

Are there any TV shows you're willing to trash in print?

No, I can't do that... because I know how hard it is to make a bad show. It takes a lot of talented people and a lot of hard work to make the worst goddamn thing you've ever seen. The more people who get involved, the harder it is. That's why stand-up is the best. Otherwise, it's like painting a picture and having someone going, "Hey, let's put some yellow over here." And someone else going, "How about a bird?" All of a sudden your painting is a piece of shit.

Any regrets that you weren't around for *SNL*'s drug-fueled heyday?

I don't think I'd have survived it. I guess when the show started, everyone was doing drugs, so they wrote the show at the last second. When I was on, no one did drugs, but we still wrote everything at the last second, for no reason at all.

You've done sitcoms, live TV, movies, stand-up... Are there any challenges left that you want to take on?

Well, I've recently developed a great love for white tigers. I hear there's a job opening...

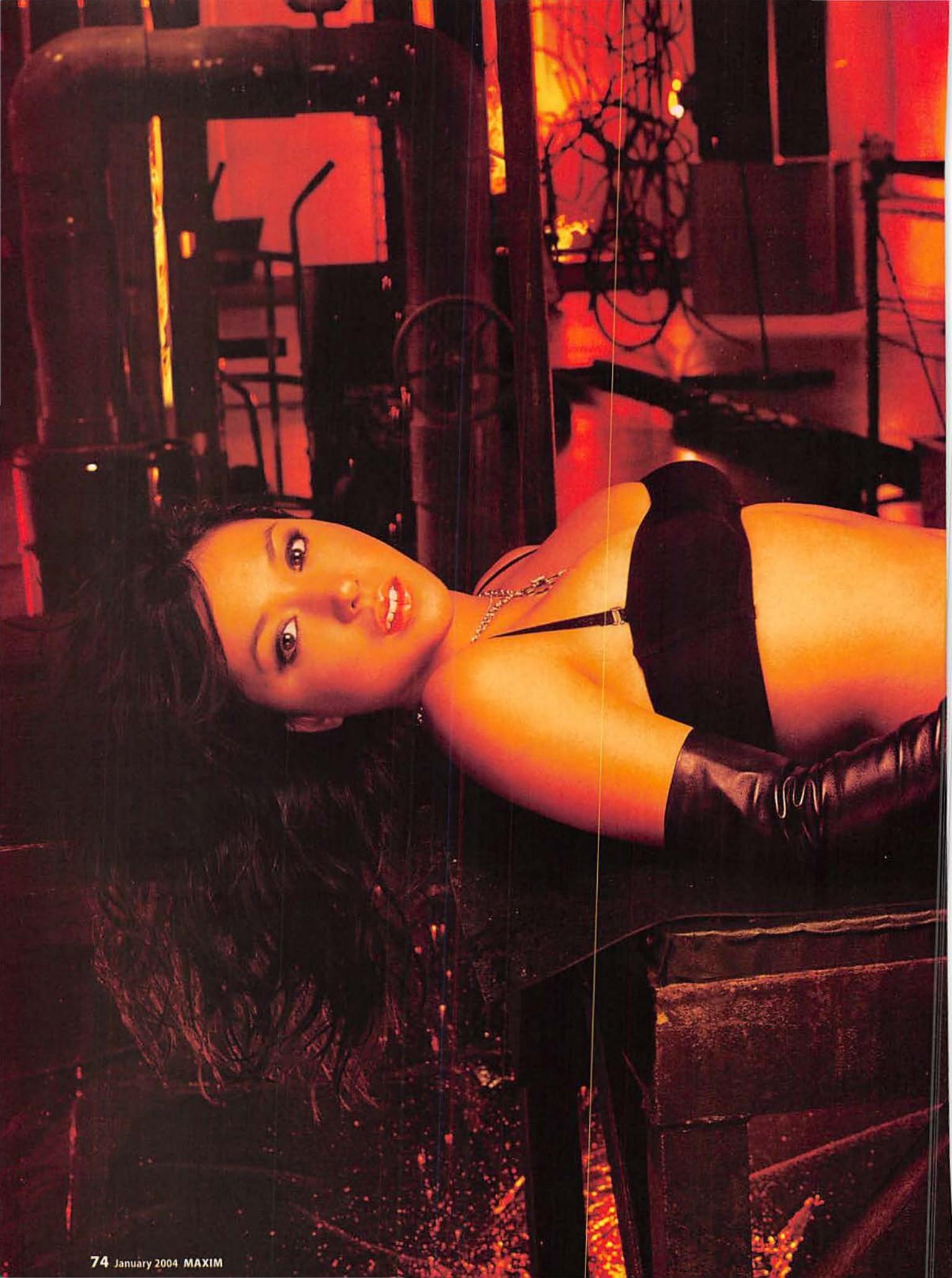


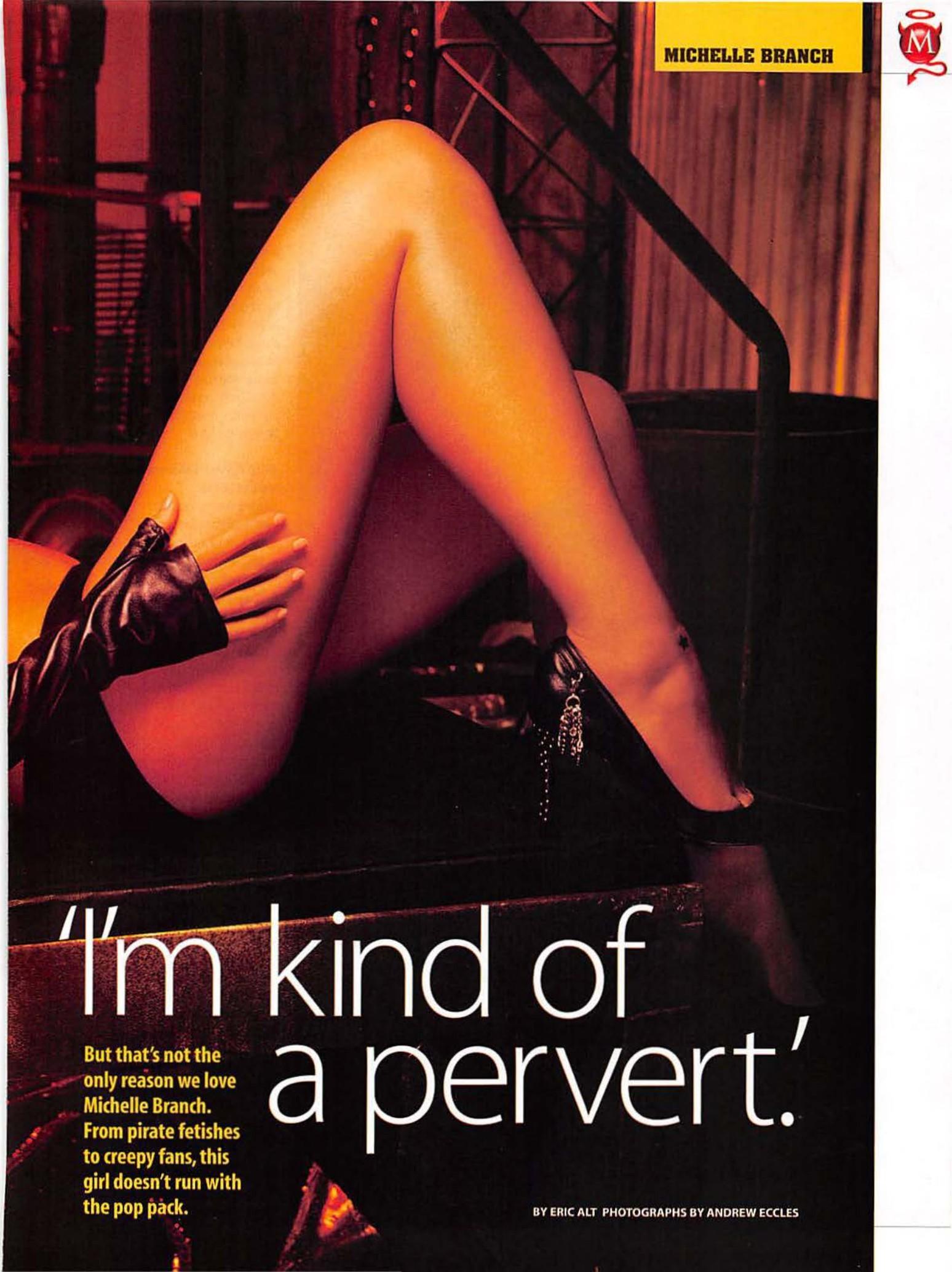
Interview by Eric Alt. *A Minute With Stan Hooper* airs on Fox, Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m. (ET).

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE LANGE



► 'I don't care for sex. I find it an embarrassing, dull exercise. I prefer sports, where you can win.'



A close-up photograph of a woman's legs and feet. She is wearing shiny, light-colored leggings or tights, black leather boots, and a black leather belt with a zipper and chain detail. Her right hand, wearing a black leather glove, is resting on her right thigh. The background is dark and moody, suggesting an industrial or backstage setting.

MICHELLE BRANCH



'I'm kind of
a pervert.'

But that's not the
only reason we love
Michelle Branch.
From pirate fetishes
to creepy fans, this
girl doesn't run with
the pop pack.

BY ERIC ALT PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW ECCLES



Michelle Branch writes her own songs and plays an instrument. Your response to that statement *should* be something along the lines of "No, duh, genius. She's a *musician*." But in the age of Britney and Clay, it unfortunately merits a "Wow, that's pretty impressive." While this doesn't reflect well on the sugar-coated shit that's clogging our airwaves, it does prove that this Arizona native is no pop tart. Her skill and dedication helped sell 2.5 million copies of her debut album, *The Spirit Room*; snagged her a Grammy award; and won her the respect of the legendary Carlos Santana, among other things. There's no question Michelle's in it for the music...but she's also in it for the porn. More on that later.

When did you realize you had some musical talent?

I started singing, basically, as soon as I could talk. And right before I turned 14, I asked for a guitar for my birthday. I got one and I started writing songs almost immediately. Of course, they weren't good at first.

Did you have any idea you could do this for a living?

I actually have a drawing from first grade of me with a microphone, and it says, "I wanna be a famous singer when I grow up!" No joke. It's just what I've always wanted to do. But when I was a kid I would think, *I either want to be a singer...or work at McDonald's*. I didn't know. My mom would say, "Please, don't work at McDonald's. Please, have more ambition than that!"

Well, you could always be a singer first and then flip burgers—like Vanilla Ice. What was the hardest thing about growing up in the Arizona desert?

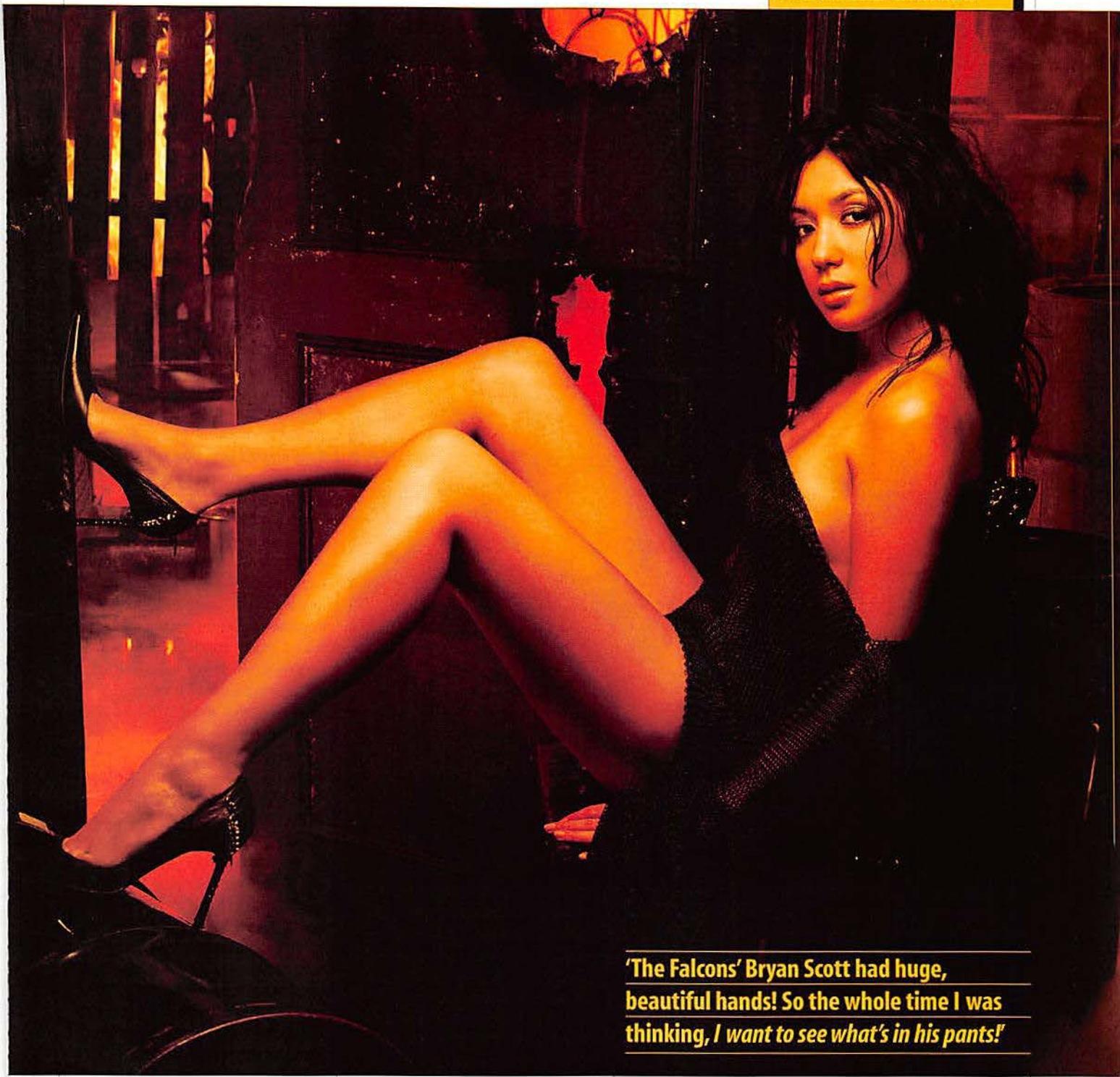
We got about four million tourists a year, so everything was very tourist-oriented. There's nothing there for locals. Just art galleries filled with paintings from white guys who gave themselves Indian names like "Little Eagle." I'd stay in my room and play guitar.

Not really a party girl, huh?

Not really. Now, a party for me is going home, putting on sweatpants, and sitting in front of the TV. I never get to do that anymore. And work becomes, "What parties are you going to?" So it's all switched. But it is nice because I missed out on a lot in high school. I'd either have shows or I'd stay home and write or practice. I never went to my prom. Now I'm like, "You should see the parties I go to!" I saved all my energy for the big parties.

When did you first get up and sing in front of an audience?

When I was eight years old, but it's not like



'The Falcons' Bryan Scott had huge, beautiful hands! So the whole time I was thinking, I want to see what's in his pants!'

my parents put me in the *Mickey Mouse Club* or anything. I begged them to let me take voice lessons at a local university. So at eight I went in there with a bunch of college kids who were all singing arias. Then I came in and sang Patsy Cline's "Crazy." But they took me into the program.

Speaking of Disney, were you ever pressured to be a Britney Spears clone when you started out?

I was really lucky when I was starting out, because the people I was working with refused to play any of the record for the

record company while we were recording it. They just kept telling them, "It's not ready yet. It's not ready yet." When we were finally mixing it, we met the record execs for the first time. The first thing they played was "Everywhere." The room was quiet, and then one of the radio promotion guys yelled out, "It's a fucking smash! Play it again!" And we all went, "Whew!" And then they said, "Don't change a thing. Don't tell her what to wear, don't tell her what to do, just let her be." And that was really different at the time. It was kind of new for everyone.

That must have been difficult, with even former folk singers like Jewel going the pop route.

I don't even know if I should start talking about Jewel—that would get me in trouble. But I can't envision being pushed down that path. I think there are obvious reasons why she made that record. And it's really interesting that that's been her best-selling record so far. It kind of makes me sad, actually. The exciting thing about music and doing it for a living is that I don't know exactly where I'm going and what I'm going to be five or 10 ►

MICHELLE BRANCH



years from now. And there's so much more that I have to learn and explore and try. I'm always struggling to prove myself as an artist.

What's your honest opinion of what's being played on the radio these days?

Recently I was asked to host a show called *Reality Radio*, and the hosts were like, "You can pick any song you want and play any

music you want for an hour!" I thought it would be really cool, but when I got there they handed me this list of 30 songs and asked me to pick 14 from the list. I couldn't even pick two! It's amazing how radio plays the same songs over and over. It's hard as a music fan to listen to it. When I do listen to the radio back home in L.A., I listen to KROQ

★ BRANCHING OUT



Grammy Awards (2003) Performing "Game of Love" with Carlos Santana.



Michelle at the 2002 MTV Music Awards



The Spirit Room
(2001)
Michelle's debut was heard "Everywhere." Geddit? Um...



Hotel Paper (2003)
Her follow-up, which narrowly missed being titled *Hello, Front Desk? I Need Towels.*

or the oldies station. I generally don't listen to any radio station that plays my music! I don't know if that's a bad thing, but...

What song in particular makes you want to drive into oncoming traffic?

Someone asked me that question before, and I said that Hilary Duff song. I hated that song, but she read that I'd said that and she got really upset and apparently hates me. So I'm trying not to be mean now...

But...

Well, you know that new Liz Phair single? It sounds like a lame attempt to be Avril Lavigne. C'mon, Liz, you can do better than that. And that's what irks me: She *can* do better. I also don't like that Jewel song—the one they're using to sell those razors now.

Have any wild tales from the road?

Ninety-eight percent of the time I have really good fan encounters, but once I was in Germany and there was this creepy guy waiting outside for my autograph. He was standing there with one of his hands in his pants! As he came over, he pulled it out and went to shake my hand with the one he had down there. So we all quickly got into the car to leave, because there was no way I was touching him. Then someone in my band was like, "Oh, my God, check it out, he's totally smelling his hand!" And he was! Some people are just not right.

Any groupies?

I do have some male groupies. But it's weird, because after I did the song with Carlos Santana, the age demographic dramatically changed. It used to be, like, 12-, 13-, 14-year-old boys coming up to me. It was nice, but I couldn't bring them back to the hotel or anything. But I've noticed that the Santana song opened up the doors to an older audience. Just recently I was playing a show at the Hammerstein Ballroom [in New York City], and my friend came backstage after the show and said, "People were grinding during some of your songs. Do you realize people probably have sex to your music?" Maybe that's what leads up to things like the creepy German guy.

How can a guy get your attention?

You mean, besides putting his hands down his pants? [laughs] Well, you know that thing where you always want what you can't have? I like guys who are taken. I can't help it. It's the guy who's not paying attention to you. That just kills me.

Any other weird obsessions?

This is going to sound stupid, but I have a pirate fetish. It started when someone in my band hurt their eye and had to wear an eye patch. I realized that I always



**'I have a pirate fetish—I just always
thought eye patches were sexy. If you want
to get my attention, wear a pirate outfit.'**

MICHELLE BRANCH



thought pirates were sexy. If you want to get my attention, wear a pirate outfit to my show. The parrot is optional—I don't want to hurt any animals.

What's something about you that people might be shocked to know?

People have this notion of me being this sweet, nice girl, but...I'm kind of a pervert. We'll be on the tour bus, and me and my makeup artist will be watching porn. I'm like, "Everyone does it. It's no big deal." Everyone thinks about sex, so why are we pretending that we're not? This one time...Oh, man, if he reads this he'll probably get embarrassed, but this one time the NFL paired up football players and musicians, and Bryan Scott of the Atlanta Falcons came in. He sat in and played drums and piano, and he's a big guy! And he had huge, beautiful hands. So the whole time I was thinking, *I want to see what's in his pants! Could you imagine what it must be like?* So that's what *Maxim* readers should know: I'm a pervert. Maybe it's because I've been living on a tour bus for the past two years with all guys. I don't know.

So you probably need a break from the testosterone, huh?

No, I'd rather hang out with men than women, honestly. Women are insecure and cruel. Guys, you just sit around and tell fart jokes.

★ MICHELLE AT A GLANCE

Vital stats: Born July 2, 1983, in Flagstaff, Arizona but raised in Sedona. "It's really a small place—only about 30,000 people live there."

Jet lag: Something about the Far East gets lost in translation for Michelle. "I think I'm the only person in the world who can't stand Japan. I love Japanese things when I'm here in America, and I know it sounds like a really ignorant thing to say, but the minute I get to Tokyo I'm like, 'Get me out of here.' Maybe it's just sensory overload or something."

Arrested development: "I have the sense of humor of a 17-year-old boy. I'm always watching *Dumb and Dumber* and *Spinal Tap* and stuff like that. If a 17-year-old boy came up and said, 'Wanna see a movie?' I'd be like, 'Cool, dude, let's do it! Steal a couple of beers from your parents' fridge and let's go!'"

School of rock: Michelle's musical tastes tend toward the classics. "I was exposed to a lot of '60s and '70s rock when I was little: Beatles, Led Zeppelin, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, Joni Mitchell. In junior high I started getting into my older brother's CDs, and he had stuff like Guns N' Roses and Tool. I got a good balance." ■



THE MAXIM LOUNGE
See more exclusive photos of
Michelle at maximonline.com.



Meet our barrelmen. The **offensive line** of whiskey making.



Smart teams know when to punt. Smart drinkers know when to stop.

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THE

25 GREATEST MOMENTS IN MEATFAIR



There was a time
when this was
mainly

Twenty years ago, Spinal Tap sank us with their pink torpedoes. To honor "England's loudest band," we look back at metal's loudest, proudest, and just plain druggiest moments.

BY SEAN CUNNINGHAM

25 DEF LEPPARD DRUMMER LENDS A HAND

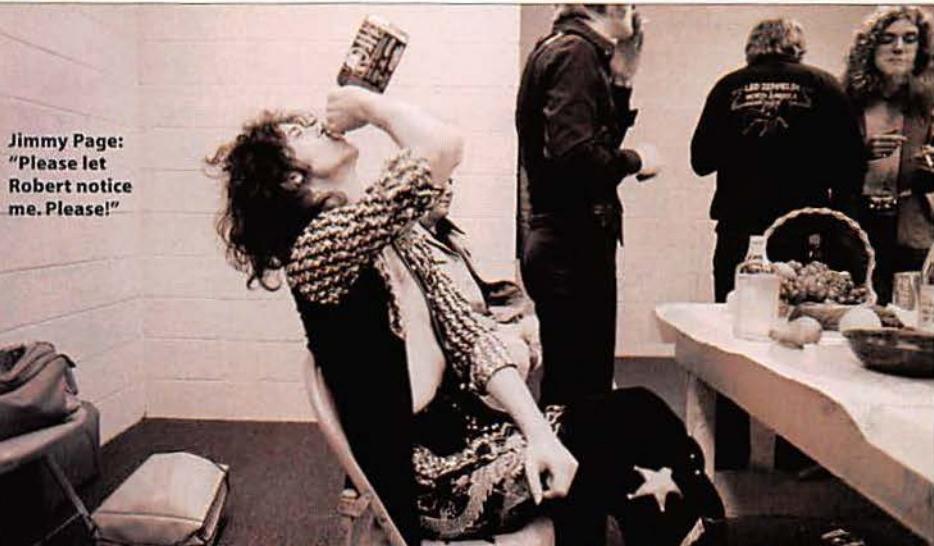
When Rick Allen lost his left arm after a car accident on New Year's Eve in 1984, many believed he'd never pound skin again. A few years later he proved them wrong, helping his band crank out *Hysteria*. Then the people said, "Sure, he can drum, but can he still beat his wife?" In '95 Allen answered the naysayers by gallantly assaulting his missus in an LAX airport bathroom. His example remains a beacon to crippled assholes everywhere.

24 NIKKI SIXX TAKES A LICKING

Mötley Crüe were rock's most cretinous band. Ozzy Osbourne was...well, Ozzy Osbourne. When the Crüe opened for the *Bark at the Moon* tour in '84, a gross-out showdown was inevitable. After snorting a line of ants (he'd run out of cocaine), Ozzy threw down the gauntlet by taking a piss and then licking it up. Crüe guitarist Nikki Sixx rose to the challenge. He also pissed...but Ozzy beat him to the slurp. "From that moment on," Sixx remembers, "we always knew that wherever we were, there was someone who was sicker and more disgusting than we were."

23 NORWAY GOES TOTALLY MENTAL

Ah, beautiful Norway. Home to salmon, fjords, and...hard-core death metal. In 1991 the band Mayhem's lead singer, Dead, showing a keen sense of irony, killed himself. As a show of mourning, drummer Hellhammer made a necklace out of his skull fragments, and guitarist Euronymous reportedly ate some of Dead's brain. This obviously made bassist Count Grishnackh jealous, so he murdered Euronymous. Many groups would split when band members start killing and eating each other. Those groups are probably wussy



Swedes. No, Mayhem's still going strong today, even though a fan at a recent concert got his skull fractured by a flying sheep's head and promptly sued their asses.

22 ANGUS GOES BACK TO SCHOOL

AC/DC aren't exactly known for thinking things through. They picked the name AC/DC without realizing it was slang for bisexual, and for a time Angus Young actually pranced around onstage dressed like the legendary masked rider Zorro. Luckily, he eventually listened to his sister and in 1976 started dressing as a schoolboy. Rock has enough capes.

21 LET ME STAND NEXT TO YOUR FIRECROTCH

W.A.S.P.'s Blackie Lawless, the man responsible for such Tipper Gore-pleasing hits as "Animal (Fuck Like a Beast)," always loved to put on a show. He started out eating worms but soon could afford grander spectacles, such as having a nun on a 13-foot cross raped with a knife. The zenith came in 2000 when Lawless got his pyrotechnic codpiece, which, he boasts, sprays flames up to 20 feet. Damn! Ours only goes to 11.

20 COMMIE CHAMELEONS

The 1989 Moscow Peace Festival was organized to help prevent drug abuse

19 DIAMOND DAVE PUTS HIS FOOT DOWN

David Lee Roth just pisses people off. Sammy Hagar flies into a rage whenever he's mentioned. Eddie Van Halen has vowed to kick him in the nuts. But you know who holds the biggest grudge? His old Van Halen road manager. After concerts he was required to pour Perrier over the Roth's feet.



1. The band Venom once claimed in a song to have drunk the vomit of a priest. 2. Kiss' resident demon Gene Simmons refuses to do interviews with people who smoke. Even over the phone. 3. Two of Twisted Sister's early videos star Mark Metcalf, semi-reprising his role as Douglas Niedermayer in *Animal House*.

among young people. It worked, in a way—the bands involved did all the drugs in sight before any kids could get to them. On the flight over, Bon Jovi, the Scorpions, and Ozzy downed massive amounts of booze and employed an on-board "doctor," who made sure they were all nice and medicated. Oddly enough, one band did manage to stay completely sober the entire trip: noted drug addicts Mötley Crüe.

18 GROUPIES GO HIGH-TECH

A groupie's life used to be rough. After performing sexual favors for roadies, she'd finally bribe her way backstage to drink from the goo tap of the rock star du jour only to discover...he's more Tiny Dancer than Hammer of the Gods. What a waste! Thanks to metal-sludge.com, such disappointments are now preventable, for there lies the world-famous Penis Chart, where groupies learn they should go wild with White Lion's Vito Bratta ►



("Hung like the Italian Stallion he is") but avoid Dokken's Mick Brown ("Maybe three inches if you pull on it").

17 LED ZEPPELIN GOES FISHING

We've all heard the rumors that in 1969 the Zeppelin boys violated a groupie with a mud shark. *Lies!* No one affiliated with Zeppelin would stand for a sick stunt like that. It was a *red snapper*. Plus, none of the band members were even there—the deed was done by their road manager. Technically, Jimmy Page *did* once throw four live octopi into a bathtub with two girls (one of whom cried, "It's like having an eight-armed vibrator!"), but chicks dig sushi, right?

16 VINCE NEIL GOES FOR A SPIN

On an urgent beer run in 1984, Mötley Crüe's frontman smacked into another car while doing 65 in a 25 mph zone, seriously injuring both people in the vehicle and killing his passenger, Hanoi Rocks drummer Nicholas "Razzle" Dingley. Neil's punishment: \$2.6 million in restitution and a whopping 30 days in jail... which was actually deferred after it was agreed he'd be more useful lecturing kids on the road than locked up in some prison somewhere (inspiring the headline: DRUNK KILLER VINCE NEIL SENTENCED TO TOURING WORLD WITH ROCK BAND). Man, even O.J. would shake his head over this one.

1. The "boys" of Mötley Crüe. 2. Speaking of which, Lita Ford once dated Crüe's Nikki Sixx, who says she's "nice, normal, and smart." 3. Ronnie Dio asserts he invented the "devil" hand sign while fronting his first band, Rainbow. Satan still disputes this claim. 4. AC/DC's Angus Young. 5. The costumed freaks of Gwar were actually once nominated for a Grammy award. No, really.



14 RICHIE KOTZEN FITS RIGHT IN

Poison's new guitarist, Richie Kotzen, didn't exactly have big shoes to fill in 1992. The last guy, C.C. DeVille, was such a hopeless addict, he once performed half a song on MTV with his guitar unplugged. Kotzen seemed to be working out great, remembering to plug himself in and everything. Sadly, he was plugging something else: drummer Rikki Rockett's fiancée, leading to the most embarrassing moment involving a percussionist since the *Ringo Rama* album.

15

BEST CONCERT EVER

The ultimate double bill, Metallica and Guns N' Roses rocking Montreal in '92. But after a pyro mishap almost incinerated James Hetfield, Axl Rose feared that Guns N' Roses might get overshadowed. (*Unacceptable!*) So Axl stormed off the stage just minutes into GN'R's set. Angry Quepeckers pounced into the streets and erupted into le violence.

13 NIKKI SIXX KEEPS ON TICKING

Mötley Crüe's bassist was having a typical evening (meeting up with guys from Megadeth, doing coke, vomiting in a limo—you know, the usual) when he asked a dealer to shoot him up. He promptly lost consciousness. OK, so far, so good. But then Sixx technically died on the way to the hospital, finally getting his heart kick-started two minutes later. Naturally, Sixx celebrated his resurrection by hitchhiking home from the hospital and overdosing on heroin again, this time nonfatally. Nice to have everything back to normal.

12 MR. OSBOURNE GOES TO WASHINGTON

America is a *great* country. Where else in the world could a man who tried to kill his current wife, allegedly shot his ex's 17 cats, pissed on the Alamo, and bit the heads off a zoo's worth of animals still be invited to a function with the nation's powerbrokers? It happened when Ozzy attended the May 5, 2002 White House Correspondents Dinner. President Bush addressed him at length, joking, "Mom loves your stuff." No word on whether Barbara asked Ozzy to sign her tits.

11 "AND THE HARD ROCK/METAL GRAMMY GOES TO..."

It took a long time for the oh-so-relevant Grammys to add a Best Hard Rock/Metal award, but when they finally did, on February 22, 1989, they made sure to do it right. They invited Metallica to perform "One" on the telecast, and the band kicked some serious ass. So when the time came to give out the trophy, it was no surprise it went to... Jethro Tull? The 40-year-old guys with the flute? Metalheads everywhere were outraged, but it proved once and for all that if you really wanna rock, you need a flautist.



Alice Cooper:
"Mom, could you
please knock?"

10 A FINE LINE BETWEEN STUPID AND CLEVER

While it took the world some time to fully appreciate the genius of the 1984 metal parody *This Is Spinal Tap*, David St. Hubbins, Nigel Tufnel, and Derek Smalls knew they could exist apart from the film. They reunited years later, released a new album (*Break Like the Wind*), and went on tour, meaning the pretend band had more staying power than most of the bands it mocked (yeah, we're talking about you, Slaughter).

9 A FAN GETS TO JOIN THE BAND

When Rob Halford jumped out of the closet and split from Judas Priest ("It must've been the worst-kept secret in rock'n'roll," said guitarist K.K. Downing), a new vocalist was needed. Where to find someone who slavishly tried to be Rob? Why, a tribute band, of course! So Judas Priest hired pseudo-Rob Ripper Owens. It goes to show that dreams can come true. Of course, this story inspired Mark Wahlberg's movie *Rock Star*, showing that dreams can also be churned into shit.

8 LEMMY DOES IT FOR THE KIDS

Motörhead leader Lemmy Kilmister has done many questionable things, from having a cameo in porn flick *John Wayne Bobbit Uncut* to serving time in



ARBOR DAY OF THE DAMNED

GARDEN OF EVIL

Up from the bowels of hell make the depraved and demented roots of metal.

HEAVY METAL

TREE OF ROCK





3.



4.

a Canadian jail. But he outdid himself in 1982, when he invited a 15-year-old school paper reporter to the studio and plied the lad with vodka. Makes our trip to the petting zoo with Oingo Boingo seem pretty lame.

6 BON JOVI SAYS BON VOYAGE

As a member of Bon Jovi, Alec John Such had a good thing going...if only Jon would stop being such a meany-pants! In 1994 Such gave a magazine interview about how Bon Jovi's criticism of his playing hurt his feelings. The criticism ended, because Such was allegedly kicked out of the band. To this day Jon Bon Jovi maintains that Such left because of the "stress of touring," which is a Jersey euphemism for "being a pussy."

5 TOMMY LEE IN LOVE (TAKES 2, 3, AND 4)

We respected him for doing Heather Locklear. We thought highly of him for drilling Bobbie Brown (the model from the "Cherry Pie" video, *not* Whitney

4

SLASH SOLVES HIS DRINKING PROBLEM

Saul Hudson (yes, that's his real name) actually hired a bodyguard specifically to carry him home when he passed out drunk. Way to think outside the box, Saul!



1. Spinal Tap perfected the art of killing off drummers. 2. Hey, you groupies, get away from that gear! Oh, wait, that's Poison. 3. Slash and Axl from Guns N' Roses get cozy. 4. Man O' War—besides having an affinity for fur G-strings, they snagged Orson Welles to provide narration on their song "Dark Avenger."

3 JOHN BONHAM CURES FOOT FUNK

After a tough day of touring in 1971, the Zeppelin drummer wanted to watch TV, but his road manager was making too much noise with groupies. Rather than interrupt, Bonzo grabbed one of the girl's shoes and shit in it. The next day she whined, "You shit in my shoe yesterday!" Then added, "I wanted to thank you for a wonderful night!" Sure, he can get away with it...

2 CUM ON, FEEL THE LAW

After a brief moment near the top, Quiet

Houston's husband). But then along came Pamela Anderson. This was Lee's triumph, and he's got the tape to prove it. Also, he showed us that he can steer a boat with his penis. Drive safely, Tommy!

Riot lead singer Kevin DuBrow quickly became metal's answer to George Costanza. He had no money and no car, lived with his mother, and was rapidly losing his hair. But in 1994 this all finally worked in his favor. He faced a lawsuit over an alleged nightclub assault, but as he told his sad story, the judge found him so pathetic he showed mercy. DuBrow had a victory...a sad, withered, shriveled victory, sure, but why nitpick?

1 FASTER PUSSYCAT, RUN, RUN

Faster Pussycat: Taime, Brent, Greg, Eric, and Mark. A team. A band. At least until drummer Mark Michal was arrested after having drugs Fed-Exed to his hotel. Seeing their wingman needed help, the rest of the group did what you'd expect: They got on a plane, fled the country, and ditched him. Ah, the music biz—like prostitution, only sleazy. M

AURAL EXAM

METALLIC-HUH?

Do you consider yourself frontman enough to finish these classic metal lyrics?

1. "People think I'm insane because I am _____."

- a. taking a bite out of crime
- b. frowning all the time
- c. dressed up like a mime
- d. mixing coconut with lime

2. "He'll be the love in your eyes/He'll be _____."

- a. the rat of unusual size
- b. that weird guy wearing two neckties
- c. the beast who screams and lies
- d. the blood between your thighs

3. "We're heading for Venus/And still we stand tall/_____ And welcome us all."

- a. Europe, "The Final Countdown"
- b. 'Cause maybe they've seen us
- c. My lawn is the greenest
- d. You'll all double-team us

4. "Sometime, anytime, sugar me sweet/_____."

- a. Def Leppard, "Pour Some Sugar on Me"
- b. Stupid pisshead, I said sit on me
- c. Little miss innocent, sugar me
- d. I just wrote a book on art history

5. "I used to do a little/But a little wouldn't do/And so _____."

- a. Guns N' Roses, "Mr. Brownstone"
- b. I had to go to the store
- c. I need off without shouting "Fore!"
- d. I went to sleep and started to snore



Ozzy liked to engage every orifice

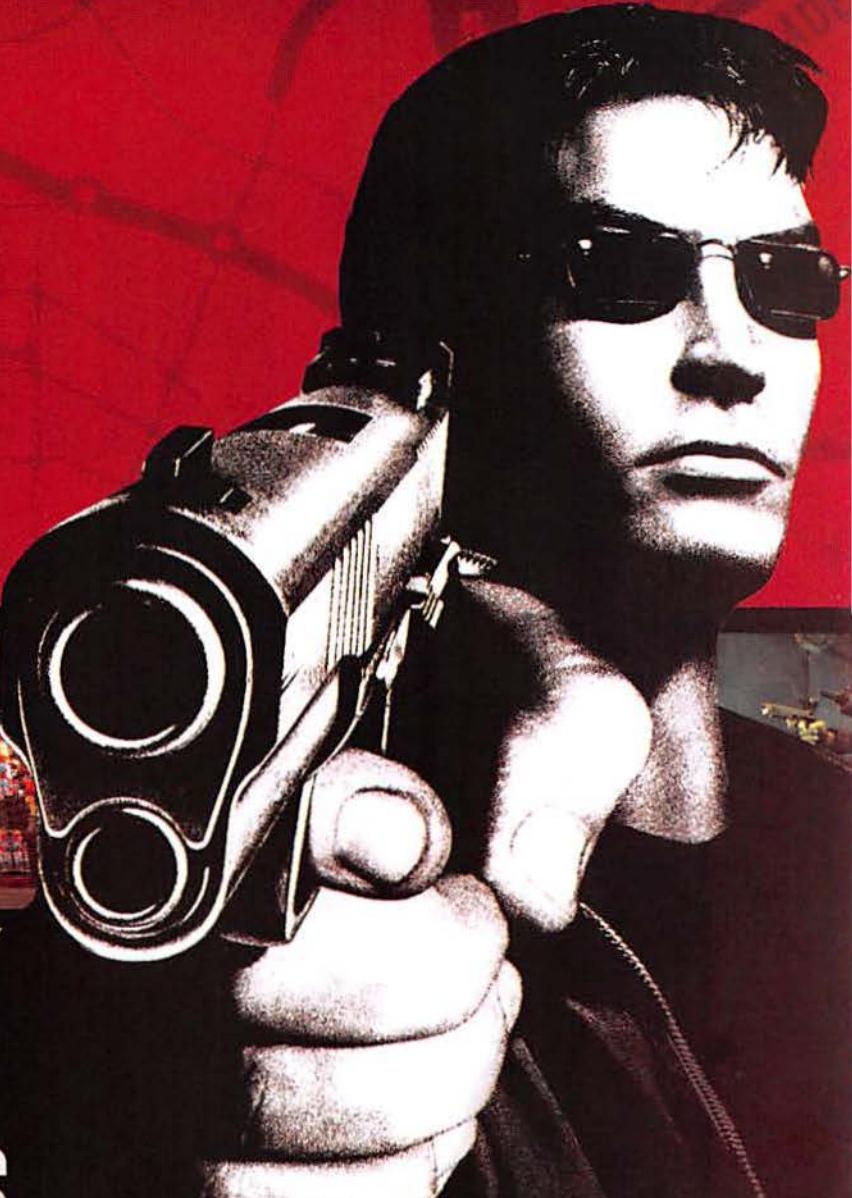
"Busting genres with a furious blend of driving, fighting and gunplay, True Crime is the game we've been waiting for all year."

—FHM

"True Crime ups the ante, accurately delivering the seediness of Los Angeles, kung-fu capabilities, burn-rubber driving, over-the-top firepower and a killer soundtrack featuring original West Coast Hip Hop beats."

—Hustler

"Best Xbox Game"
—Games Convention 2003



THIS IS
TRUE CRIME™
STREETS OF LA™

Includes over 50 original songs from Snoop Dogg, Westside Connection and more.*
Visit truecrimela.com for exclusive game clips and soundtrack samples.

SOUNDTRACK ON
VYBE SQUAD / KOCH RECORDS
 KOCH records



Blood and Gore
Mature Sexual Themes
Strong Language
Violence



PlayStation.2



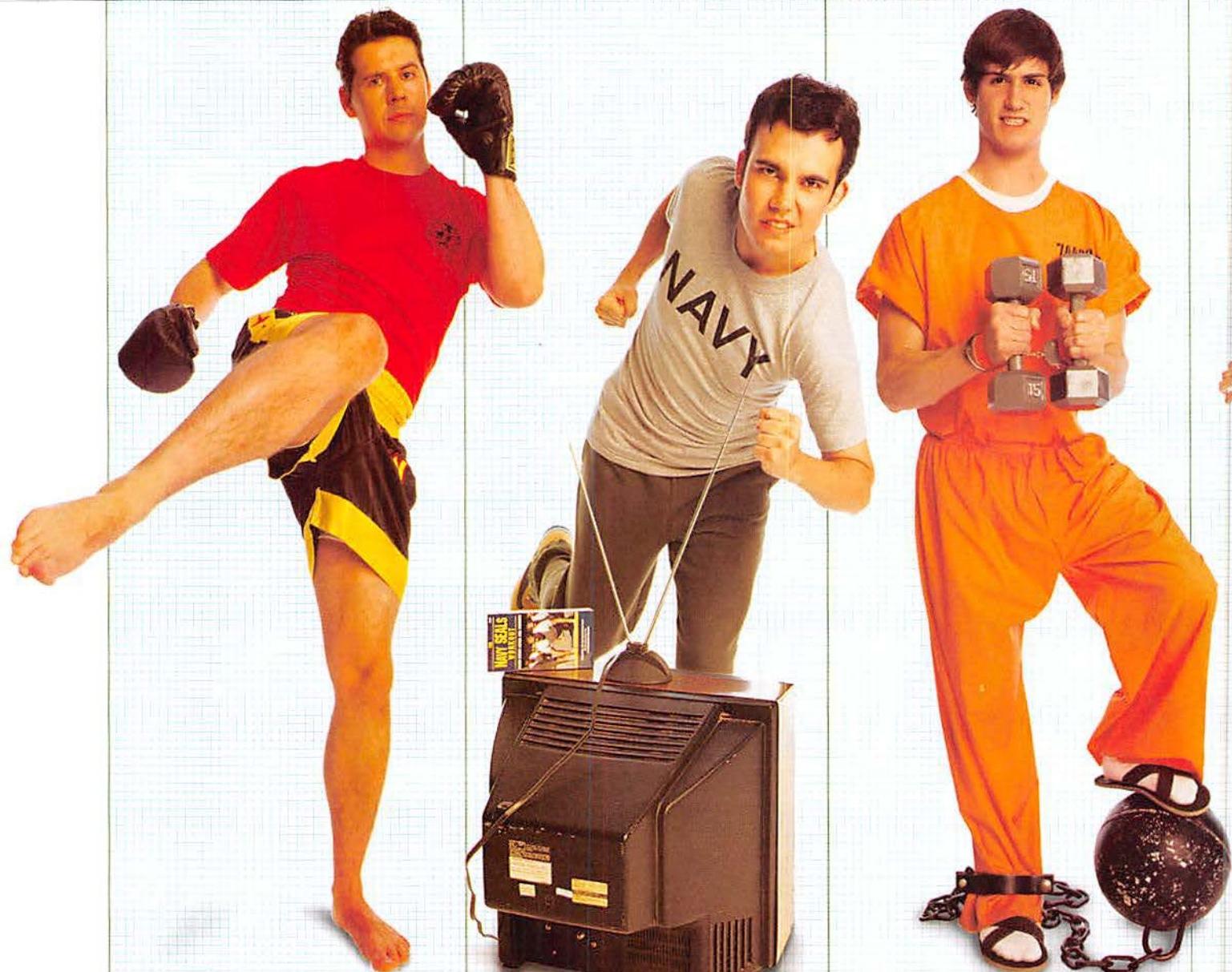
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ACTIVISION

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*Nintendo GameCube game contains fewer songs.

GUT BUSTERS



GUINEA PIG #1: GREG WILLIAMS

JOB TITLE: Editor
HEIGHT: 6'0" **WEIGHT:** 170 lbs.
DATE OF BIRTH: 10/8/66
Hobbies: Long walks in the park, going to bullfights on acid, and skinny skiing.

GUINEA PIG #2: KY HENDERSON

JOB TITLE: Senior Associate Editor
HEIGHT: 6'1" **WEIGHT:** 180 lbs.
DATE OF BIRTH: 11/20/75
CLAIM TO FAME: Was a Campbell's Soup kid finalist before getting strung out on opium.

GUINEA PIG #3: JON WILDE

JOB TITLE: Editorial Assistant
HEIGHT: 6'0" **WEIGHT:** 163 lbs.
DATE OF BIRTH: 12/9/81
OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR: Cameron in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off...* if he were a girl.

Happy New Year...you're fat!
Luckily, we tested six workouts
to get you back in visual contact
with your love harpoon.

Are your new man-boobs getting you down? Has your six-pack supersized itself into a keg? Congrats! You're one of the 13.8 million American men who won't be getting any action this year.

Remember when the only guys who pumped iron at the gym were pumping each other at home? Those days are over. Most 21st-century women work their asses off to look scrumptious, and they're not going to feed their sculpted bodies to your fat ass.

Not fat? Well, maybe you're skinny, weak, or ugly. Whatever your imperfection, there's an exercise program for you. (Note: Ugly guys, replace "exercise" with "alcohol.") To find out which burn off the blubber, we forced six editors to test 'em out for two months, and gave them before-and-after Presidential Physical Fitness Tests to measure the results. Then we laughed at them every morning while we chugged Egg McMuffins. Work it, girls! ▶



GUINEA PIG #4: KEN GEE

JOB TITLE: Copy Chief
HEIGHT: 6'2" **WEIGHT:** 180 lbs.
DATE OF BIRTH: 12/2/64
PROOF HE DIGS CHICKS: He's married with two beautiful children and plays a mean banjo.

GUINEA PIG #5: ROB BERNSTEIN

JOB TITLE: Senior Associate Editor
HEIGHT: 6'0" **WEIGHT:** 179 lbs.
DATE OF BIRTH: 3/28/72
ALLERGIES: Walnuts, bumble bees, men's tennis, soup, and kids with chapped lips.

GUINEA PIG #6: TODD DETWILER

JOB TITLE: Designer
HEIGHT: 6'2" **WEIGHT:** 195 lbs.
DATE OF BIRTH: 7/27/79
FUN FACT: Todd actually does have two legs (not pictured).

THAI BOXING

Just like American boxing...with a spicy peanut sauce.

THE BASICS:

TIME INVESTMENT: 60–90 minutes, three times a week

PRICE: \$20 per group class; \$80 private

TORTURE: Jumping rope, push-ups, sit-ups, dips, squats, bag work, sparring

PAIN THRESHOLD: ★★★★☆

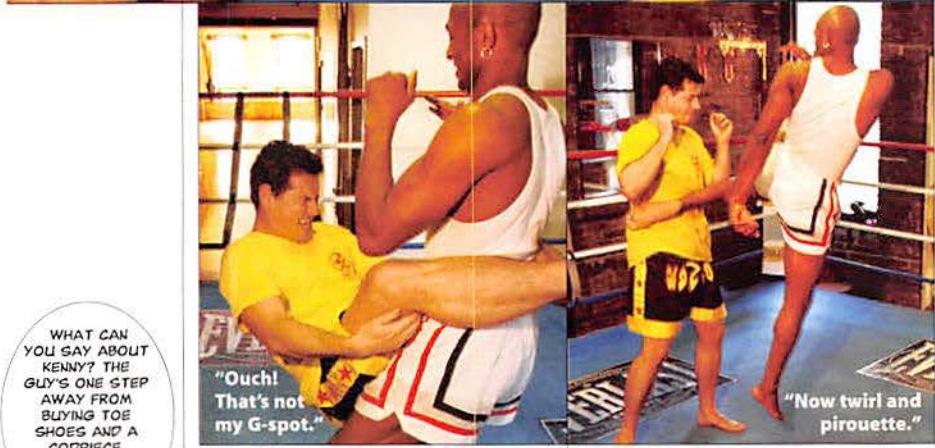
The hype: This medieval fighting style—emphasizing elbows and knees in addition to ferocious kicks and punches—will do more than just tone and strengthen muscles. "Thai boxing is a way of life," says European and two-time British World Champion and Thai boxing instructor Phil Nurse (thewat.com). "As with all of life's challenges, we teach students to take control. Thai boxers are taught to train hard, fight harder, and always get through it. Taking control of your life in and out of the ring is the key."

The real deal: Don't get this confused with Billy "Shooting" Blanks' TaeBo workout. Thai boxing is a 400-year-old, full-contact, no headgear, honest-to-God martial art that some sadist thought would make for good exercise. Training, even for novices, includes extensive clinch work (grappling), and upright kick-boxing techniques.

The tough stuff: "The repeated roundhouse kicks to my midsection as part of my 'conditioning' really hurt," whines Greg Williams. "Phil claims he's barely touching me. But my bruised ribs beg to differ." For the record, Gregory also bitched about the push-ups, dips, bag work, sparring, and rope-jumping (which the Brit repeatedly called "skipping" without even telling wifey he'd switched teams).

The payoff: "Phil's great at pushing me to the point where I'm about to start blubbering like a baby. Then five minutes later, after we've stopped, I feel like I could run a marathon...on my hands," Greg says. "Then he goes back to kicking my ass. But I think I'm starting to hold my own." C'mon, Greg—you're married. Everyone knows you've been holding your own for years.

Shame game: "Finding out the hard way that I am an uncoordinated wuss was hardly news," admits Greg. "What was really amazing is the fact that I actually started looking



WHAT CAN YOU SAY ABOUT KENNY? THE GUY'S ONE STEP AWAY FROM BUYING TOE SHOES AND A COPPIECE. HASN'T HE SUFFERED ENOUGH?



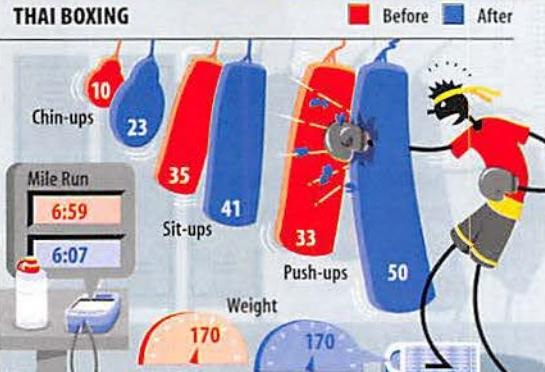
forward to my training sessions and seeing results to boot." Be careful testing out those results, tough guy. You may wind up seeing some guy's boot entering your candy ass.

Overall: When taught by the proper instructor, Thai boxing is a fantastic cardiovascular, strength, and ego workout. But remember that the techniques you'll be learning are all geared toward a fighting function rather than pure aesthetic results. In other words, if you're looking to strike a pose on the beach, try something else. This workout is designed to help you kick that poser's ass.

RESULTS: 66% STRONGER

PRESIDENTIAL FITNESS TEST

THAI BOXING



CLASSIC ARNOLD

SWEAT DREAMS

Governor Schwarzenegger's words of wisdom from Pumping Iron.

- "No milk. Milk is for babies. When you grow up you have to drink beer."
- "My father died two months before competition. And my mother called to ask, 'Are you coming home?' I said, 'No. He is already dead. It is too late.'"
- "The pump is as satisfying to me as coming...as having sex with a woman and coming. So I am getting the feeling of coming in the gym; I am getting the feeling of coming at home; when I pose in front of 50,000 people, I get the same feeling. I'm coming day and night! It's terrific, right?"



BIKRAM YOGA

The hottest new exercise craze is also the...um...hottest.

THE BASICS:

TIME INVESTMENT: 90 minutes, three times a week

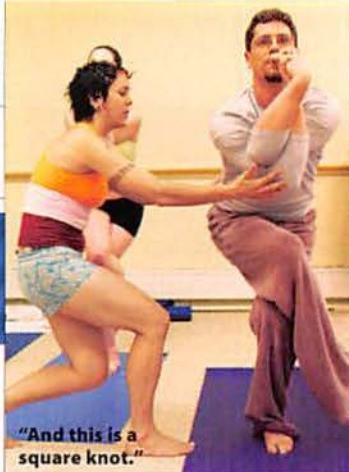
PRICE: \$20 per session

TORTURE: 26 different contortions held for 60 seconds each...in 105-degree heat

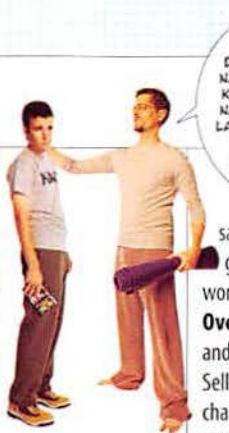
PAIN THRESHOLD: ☺☺☺

The hype: Bikram Yoga N.Y.C. (yoganc.com) claims hot yoga, as it's called in the human-pretzel community, "can reduce the symptoms of many chronic diseases." In addition to reducing stress, increasing flexibility, reducing weight, and uniting your body, mind, and spirit, nutty yoga groupies from here to Tibet insist that Bikram cures everything from sinus infections to kidney cancer.

The real deal: Think of Bikram as yoga in a sauna. The intense heat allows for greater



"And this is a square knot."



KY, YOU'RE A DECK-SWABBING NANCY. EVERYONE KNOWS WHY YOU NAVY GUYS HAVE LARGE FOREARMS, AND IT'S NOT FROM EATING SPINACH.

Shame game: It's

hard to look tough at yoga," says our resident ankle-grabber. "Every other guy looks like a limp-wristed Phish fan working the register at Old Navy! Meow!"

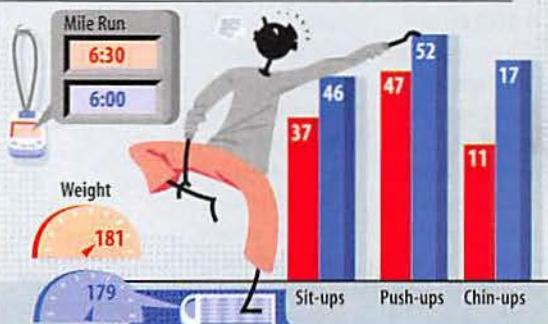
Overall: "Bikram will help you lose weight and limber up," says Rob. "But the hairy Tom Selleck clones send the B.O. quotient off the charts. The thought of going back makes my nuts ascend." And the award for Worst Visual of the Month goes to... ▶

RESULTS: 30% STRONGER

PRESIDENTIAL FITNESS TEST

BIKRAM YOGA

■ Before ■ After



Hello!

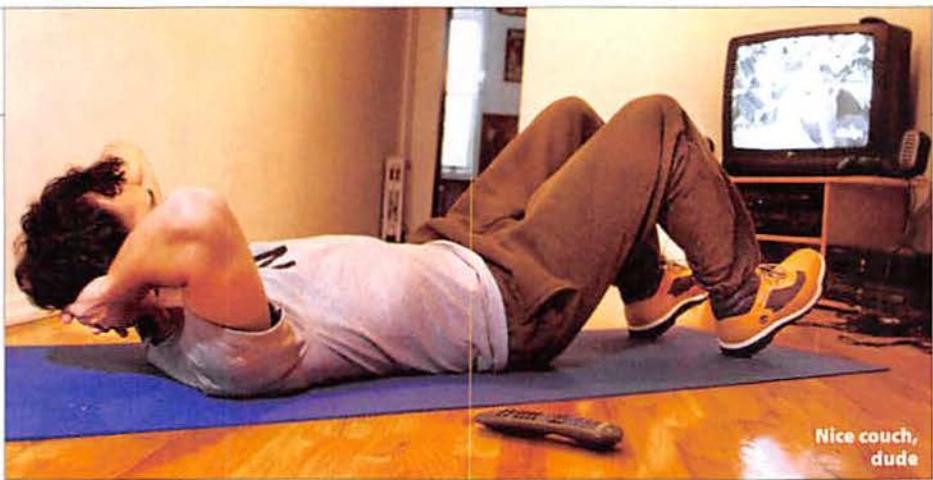
FEEL THE VIBE

SHOCK JOCK

Electronic muscle stimulation—technology's gift to the lazy.

- **STEP 1:** Cancel \$600 health club membership.
- **STEP 2:** Grab beer; sit on couch.
- **STEP 3:** Have a congratulatory smoke—you've now completed Steps 1 and 2!
- **STEP 4:** Open your Compex Sport (\$899; compex.us), an FDA-approved, Jerry Rice-endorsed electronic muscle stimulation system. Then stick the self-adhesive electrodes to your major muscle groups (avoid heart, brain, and genitalia). Now prepare to do... absolutely nothing. "The lower settings (0 to 99 millamps) give a pleasant tingling sensation," says tester John Walsh, our viceroy of vices. "I wonder how it'll feel if I put it on my... yeow!!!"
- **STEP 5:** Have another beer.
- **STEP 6:** Lower your standards. This machine won't actually help you lose fat—for that, damn it all, you'll have to exercise. "But my electronically toned abs no longer spill quite so far over my belt," John claims. "And I can actually see the beginnings of a bicep muscle."
- **STEP 7:** Put down beer. Open can o' whoop-ass. "I definitely feel stronger in my shoulders," John boasts. "These Quarter Pounders are getting lighter by the day." You're now a lean, mean drinking machine. So get to it!

And this was his off day



Nice couch, dude

NAVY SEALS WORKOUT

Train along with the world's most elite soldiers—by watching them on TV.

THE BASICS:

TIME INVESTMENT: 55 minutes, two times a week

PRICE: One \$19.95 videotape

TORTURE: Rapid-fire jumping jacks, toe-touches, pull-ups, push-ups, dips, lunges, squats, sit-ups, crunches

PAIN THRESHOLD: ★★★★

I WANT A PIECE OF THIS JAILHOUSE BITCH. THAT PRISON WORKOUT MUST HAVE BEEN QUITE A STRAIN ON YOUR SPHINCTER.



The hype: According to the U.S. Navy, this video workout (filmed entirely at the Navy's Special Warfare Center by Navy SEAL instructors) follows the exact strength regimen forced upon "the most versatile, best-conditioned military unit in the world" and they promise it will "get you into 'fighting shape' the SEAL way." Flesh-shredding weaponry not included. (usnavysealstore.com)

The real deal: The SEALs train like the life of every red-blooded American depends upon it, and that means their workout doesn't slow down for bleeding hearts... or knuckles. So listen up, maggot! This is a full-body workout

using nothing but your body's natural weight as resistance and a screaming, psychotic drill instructor as your only motivation. All you lily-livered yellow-bellies need to keep up with this workout is a VCR, a pull-up bar, and balls the size of Rhode Island.

The tough stuff: If the SEALs workout was easy, we'd all be Canadians. But it's not—thank Jesus! As a matter of fact, according to Ky Henderson, some parts are downright cruel. "My pythons are actually more like garter snakes," he admits without prodding (we can't legally print what he admitted after prodding). "So the extended push-up portion of the tape was brutal. And by brutal I mean out of the fucking question."

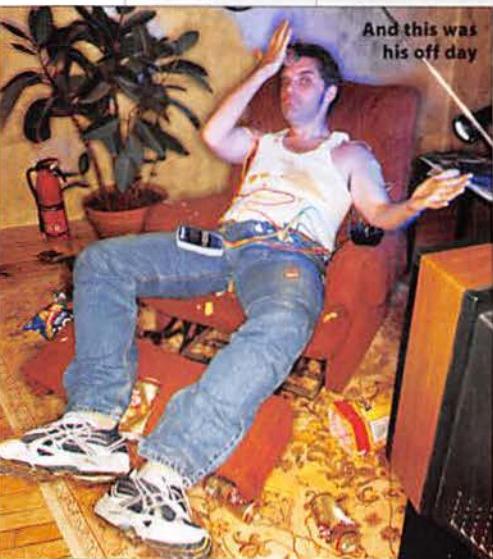
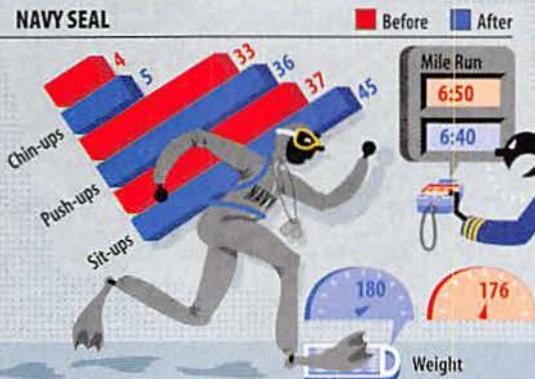
The payoff: Considering that a full 70 percent of all SEAL candidates drop out in the first six months, this is no workout for guys who drink chardonnay. But there are rewards. "After two months busting my ass, I still couldn't keep up with the SEALs for an entire workout," Ky boasts. "So I'd pull on some flip-flops, hop in the bath, and splash around for an hour or two. That's standard procedure, right?"

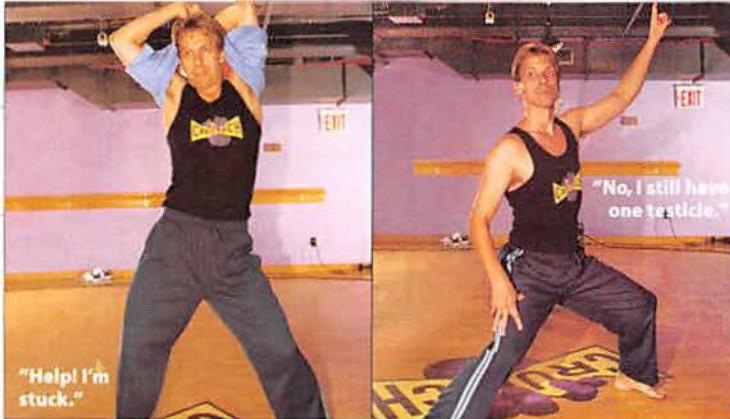
Shame game: "Everyone knows the Navy SEALs are badass," says Ky, nearly comatose on his living room floor. "But there's still something very Richard Simmons about working out in front of your television. My neighbors must think I've gone Broadway." Not that there's anything wrong with that.

Overall: All seaman jokes aside, this is not an exercise program for jerk-offs. Self-motivation is critical, because you're all by yourself, just a short walk from the fridge, and your VCR's eject button is always just a shoe's throw away. But if you can stick with it, within three months the results will have that hottie in accounting grunting in shock and awe.

RESULTS: 19% STRONGER

PRESIDENTIAL FITNESS TEST





TODD IS GOING TO HAVE GREAT ABS...JUST LIKE JASON SEHORN! ZING!

AEROBICS CLASSES

Most men wouldn't be comfortable taking aerobics. Good for you!

THE BASICS:

TIME INVESTMENT: 30–60 minutes, three times a week

PRICE: \$79-per-month gym membership

TORTURE: Spin, step, sculpting, Broadway dancing, pole dancing, utter humiliation

PAIN THRESHOLD: ☀️☀️☀️

The hype: There's nothing more important to sustained health than cardiovascular fitness.

The real deal: Sure, aerobics classes are for sissies. But they get the job done, because all

the motivation is included—packaged in a hyperactive freak roaming the room like R. Lee Ermey with a spandex wedgie. (crunch.com)

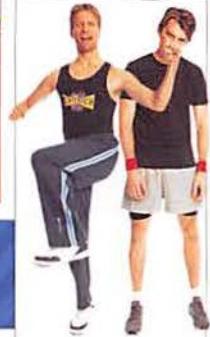
The tough stuff: It's physically impossible for us not to make fun of Ken Gee every chance we get. "The liquid strength class is a mix of calisthenics, yoga, weight training, and martial arts," says Ken, trying to defend himself. "After 10 minutes my legs are quivering. The instructor keeps saying the really hard moves are over, but it's all lies." C'mon, Kenny. You're making this too easy.

The payoff: "The best part?" asks Ken. "Now I can squat like a motherfucker. I could take a dump in the woods and have both hands free. Which might come in handy if I had to fend

off a feral bird or some local inbred with a banjo." Who are you going to beat off, Ken?

Shame game: "My worst fears were realized on the very first day," says Ken. "I took the Broadway Dance Series—*Little Shop of Horrors* class. And all my buddies at the gym watched as I flawlessly performed the opening number. You're plant food."

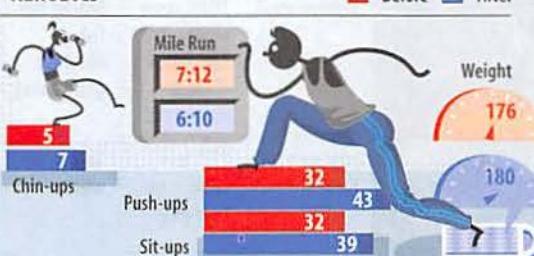
Overall: For pure weight (and pride) loss, aerobics classes are great. But to gain strength, try combining aerobics (most gyms offer as many free classes as your ego can take) with weights to offset fatal estrogen overload. ▶



RESULTS: 32% STRONGER

PRESIDENTIAL FITNESS TEST

AEROBICS



How are you?

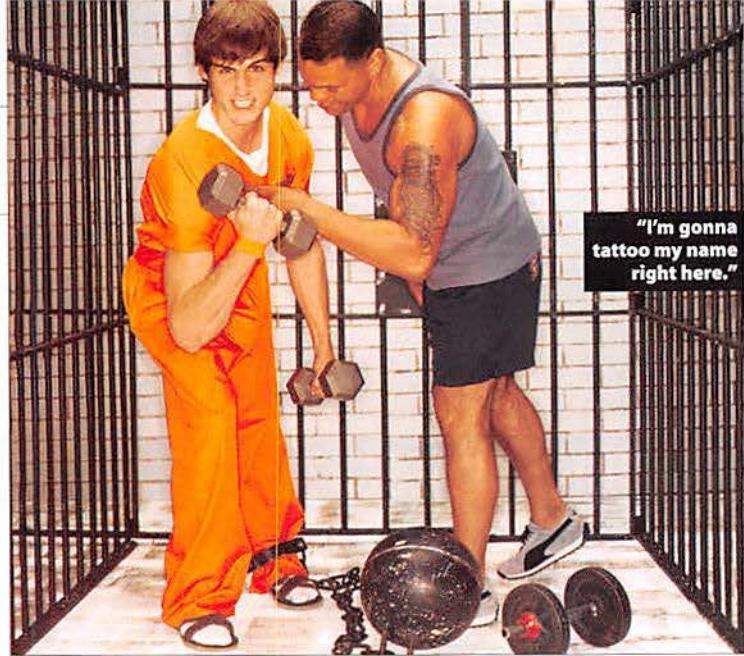
[adult swim]

BARE MINIMUM

DO OR DIE...HAPPY!

No willpower? No conviction? No problem!

YOU LIKE	TRY	UPSIDE	DOWNSIDE
HAMBURGER	Turkey burger	59% less animal fat	120% less taste
REUBEN	Sprouts on multigrain bread	100% less "bad fat" = no heart attack	50% more flatulence = no girlfriend
PORK CHOP	Salmon steak	100% more omega-3 fatty acids = lower cholesterol	Smells like fish... maybe a good thing
BEER	Low-carb beer	77% less carbs = no beer gut	Tastes like water
CHOCOLATE COOKIES	Sorbet	100% less saturated fat	No cookies
SALTED NUTS	Salty nuts	100% less sodium	100% more tea-bagging
ELEVATORS	Taking the stairs	12.5 calories burned per minute	You're a sweaty, gasping mess
DRIVING	Riding a bike	Great lower-body workout	Six hours late for work
TALKING	Beating the crap out of somebody	Total body workout	Payback or jail time
GIRL ON TOP	Doggy-style	250 calories burned per half hour	Can't see ceiling mirror



JAILHOUSE

Let a real ex-con teach you the ultimate full-body workout—because you never know when a few extra muscles may save your precious sphincter.

THE BASICS:

TIME INVESTMENT: 45 minutes, four times a week

PRICE: \$0 to life

TORTURE: Bench press, push-ups, flys, curls, squats, lunges, leg lifts, dips, rows, chin-ups, sit-ups, crunches, jumping jacks, jogging, sprints...plus free sodomy!

PAIN THRESHOLD: ★★★★★

The hype: Gino Gioe (jailhouseworkout.com), one of New York City's crack kingpins, spent seven years in the state's toughest maximum-security prisons developing a workout routine designed to maximize an inmate's 50 minutes in the yard. As he says, "In jail you can use your time to reflect on the past, present, or the future. I didn't want to reflect on either of them." Now for those brain exercises...

The real deal: When the warden's on your ass and your cellmate's next in line, working out is all about supersets, which means annihilating that day's muscle groups with nonstop, descending repetitions. This is a full-body, alpha-male workout designed to increase mass...fast!

The tough stuff: It's downright impossible to maintain the motivation of fresh meat trying to preserve cornhole chastity, but the jailhouse workout can still be effective on the outside. "Even half-assing this routine," Jon Wilde says, "is tougher than anything some salad-tossing personal trainer will teach you."

The payoff: "There's no question I've gotten stronger," brags Jon. "The best part is

knowing that no one younger than 14 can mess with me anymore. My weight-training regimen was developed by an ex-con who got his kicks dropping inmates every time he moved to a new prison. So I will fuck up any middle-schooler around."

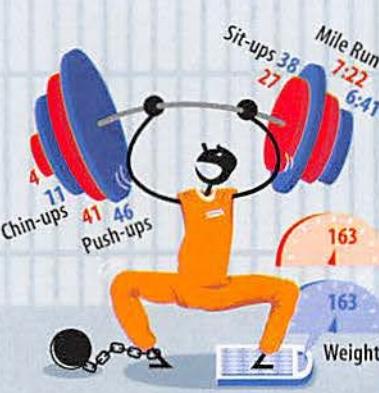
Shame game: As tough as Jon thinks he is—Gino calls him Jane—after two months he's yet to finish an entire day's program under the 45-minute deadline. "The only time I even came close," Jon says, ashamed, "was the day Gino trained me personally. When an ex-con tells me to push, I scream, 'How hard?' Wait, that doesn't sound so good..."

Overall: For increasing strength and muscle mass, nothing beats Gino's superset routine. Best of all, it gets the job done quicker than a conjugal visit—45 minutes of pure pain and it's all over. And now you have a new "wife!"

RESULTS: 76% STRONGER

PRESIDENTIAL FITNESS TEST

JAILHOUSE ■ Before ■ After



SEXY PERSONAL TRAINER

Lazy? Weak? Terminally single? Let the greatest thing to happen to gyms since women—hot women in spandex—motivate you to change your life.

THE BASICS:

TIME INVESTMENT: 60 minutes, three times a week

PRICE: \$85 per hour plus membership

TORTURE: Treadmill, bench press, leg press, rows, curls, and a lot of other pretty exercise machines

PAIN THRESHOLD: ★★★★★

The hype: What's better than a professional hottie committed to working your body until you beg her to stop? (thesportsclubla.com)

The real deal: "I can't imagine a better way to get in shape," says Todd Detwiler, the luckiest man on Earth. "Every time I want to slack off, my motivation bends over to spot me. It's like that Bugs Bunny cartoon when he's riding a donkey, dangling a carrot in front of his nose with a fishing pole." In other words,

you're an ass chasing around a faux phallus?

The tough stuff: The only thing worse than buckling under your bench press is getting rescued by a hot chick who can kick your ass.

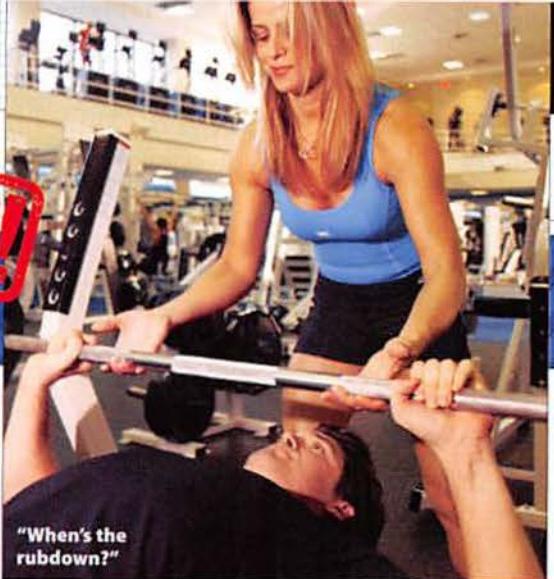
The payoff: "Everything's possible when Flavia's spotting you," says Todd in mid-hambone. "I push myself harder to try and impress her. I even look forward to waking up early," Todd says. "But it's not perfect. I'd like some porn playing on the TVs. Chicks making out would be good, too." Don't push it, pretty boy... we can still turn Flavia into Gino faster than you can scream, "I dropped my soap!"

Shame game: "As great as Flavia is," Todd says, "in reality, I'm still paying a girl to hang out with me." Hey, it works for Copperfield.

Overall: We have a winner! A hot personal trainer provides extra motivation, she'll construct the perfect workout for all your goals, and—as Pam Anderson will tell you—everything's better with breasts in your face. ■

RESULTS: 76% STRONGER

WINNER!

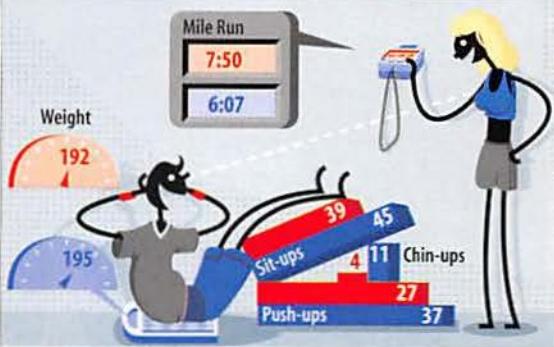


"When's the rubdown?"

PRESIDENTIAL FITNESS TEST

SEXY PERSONAL TRAINER

Before After



We're fine, thanks.

You are reading a message from Adult Swim, the brand that represents the late-night animated programming on Cartoon Network. Our animation is created specifically for adults. Some of it is comedy. Some of it is action. All of it is different.

Adult Swim is the outer fringe of the television universe. We stand here, all alone, and we say, "Great!" If you ask us, it is happy-making to not be where the others are. We are, in fact, committed to staying in this very spot.

Would you like to join us?

Over here is an attorney with wings, a superhero who hosts a talk show and a dancing wad of meat. Yes, we are an outpost. But when every third person you meet is auditioning for a reality program, aren't we all that's left? We'll just be right over here, thank you, and certain people among you have headed the call. Some of them are steaming the milk in your latte. Some of them are delivering your overnight package. Some of them are trading your stocks. Be nice to all of them, for they can all use some extra sleep.

And so, it has come to this. Programming from the edge. Giant robot neighbors. A vibrant, visual medium that talks to you in plain old black-and-white text. And all we're asking for you to do is to please check us out.

Television = Behemoth. Adult Swim = You.

SUNDAY - THURSDAY
11pm-5am
on

CARTOON
NETWORK

Go to AdultSwim.com
if you'd like to learn more.



[adult swim]

It has come to this.

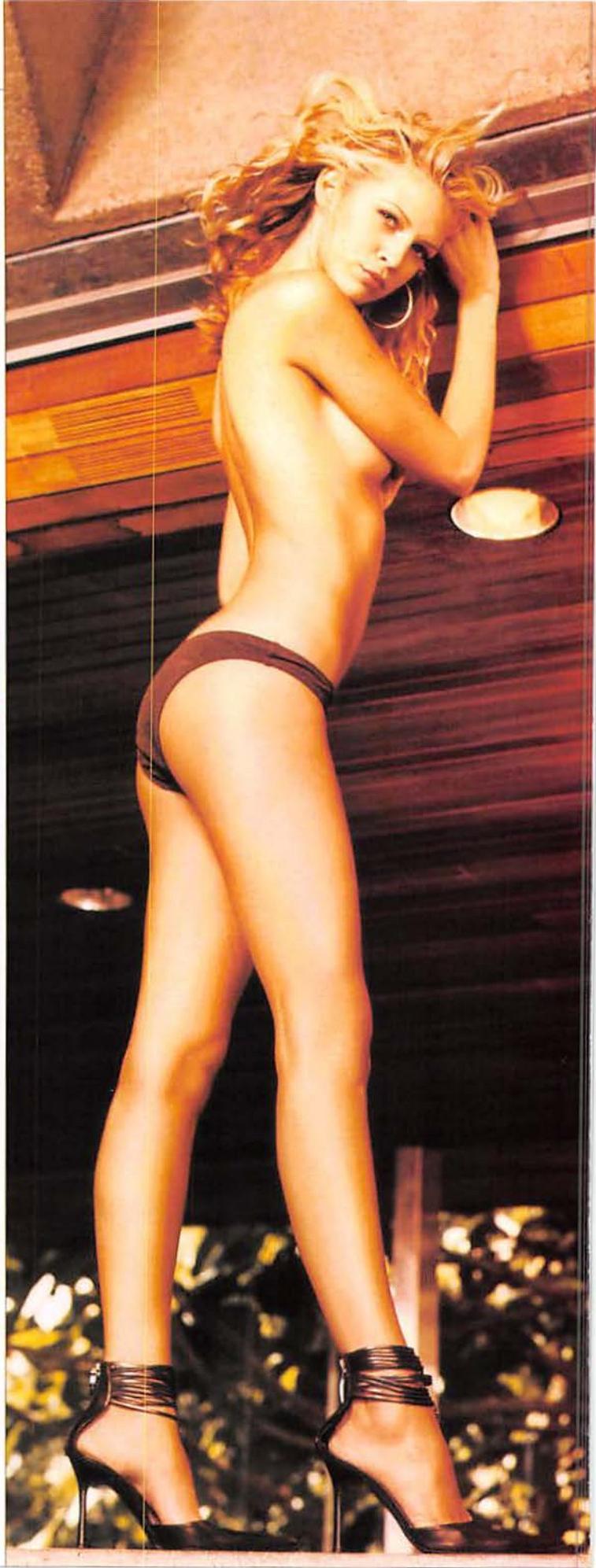
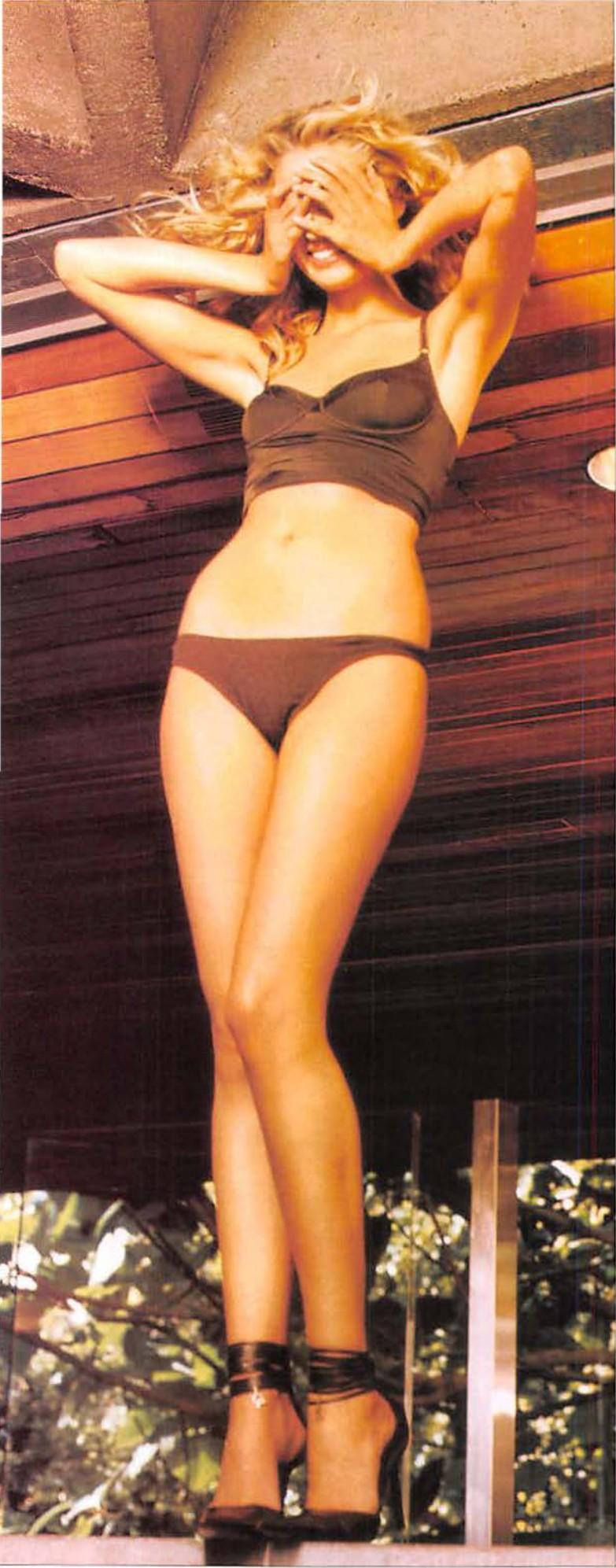


Foster Child

As the oh-so-sexy criminal in *The Big Bounce*, model turned actress Sara Foster is about to steal the Hollywood limelight.

BY PAUL SEMEL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ODETTE SUGARMAN





SARA FOSTER



You wouldn't believe it to look at her, but Sara Foster doesn't go on dates. "I've been asked, but I don't say yes," the 22-year-old actress confesses. "I don't even get approached that often. Every girl gets hit on, but I don't get hit on in any crazy ways. Usually what I get is, 'Hi. I'm a producer.' But then I'm always like, 'Oh... good for you.'"

That doesn't mean Sara lives in a convent. She's single and willing, but just isn't a fan of boring dinner-and-a-movie courtship rituals. Besides, the L.A. native hasn't had a lot of free time lately, having just wrapped up a couple of flicks. In her silver screen debut, she plays the femme fatale alongside Owen Wilson, Kris Kristofferson, and Gary Sinise in the much-hyped crime caper *The Big Bounce*. Next up, Sara stars in *D.E.B.S.*, a lesbian-laden action-comedy with Michael Clarke Duncan and Jordana Brewster. Not a bad way to start '04, especially considering that just four years ago she hadn't even begun her now-blossoming modeling career (*Tommy Hilfiger* and *Guess?*) or her brief hosting gig on the short-lived *ET on MTV*, let alone this acting thing. And although this 5'10" bombshell is understandably cast as a man-eater, Sara's quick to point out that a woman's seduction skills aren't all that necessary. "It's rare that I've found a guy who isn't always in the mood," she says with a grin. "And I don't mean he's always in the mood because I'm around. You men, you're a different kind of animal. You *are* animals." That said, Sara has tried to work it. "When I was 19, I bought all this lingerie, put it on, and waited for my boyfriend to come home. I was so excited. But when he showed up he was like, 'Oh, those are nice. What's for dinner?'"

Sara even experienced romantic disappointment at the tender age of nine, when she had a star-crossed crush on then-26-year-old Rob Lowe. "My dad did the music for *St. Elmo's Fire*," she says, "so Rob would come around, and I thought he was just the most gorgeous thing I'd ever seen, and I used to flirt with him all the time. And in my head I thought I had a chance, but, of course, I was nine and he was...not."

But before you start feathering your hair and filming underage women, remember that Sara is not one for casual flings. "I've had only three relationships," she says, "but they were three long ones." And what does this leggy blonde look for in a long-term hookup? "I like a man to be a man," she answers. "And I'm more than willing to be the girl. I totally believe in 'Me Tarzan, you Jane.'"

'I like a man to be a man. I totally believe in "Me Tarzan, you Jane."'

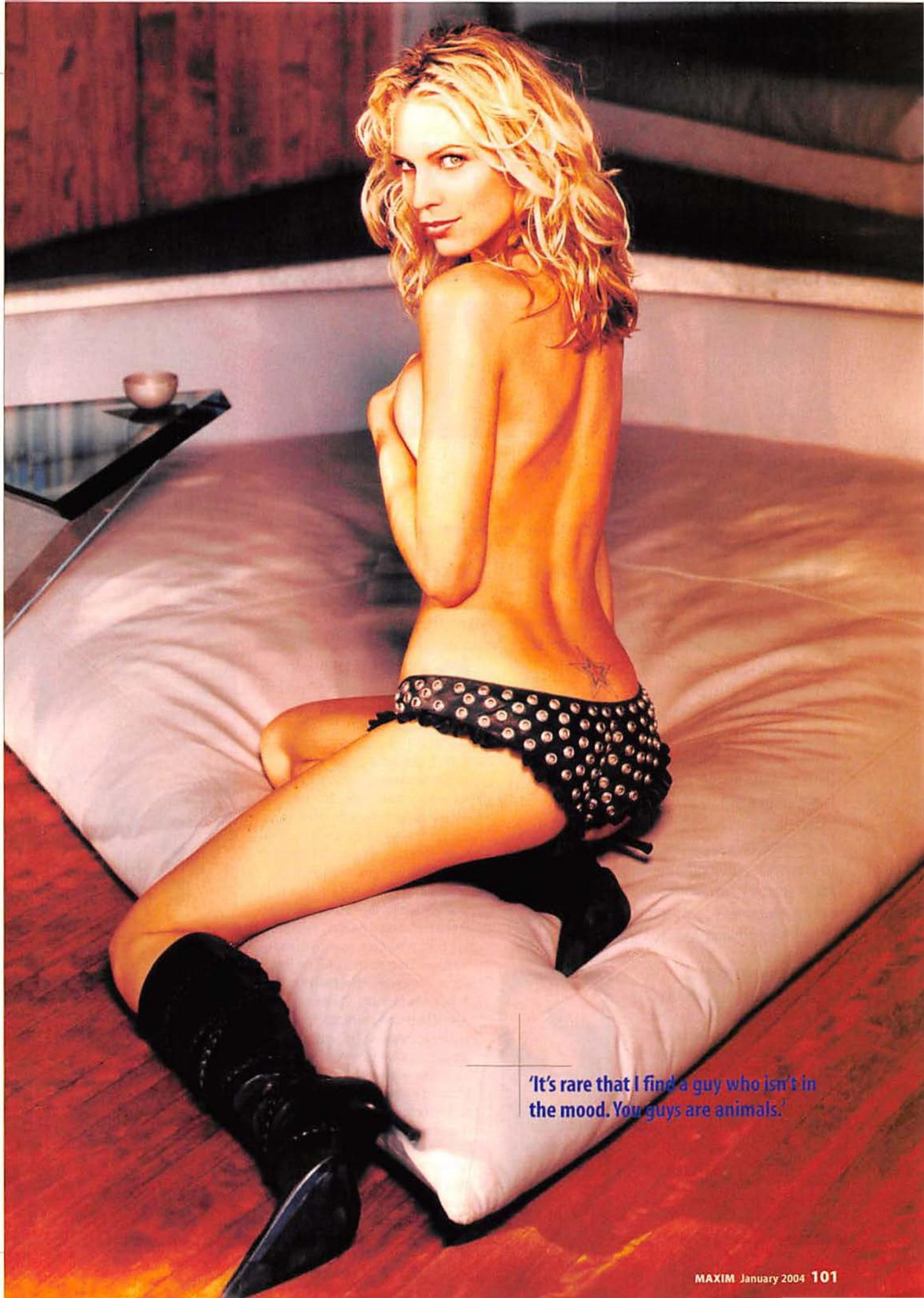


THE MAXIM LOUNGE

See more exclusive photos of Sara at maximonline.com.

SARA FOSTER





'It's rare that I find a guy who isn't in
the mood. You guys are animals.'



Think you can finger felons
like those "experts"? Try your
hand at these dastardly cases.

CSI: MAXIM

BY JOE WATSON PHOTOGRAPH BY CLAY PATRICK MCBRIDE

THE CRIME: HOMICIDE

In an office full of suspects and red herrings, which clue will do in the murderer?

Our victim, Robert Brown, a 35-year-old micro-manager with a list of enemies 20 cubicles long, found out the hard way that success comes at a price. He's been found murdered in the front seat of his ride, a smushed lumbar pillow next to him that's covered in fibers and hair from at least two craniums. His head is bloodied, and his mouth is full of crumpled paper. Unfortunately for investigators, the entire office has a motive due to Brown's recent innovation: working Saturdays. Police search Brown's office the next day and find a canvas computer bag with traces of what appears to be his own blood, hair, and scalp tissue on it.

PAPERWORK

A week after the death, the autopsy is finally completed and shows that Brown died at about 7 P.M. The cause: asphyxiation. He also suffered blunt-force trauma to the head prior to his death, and the impacts resulted in a subdural hematoma on the left side of the cerebral cortex. An internal examination unspools a fistful of Post-it notes in his maw. Handwriting analysis proves the Post-its were scribed by Brown himself, leading a poetic shrink to guess that a vengeful subordinate wanted him to, literally, eat his words.

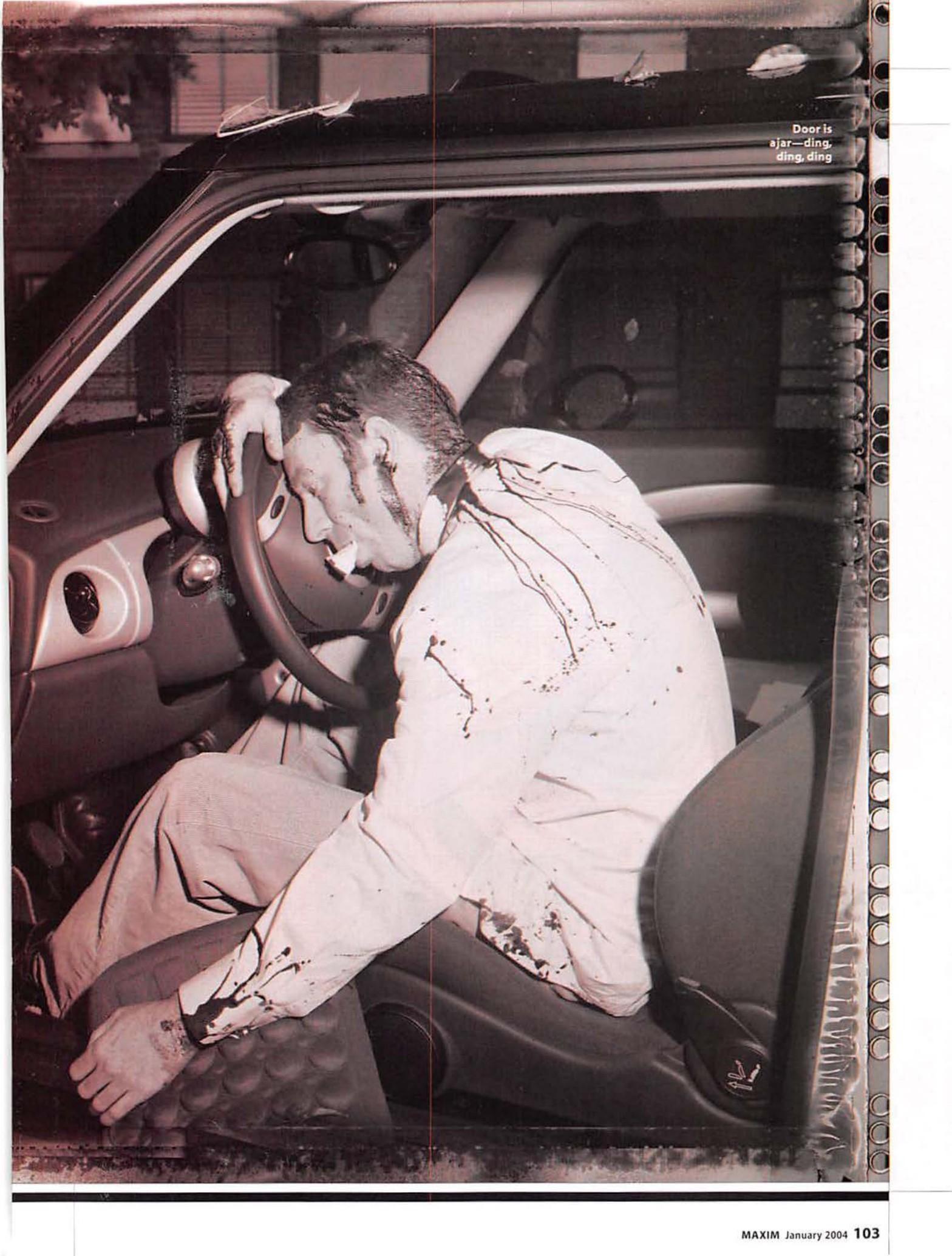


Think Peter's
the killer?
Reexamine
the evidence
at once!
Then turn to
page 108.

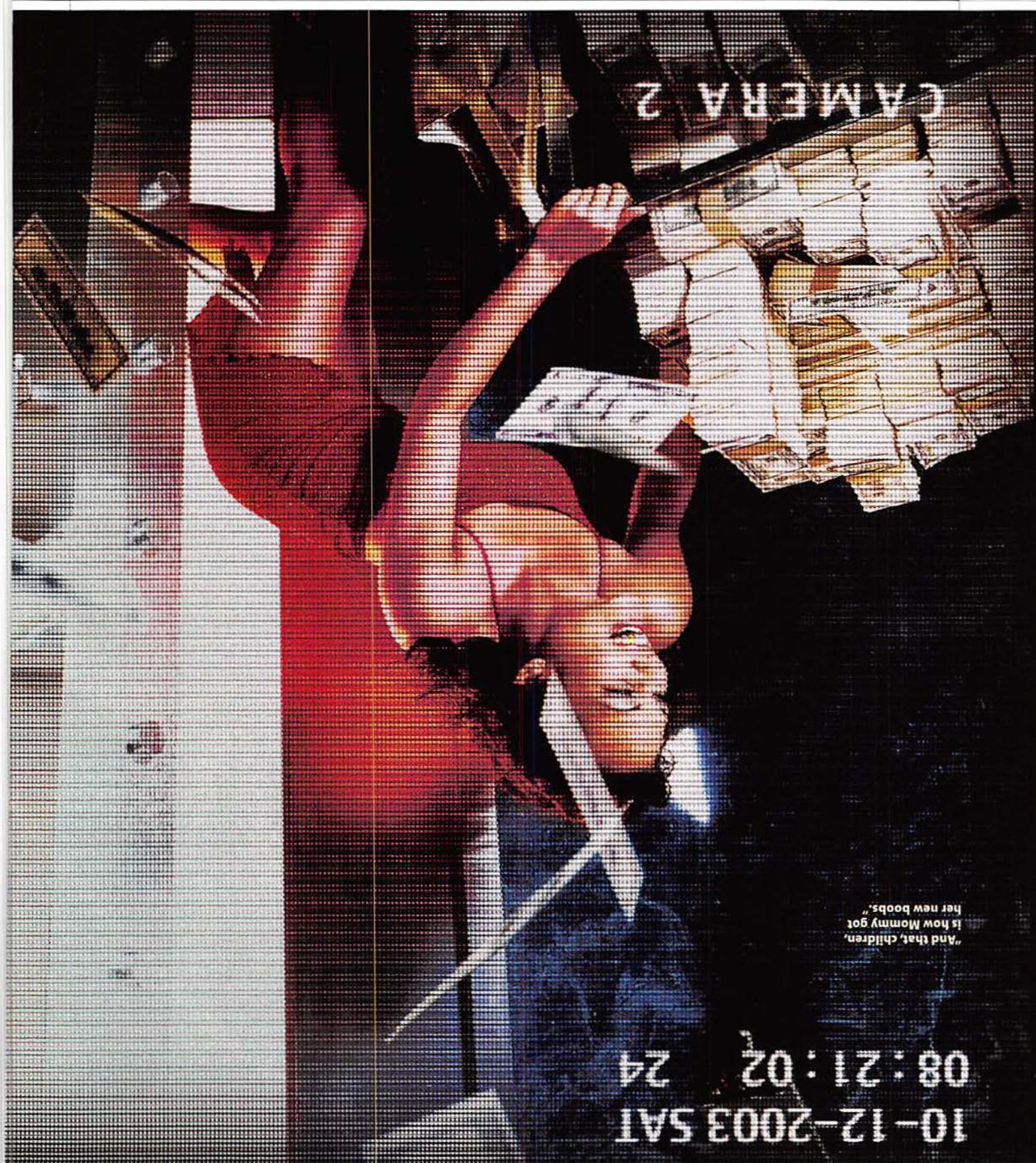
ZEROING IN

By noon the day after Brown's body is discovered, employee Peter Gibbons (Royal E. Fucked to his coworkers) emerges as the prime suspect. He hasn't gotten a raise for the last four reviews, and his coworkers say he's been making aggressive gestures toward Brown for months (forwarding e-memos with angry notes, pretending to shoot Brown when his back is turned). Peter's cube mate and old friend Ronny says, "Peter hated the dude, but he doesn't even have the strength to smother a burrito." Peter's fingerprints are all over the big man's Rolodex—along with those of most of his coworkers, who "borrowed" client contacts while the boss was on long lunches. Police finally locate Brown's estranged wife, who shrugs at the news of his demise and hands over a list of people currently suing him, including two just-fired employees. One has a record and served time for assault but swears he's been employed at a nearby linen warehouse since getting the boot. Since Brown's office was cleaned weekly, cops vacuum for evidence from the past days. Hair matching Peter's turns up, but he denies having been in the office for months. And his electronic passkey backs up his story that he left work early the day of the killing. ▶





Door is
ajar—ding,
ding, ding



THE CRIME: ROBBERY

This withdrawal method didn't work, either, for four busty bank thieves.

At 8:15 A.M. in small-town Kentucky, four curvy criminals劫 the First Bank. Three masked girls posing as Strip-O-Gramers approach the banker as he's opening and give him a VIP lap dance in his office. Meanwhile, beauty #4 helps herself to 75 Gs. At the scene cops find that the perps cut the cords to the bank's main video surveillance but missed the one wired to the vault. This tape shows a woman stuffing cash in a bag, her bra, and just about anywhere else she can. In the vault clues include a muddy high-heeled stiletto print along with stacks of bills the crookette dropped.

MISSING LINK

From the muddy shoe prints, crime scene investigators determine that the pretty-girl perp was wearing ladies' size 11 shoes. From studying the angle of the camera and the height of the doors in the vault, they can also deduce that their fourth girl is a statuesque 5'10" (side bets rage at the station house over whether she's a *natural C+ cup*). With that general description in hand, the cops don street-fuzz clothes and load up on singles to scout suspects at local gentlemen's clubs. Proud to serve, indeed.



Who's the
fourth ribald
robber,
Encyclopedia
Brown? See
page 108.

SUSPECT ID'S

2 After hours of analyzing video and lap dances, it's still the banker's recollection that one dancer has a birthmark right below her pelvic bone that catches a culprit: stage name Chartreuse. One sexy police lineup later, her co-conspirators, Mystique and Dakota, are ID'd. Still, the three won't name their fourth partner, so cops question the other dancers, most of whom point to their rivals, hoping those girls will get arrested so the better pole positions will be open again. Says Cleopatra-wigged Naomi, looking at video: "That looks kinda like this skeezer Amaretto. But trust me, she ain't smart enough to fill out a W-9." The newly DD Sugar points to headliner Chanel: "She hangs out with the three of 'em all the time. Plus, that girl's got a major drug problem." Standing side by side, the club's wispy, bleached-blond bouncer with a strangely white incisor, Charles, and his equally rednecky, fresh-from-prison brother Cooter resemble the number 10...but offer zero information on the case. The butch barmaid, Linda, admits to having recently dumped Dakota. And the club's sleazy owner, Rocky, returns cops' calls from L.A., where he's "on business," only to ask that all future questions be directed to his lawyer.

SMOKING GUNS

BUSTS THAT BARELY MADE IT

These four real-life cases were cracked by clues even smaller than our pet scabie.



The clue: Car detailing
The collar: A kidnapping victim bit the weatherstripping on the door of the truck she was taken in. When a suspect came to light years later, an expert found four faint toothprints on his old Chevy exactly matching the victim's.



The clue: Clam sauce
The collar: A woman was found dead at home during her husband's trip. But her digested seafood revealed she died way earlier than it looked. Before vacay hubby 86'd her, then cranked the AC so she'd look just-killed (and he'd look innocent).



The clue: Pony pubes
The collar: After busting a barn burglar, cops found a long hair stuck to the suspect's whinny, sorry, weenie. The hair matched those from the horse's hind quarters, resulting in charges of both trespassing and horse-humping.



The clue: T.P. tampering
The collar: Police were looking into a murder in a hotel, but the room was clean—even the toilet paper was changed. But a cop found a print inside that roll, ran it, and ID'd a suspect, who was arrested. Poo!—Lisa Lee Freeman

THE CRIME: EXTORTION

Not all computer porn is good for you.

One evening our sad-sack victim, Stanley Goren, turns on his best friend, a laptop. He opens an e-mail that flashes kinky, naked photographs of himself with only a badly drawn cartoon head obscuring his identity. Even worse, the next day's mail brings a map and a word-processed ransom note demanding a \$5,000 drop to keep the artwork (sans wacky cat) from being sent to his online girlfriend, who's about to meet him in person for the first time. Stanley calls the cops, who send the letter and map to the very nonplussed computer forensics division.

VICTIM'S STATEMENT

Stanley tells police that he rarely goes out—no surprise, given his halitosis and overwhelming B.O. But he says he did meet a woman named Andrea Bah-something-something a few nights ago when he crashed an after-work party at a bar around the corner. He reports that he invited her home, then started feeling incredibly tired after fixing her a nightcap. "Roofie tired," mumbles the interviewing officer. When Stanley woke up sore and found her gone, he figured he'd just blacked out and gotten a few muscle strains doing the dirty. The online photographs of Stanley in bondage gear with a gimp mask suggest otherwise.



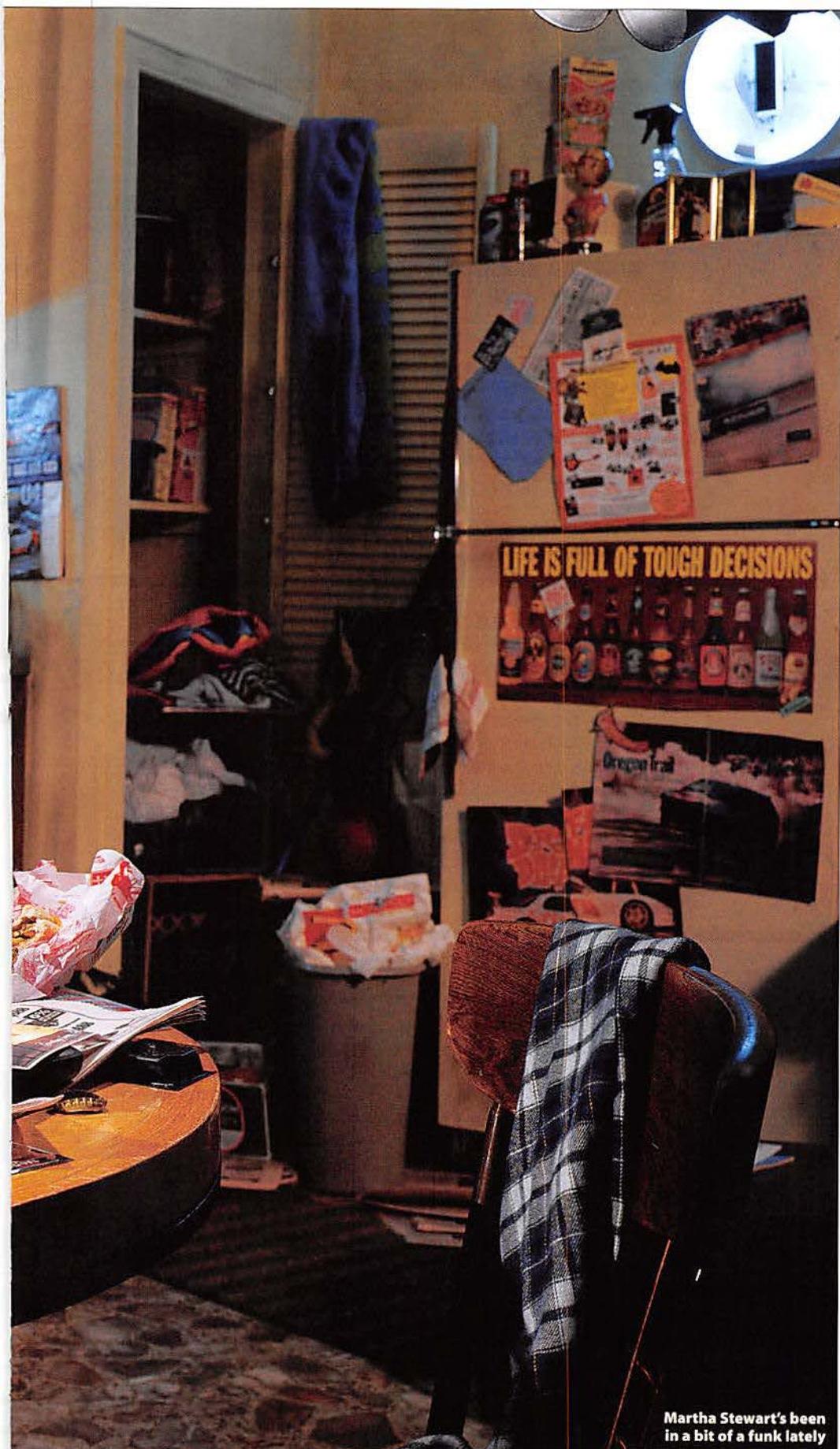
Andrea sure looks guilty, but can you prove she's a dominatrix and an extortionist? The answer's on page 108.

THE EVIDENCE

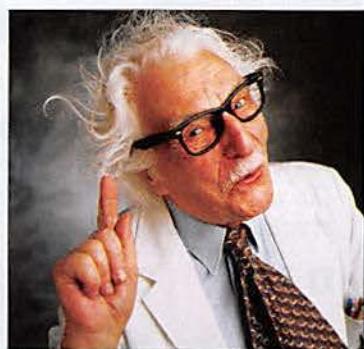
Police visit the victim's apartment and examine the nightcap glasses, which haven't been washed—primarily because they're paper—and they ID Andrea's cup by the lipstick. While cheiloscopy, the study of lip prints, isn't an exact science, it can at least rule out possible suspects. Even better, crime scene drones are able to swab saliva from the seductress off the same cup. Still, the cops need a suspect to compare against the DNA from the spit. Back at the computer lab, a tech performs an IP (Internet protocol) reversal process and works a subpoena on the server that provided our mystery user with her map. The search yields a log-in name and billing information for one "Mistress Andrea." Jackpot! A visit to the woman's home office/dungeon catches her in the act of torturing her latest victim—this one a paying customer.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SATOSHI



Martha Stewart's been
in a bit of a funk lately



COPPING OUT

DICKS OF THE FUTURE

Fingerprints, schmingerprints. Here are some of the newest ways the police can bust you.

■ ROTTEN SCIENCE

Researchers at the University of Tennessee Knoxville's body farm routinely bury corpses in shallow graves, stuff them into car trunks, and dump them in water. Besides helping them blow off steam, it provides a scientific study of natural decomposition, which helps cops pinpoint time of death.

■ SEEING IN THE DARK

Several techniques allow the po-po to view what's no longer there. (1) Cops lay a thin sheet of aluminum on the floor and apply static electricity. Dust lifted onto film on the sheet reveals outlines of footsteps that can ID struggles and shoe sizes. (2) Light on a fiberoptic cable adjusts its wavelength to illuminate bodily fluids. (3) Spraying Luminol on surfaces long after blood's been washed away will cause a pretty glow where vampire juice was shed. Need we continue?

■ WHITE NOISE

Improved imaging and auditory software mean that the 5-0 require only the tiniest of clues. Anything from a siren in the background of a phone message to a passerby's gait caught on grainy video can be blown up to help investigators zero in on a suspect.

■ SPLITTING HEIRS

Scientists used to need a full double helix of your DNA to link you to a dirty deed. New methods amplify certain sections of the human genome, so they need only part of one of your cells to fully re-create your DNA. Next up: Your ass, on lock.—Ben Freeman

SMUG SHOTS

**SERIAL KILLER
OR MAXIM GUY?**

Can you guess which of these psychos have yet to kill?



1. Killer 2. Staffer 3. Killer 4. Staffer 5. Killer 6. Staffer 7. Staffer 8. Killer 9. Staffer 10. Killer

ANSWERS

SOLUTIONS

Let's head downtown and see if you know your shit, Sherlock.

**1 MISREAD HERRING**

So Peter's hair was found in the room, sure, but yours would be, too, if you were simultaneously snooping into your boss' files and balding as quickly as poor Peter. But what tipped off the cops to the cunning coworker Ronny was his assertion that Peter didn't have the biceps to do the job, specifically, "He doesn't have the strength to smother a burrito." This was, of course, before cops had determined that the cause of death was suffocation. Given the gory scene in the driver's seat and the bloody

computer bag, even most police at that point still believed the dude had been bludgeoned, not smothered. Looks like a frame job to us. And wouldn't you know, it all goes back to a girl. Peter's cube mate Ronny was still pissed about catching his date with a mouthful of Peter years ago. And, yep, the lumbar pillow found in Brown's front seat bears his tooth impressions, and the second source of hair on that was Ronny, not Peter. Sometimes it's not high-tech forensics or heavy grilling but old-fashioned slips of the tongue that reveal the suspect. Corporate caper solved!

**2 GREEN SMILE**

Why wouldn't any of the three busted beauties give up girl number four? Because the fourth woman is a man, man! Any sort of recently changed appearance is a flag to investigators. While lots of the dancers interviewed had obvious, um, alterations, Charles, with his bleached hair, stood out as suspicious. Additionally, his "wispy" frame, along with the fact that the fourth perp didn't bother to wear a mask, indicates that the thief had a whole other kind of disguise going on. When

deputies knocked on Charles and Cooter's door, they found not only stacks of purloined cash but a gold tooth front hidden in the boys' medicine cabinet, explaining Charles' bright-white tooth. Fingerprints taken at the station soon after positively link Charles to the vault. After questioning, Charles admitted that he stole the money so he could move out; apparently, Cooter had a thing against sissy cross-dressers since returning from the joint. But, says one detective, "I knew Charles was our girl right away. The bank vault and the bouncers both reeked of skunk weed."

**3 TOUGH CELL**

Much like your existence, not to mention the true crime shows that keep the Learning Channel interesting, it all leads back to DNA. Cops already had the perp's DNA from the cup, but what tied the \$5,000 demand to Andrea was the envelope it was mailed in. For years forensic experts have been able to extract saliva-based DNA from the envelope flaps and postage stamps gummed up by evildoers. So what was her motive? Apparently, after failing to secure a consensual business deal from the

lightweight Stanley, she went ahead and performed her handiwork, intending to make back her hourly wage in blackmail. But in the end all she got was an extortion charge and a lifetime membership to the club of convicted sex offenders. Though at first she claimed to have been a casual visitor to Stanley's who'd never heard of the dirty pictures of him, this didn't hold up once cops recovered tiny amounts of his DNA—skin and blood from some of our dominatrix's toys—that proved they'd touched Stanley. (And, damn, those things should be sanitized!)

THANKS TO

Lawrence Kobilinsky, Ph.D., professor of forensics, John Jay College of Criminal Justice; Larry Ragle, author of *Crime Scene*; Henry C. Lee, Ph.D., author of *Cracking Cases*; Norman "Skip" Sperber, D.D.S., contributor to *Sexual Assault*; Jack Hunt, retired LAPD; Lee Meadows Jantz, Ph.D., Forensic Anthropology Center, University of Tennessee Knoxville; Lori Baker, Ph.D., Baylor University; Bill Thistle, Psychedemics; Detective Tommy Lee Walters, Bloomington, Illinois; Burt Helm, researcher.

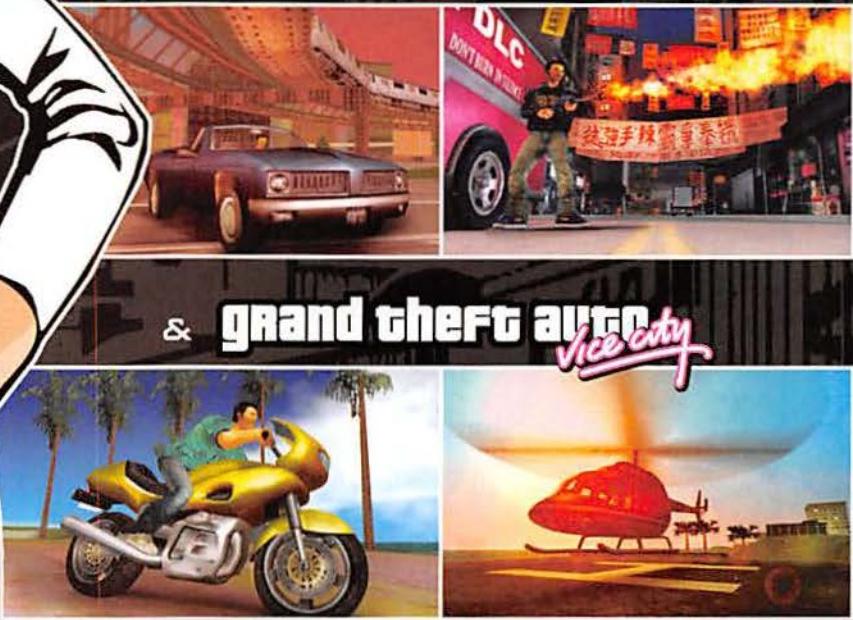
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EUREKA!

There are over six million inventions lurking in the United States Patent Office's files. Here are a few of our favorites.

BY TODD KATZ PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILLER

After beer number four, ideas come to a man. Suddenly, world peace seems attainable, or the device that enables you to instantly reach the perfect water temperature in the shower hits you like a golden bullet. Naturally, the first thing we do is tell our buddies.

"That's the stupidest idea I've ever heard," they respond. You'd do the same for them.

But luckily we are Americans... individuals... dreamers. We get visions stuck in our heads, and we must pursue them, bar critics be damned. Over its 200-year history, the U.S. Patent Office has issued more than 6.5 million

patents—about 89 per day. We invent more than all the other countries in the world combined. That's why we have Martian landers, pop-up porn ads, and the Magic 8-Ball, while Ireland has only the potato.

In the spirit of American invention, we've plumbed the Patent Office's vast files and discovered a few gems you may not have heard of. Go ahead and scoff, but while their buddies were sitting on their asses, these inventors turned their stoner ideas into reality, got rich, and now...well, they're sitting on their asses. Oh, you get the point.

PATENT 6293874

1. THE AUTOMATED BUTT-KICKER

People say you need an ass-whoopin'. Why not do it yourself?

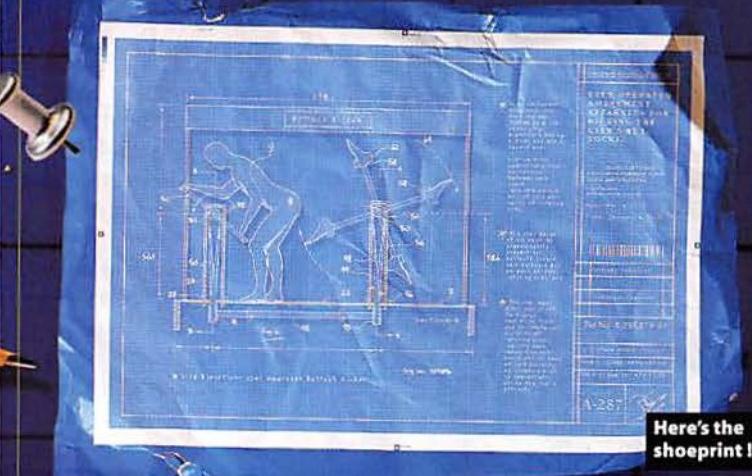
What the hell is it? "A user-operated apparatus for self-infliction of repetitive blows to the buttocks," reads the abstract on the patent. Simply put, turn its crank and it'll kick your ass. Just like Dad!

Why you gotta have it: "Haven't you ever wanted to kick your own ass?" asks inventor Joe Armstrong. "Problem is, your darn foot just won't go 'round that far." No question,

the problem has long vexed humanity—but no more. And though Armstrong has sold quite a few (10) at \$600 a pop, he's flexible when it comes to how you use it: "Some folks just want to do the cranking and let someone else take the ass-kicking."

Suggested improvement: A special French military edition that allows a soldier to take his own weapon. ▶

Your tears
grease the
pulley



WEIRD SCIENCE

PATENT 5678617

2. HOP SCOTCH

If Nick Nolte were on the Nobel Committee, this'd be a shoe-in.

What the hell is it? Perhaps the most important invention of the past 100 years. With the push of a button, a bartender activates a computerized system of solenoid valves and lasers that make an illuminated stream of alcohol "hop" across a bar and into a glass. It's jumping Jack Daniel's, baby!

Why you gotta have it: The ladies'll love watching the cute little liquor worm leap into their glasses. After six shots they'll lie on the bar and let it jump right into their mouths. After six more...well, you do the math.

Suggested improvement: A small ring of fire for the stream to jump through.



'Everything that can be invented has been invented.'
—U.S. Patent Office Commissioner, in 1899

IT DOES THE LICKIN'
MOST PHAT!
YOU DO THE KICKIN'



PATENT 5971829

3. LICKETY-SPLIT

At last! An engine that turns Rocky Road into Thunder Road.

What the hell is it? According to the patent, it's "a novelty eating receptacle for rotating and sculpting a portion of ice cream"—i.e., stick out your tongue and the cone does the rest. Powered by a AA battery, the drive mechanism spins the cone at about 100 rpm (rotations per minute), basically eliminating the last vestige of

exercise from this fat-assed activity.

Why you gotta have it: Because if you've ever had a girlfriend, you know moving your tongue is exhausting work. In fact, with a minor adaptation or two, this thing could replace you altogether.

Suggested improvement: A manservant to hold it for you. And wipe your lip.



PATENTS DEPENDING

Some oddball inventions of the future...Trust us on this one.

FLY-AND-RUN

The flying car is finally invented in 2012. Shortly afterward, Frank Tate of Newburg, PA patents the flying pedestrian, a dye-filled balloon shaped like an old woman that explodes harmlessly on impact.

ARTIFICIAL STUPIDITY

Just like in the movies, computers become self-aware...but turn out to be stoners. In 2057 a T-9 from Des Moines, IA teaches itself to identify all the cheeses in Four Cheese Doritos.

ROBO-CROP

The dominatrix strike of 2022 leaves millions hurting for hurt. Ed Banderas of Walla Walla, WA invents the Robo-Crop: six tons of shapely, punishing android power. On your knees, human!

TELEPORT-A-JOHN

The Teleport-a-John, made by Zack Watson of Milwaukee, WI, revolutionizes waste management in 2301. Your urine is recycled into the local water supply; your crap is beamed to Cleveland.

THE AIR BACK THEN

When time travel becomes possible in 2320, Nick Sterling of Eureka, CA finally achieves the proverbial capitalist's dream by patenting a vending machine that sells air—from the Ice Age.

A composite image featuring a woman with blonde hair smiling and a toucan wearing a colorful diaper. The woman is wearing a red bikini bottom with a star pattern. The toucan is perched on a circular perch, and its diaper has a tropical floral print.

She gave him
the bird

PATENT 5934226

4. BOMBS AWAY

Polly want a crapper? No need to leave the nest...

What the hell is it? Why were pirates always after treasure? Dry-cleaning bills, matey—you try letting a parrot live on your shoulder. Hence the bird diaper. "You have to think outside the cage," quip inventors Mark and Lorraine Moore. Available in four styles, the diaper saves your shirt whenever a bird dive-bombs you.

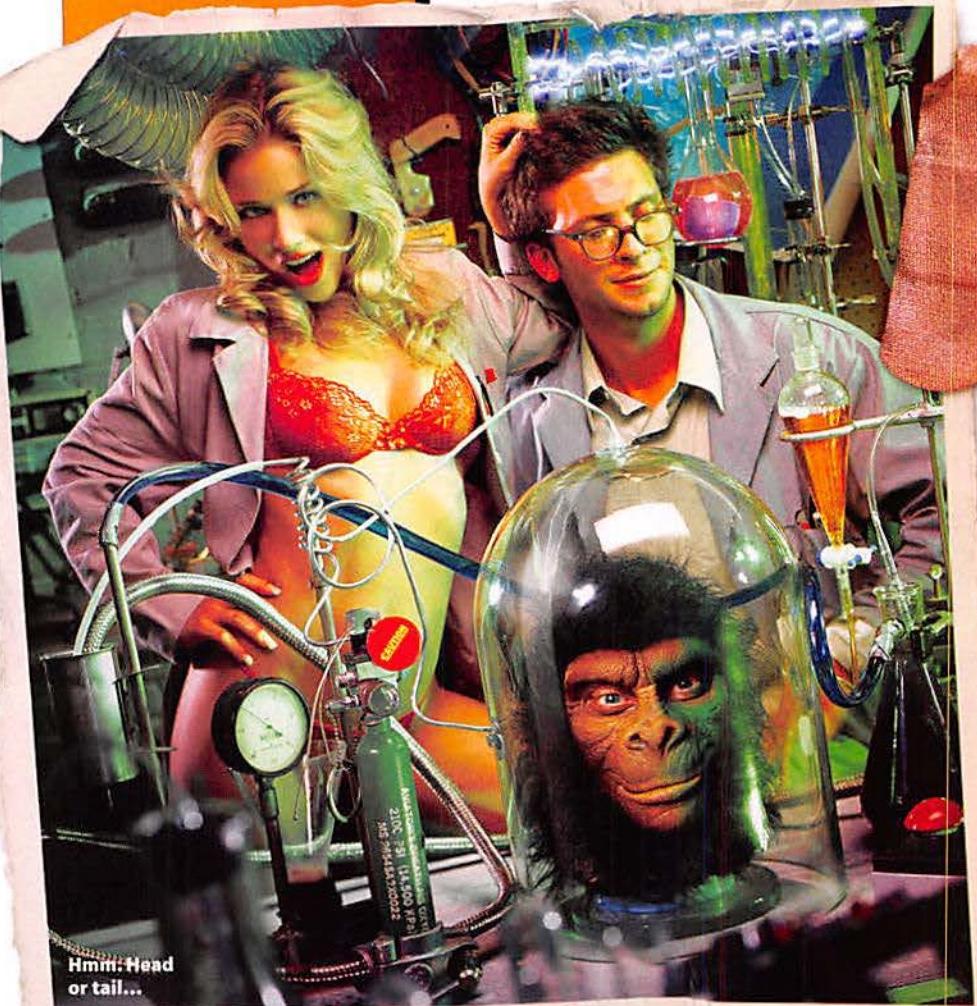
Why you gotta have it: Both Moores were in the U.S. Navy and did



hard time at sea...a.k.a. Sea Gull Central. "I've had a lot of ribbons on my uniform, but I could've done without the ones made of poop," says Mark.

Suggested improvement:

None—these birdbrains have grossed over a million dollars. No shit. ▶



PATENT 4666425

5. JAR HEAD

Guillotine mishap? No problem.

What the hell is it? According to the patent, this device "provides physical and biochemical support for a discorporated animal's head." In English? Theoretically, it keeps a freakin' severed monkey head alive.

Why you gotta have it: Sure, you could survive any fatal bodily disease or set up the world's coolest a cappella act... But nothing beats storing your boss' head in a gym locker.

Suggested improvement: Switch it around so it sustains the body instead of the head, then plug in Helen Hunt.

Prop styling: Kim Pietti; wardrobe styling: Shellie Moore; hair and makeup: Debra Whitt



PATENT 6179774

6. HOOVER FOR HIM

Taking a dip in the Jacuzzi just got a hole lot more fun.

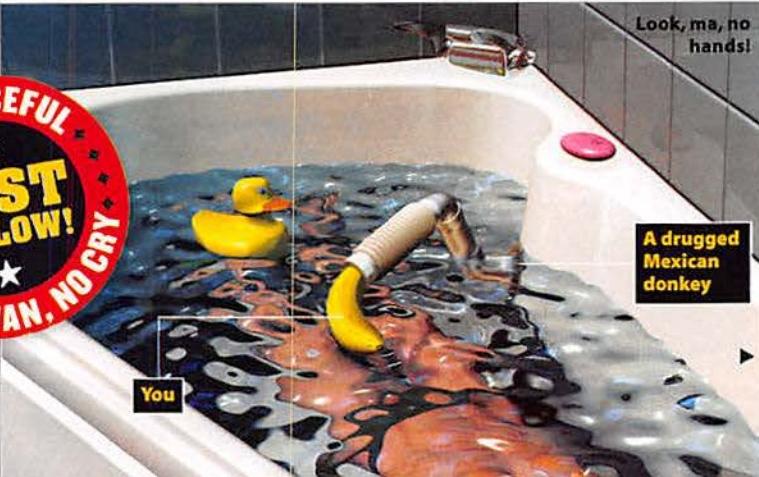
What the hell is it? Now, we know you'd never consider having sex with a Jacuzzi suction hole, but if you did think about it, you'd quickly realize that (a) it's wrong on too many levels to count, and (b) that raspy Gunite lining inside the hole is a bitch. Inventor Jean-Paul Landry has cleaned up this moral quagmire by creating a comfy attachable tube that "simulates female genitalia." One end attaches to your johnson, the other to the suction jet.

It's not how much you love your hot tub, it's how often.

Why you gotta have it: Because hot tubs don't get bent out of shape when you accidentally do the horizontal cha-cha with your secretary at the office party.

Suggested improvement: Other than being able to get up, wipe itself off, and walk to the kitchen and get you a beer, this invention leaves little room for improvement. ►

Look, ma, no hands!



CRACKPOT QUIZ

Are these patents real or fake?

1. Cheese-filter cigarette REAL FAKE
 2. Canine chew-toy resembling remote control REAL FAKE
 3. Automatic haircut machine REAL FAKE
 4. Ultrasonic fishing bait REAL FAKE
 5. Device for producing dimples REAL FAKE
 6. Handheld press for purging water-logged Nerf products REAL FAKE
 7. Water-filled speed bump REAL FAKE
 8. Baby-patting machine REAL FAKE
 9. Condom simulating virginity REAL FAKE
- ANSWERS: 1-R, 2-F, 3-A, 4-F, 5-R, 6-F, 7-F, 8-R, 9-R

Both Kleenex and Silly Putty were invented for military applications.

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WEIRD SCIENCE

Snug inside
is a four-
hour ride

Now there's
some sticky bud

PATENT 6113940

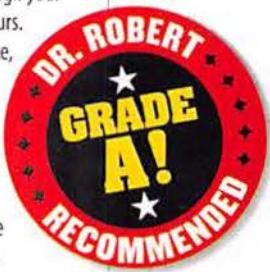
7. THE POT PATCH

Because nothing soothes an owie like a strip of Maui Wowie.

What the hell is it? "A transdermal structure for delivering cannabis to one's bloodstream" is one way to put it, but inventor Lawrence Brooke prefers to think of it as a "great-feeling Band-Aid." Similar in design to the nicotine patch, the pot patch stores cannabinoids behind a layered polymer, then delivers the goods through your skin over a period of righteous hours.

Why you gotta have it: No toke, no smoke. Brooke has loftier motives. "My colleagues and I wanted a smoke-free cannabis alternative for individuals suffering from cancer," he says. Sure.

Suggested improvement: The Bob Marley Six-Week Superpatch.



STEP 1

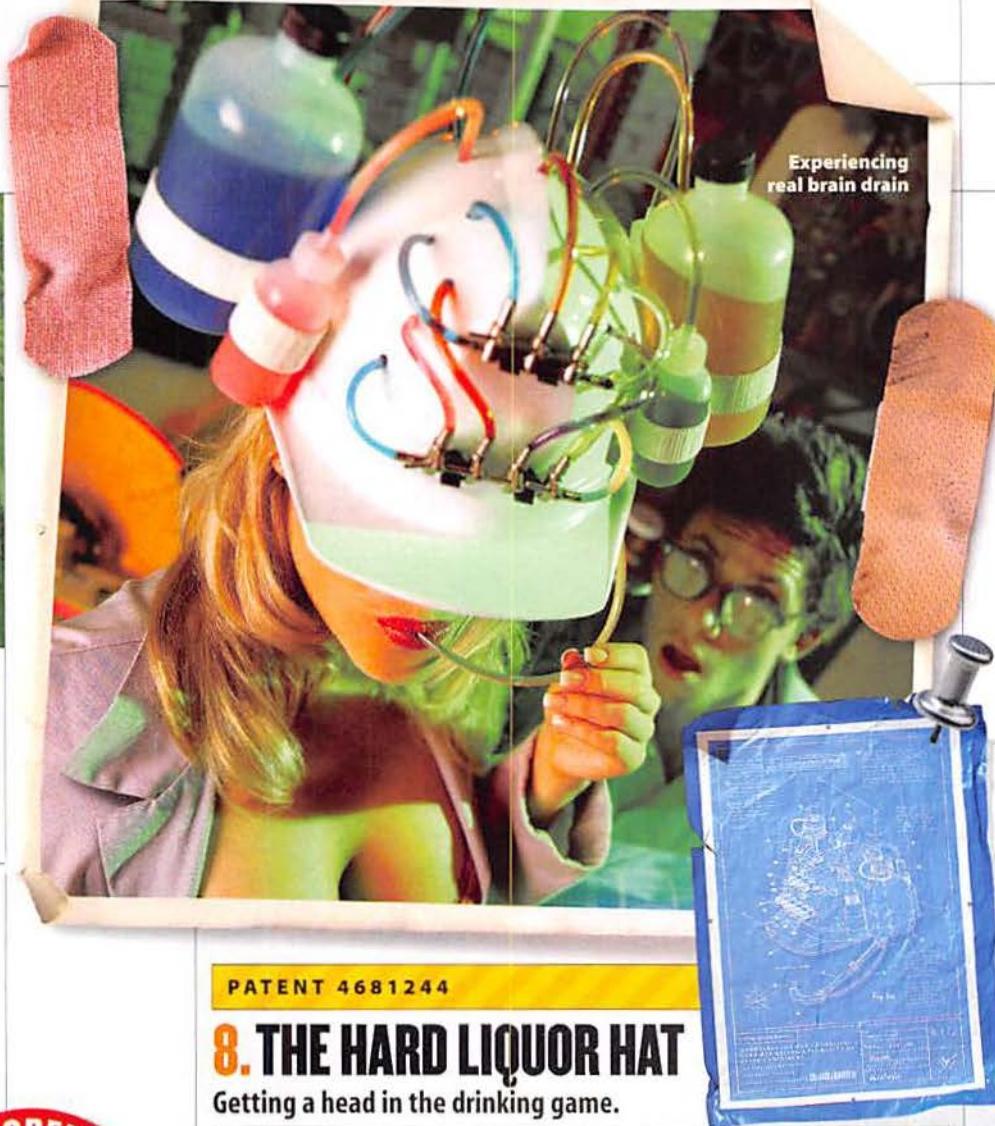
Bone up: Since the basic filing fee for a patent is \$770, do a little research before you pawn Grandma's wheelchair. "Only 10 percent of patents ever make it to the market," says John Calvert, a supervisory patent examiner at the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Get a \$275 market analysis from a group like the United Inventors Association (uiausa.com); do a patent search at uspto.gov.

STEP 2

Hire a shark: A patent application involves more paperwork than forging a will... trust us. Key elements include the legal definition of your invention, a detailed written description of the gadget, and a visual rendition of your invention (i.e., learn to draw). Only 20 percent of applicants get a patent, but hire a patent attorney (listed at uspto.gov) for \$3,000 to \$12,000 and you'll boost your chance to 66 percent.

STEP 3

Grow a beard: It takes one to three years for the USPTO to issue a ruling, and that only tells you if your application can proceed. If it can't, you get three months to fix it. If it can, you pay an issue fee of \$650 and possibly a publication fee of \$300. Four months later you'll get your patent. You'll have to cough up a few thousand in "maintenance fees" over the years, so get sellin' them Pet Rocks. —Carol Huang



Experiencing
real brain drain

PATENT 4681244

8. THE HARD LIQUOR HAT

Getting a head in the drinking game.

What the hell is it? A Borg helmet? Nope, it's a wearable bar! Load up the six bottles with drinks (four large shots and two mixers, for example), then open up any combination of valves to mix, and start suckin'. The hands-free operation/hard hat combo lets you drive and operate heavy machinery!

Why you gotta have it: "Women just love

it," swears inventor John Geddie. "I wore it to the Indy 500, and every girl wanted a try." He then mumbled something about inviting ladies to suck on his tube, but we were too lightheaded to get it.

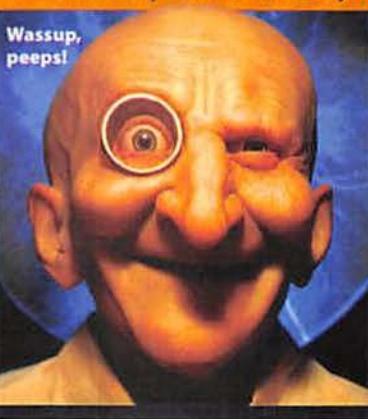
Suggested improvement: A propeller-beanie stirring attachment that keeps the margaritas from freezing up. □

Illustrations, Lorraine Calvert

WHO WANTS TO BE A BILLIONAIRE?

Here's how to patent an idea so you don't end up a resentful barfly who cries every time he sees a dildo watch.

Boomers are
so damn lame



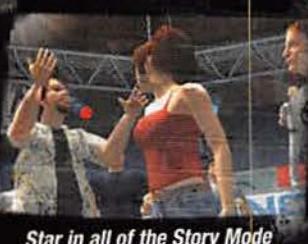
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tastes like wax

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– Official PlayStation 2 Magazine [U.K.]



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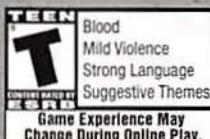
PlayStation 2



GAME BOY ADVANCE



*Face mapping technology is exclusive to PlayStation 2 computers entertainment system and requires online connectivity.



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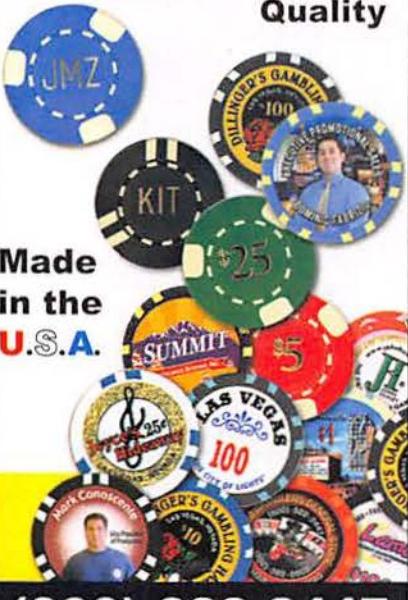
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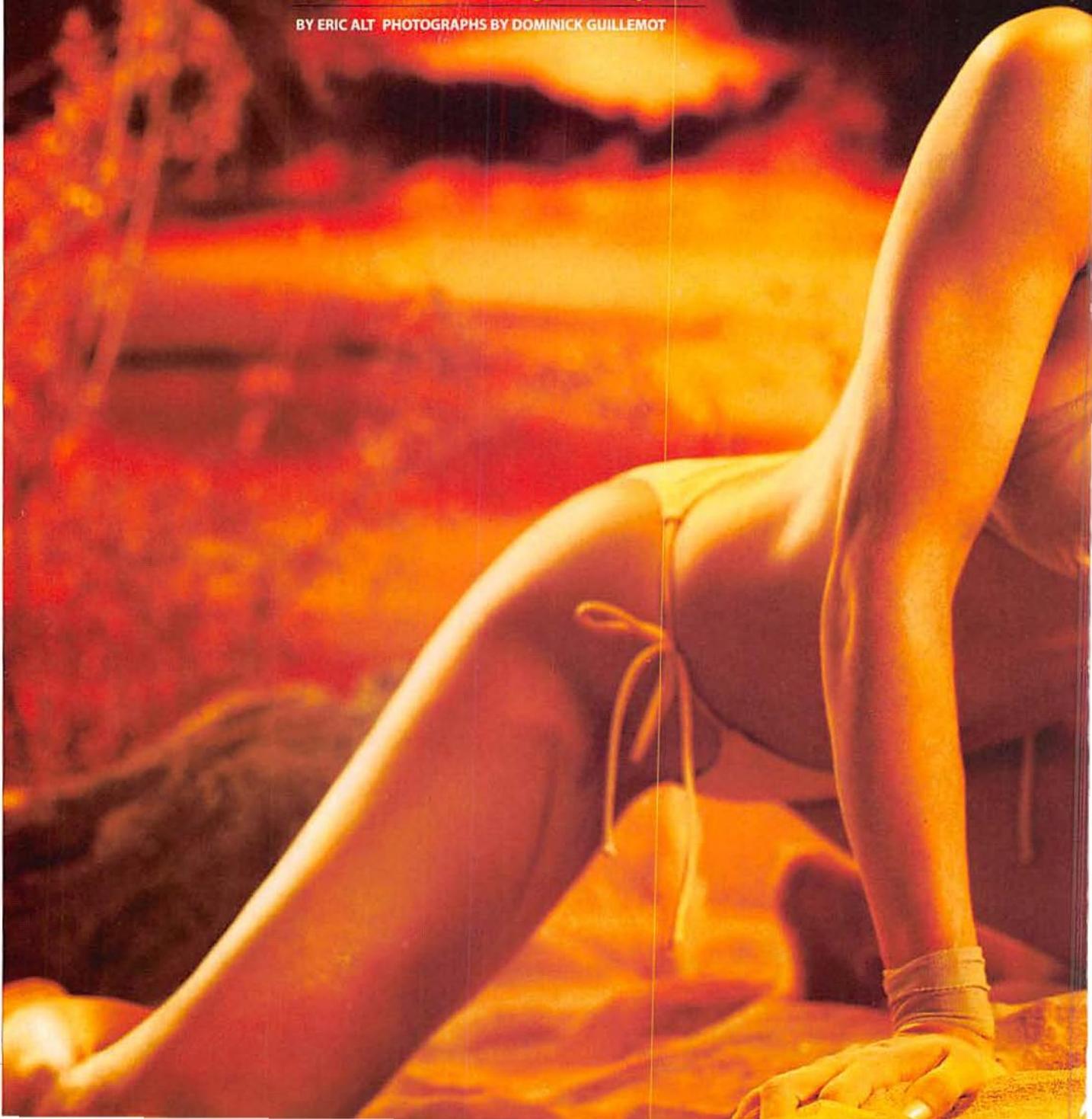
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Mutant X's feline wild child Victoria Pratt
is the sexiest genetic anomaly we've ever
seen, and that's including Carrot Top.

BY ERIC ALT PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOMINICK GUILLEMOT



VICTORIA PRATTA large, vertical photograph of actress Victoria Pratt. She is sitting in a desert environment, leaning forward with her arms resting on her legs. Her long, wavy blonde hair is blowing in the wind. She is wearing a dark, low-cut top and a necklace with a small pendant. The background is a dramatic, fiery sunset or sunrise, with deep orange and red hues. The overall mood is intense and cinematic.

Ever since Wonder Woman strapped on her go-go boots, we've come to expect superheroines to walk the line between statuesque ass-kicker and jaw-dropping knockout. This combination rarely exists in the real world, unless you're talking about Victoria Pratt. This athletic Canadian-born beauty put aside a future as a workout guru (she graduated summa cum laude from Toronto's York University with a degree in kinesiology) and a fitness model (*MuscleMag* offered her a modeling gig after she went to their office to research a book she was writing) to bring her sculpted bod and formidable brains to sci-fi TV. With stints on *Xena: Warrior Princess* and the Sam Raimi-produced *Cleopatra 2525* under her belt, Victoria naturally evolved into Shalimar Fox, a crime fighter with enhanced animal DNA, on the nationally syndicated *Mutant X*. She's been kicking ass and coughing up hairballs ever since.

Tell us, Victoria, what's the coolest part about being a mutant?

That I finally get paid for it! There aren't a lot of opportunities out there for people to be superheroes. To get to go to work every day and fight evil—sure, it's *imaginary* evil—but it's like you're fulfilling a childhood fantasy. Now I get to do that on a larger scale.

Your character, Shalimar, has animal DNA. Is there a dominant species?

It seems to be whatever species suits the episode. I think cat is the most dominant, since it's easier for the creators and fight choreographers to work with. And for a woman, being a dog wouldn't be very glamorous.

Judging by your résumé, you seem to be a sci-fi buff. Has that always been true, or did you grow to like it?

I think I grew to like it. I always admired that the sci-fi/fantasy genre had strong roles for women, like *The Bionic Woman* or Linda Hamilton in *Terminator 2*. I want to play those roles while I can, because there's going to come a time when my body's not going to be able to take being thrown around on a harness. And the audience won't want to see it! So I'm enjoying it now.

While studying for your degree, you worked at something called the human performance laboratory. Um, were you testing cosmetics on people?

We tested firefighters in strength and speed to see how well they could do their jobs. We also did fitness testing for athletes—Olympic athletes, the Toronto Maple Leafs.

How intense is your workout?

It's not that intense. I've been training since puberty, so I have an athlete's body. I just ►

VICTORIA PRATT

do basic maintenance—cardio and a little strength training. But I don't lift weights; I don't want to be a She-Hulk. I train for a little muscle, but more for flexibility.

You also study martial arts, right?

I studied a few different martial arts, but I don't keep up with it. It's empowering. I think everybody has a violent side to them—it's just how far they're willing to give in to it. When I started doing Shotokan and kick boxing, I would walk down the street, and I could envision beating the crap out of people.

Do guys find your skills intimidating?

It's not intimidating to anyone who talks to me for a second. I try to balance it with femininity. I even try to do that on the show. Originally, Shalimar was much manlier. I think it's better to let her girl side come out.

Why do you think guys love a woman who can kick ass?

I don't imagine all guys are into that. I think it's the same reason some men love waifs. I know that I'm not completely appealing to everyone, and I don't think anyone can be. If you find me attractive, good. If not...I have a nice personality!

What do you find sexy?

Confidence. But there's a fine line between confidence and arrogance. As soon as you cross that line, you go immediately to "dork."

So do skinny, nonathletic guys have a shot with you?

If they're confident. [laughs] I don't go out with bodybuilders—that's not my thing. I like guys who take care of themselves but aren't obsessed with it.

You recently did a movie called *The Mallory Effect*. What was your part?

I play the cross-eyed pity fuck.

That's the best character description we've ever heard.

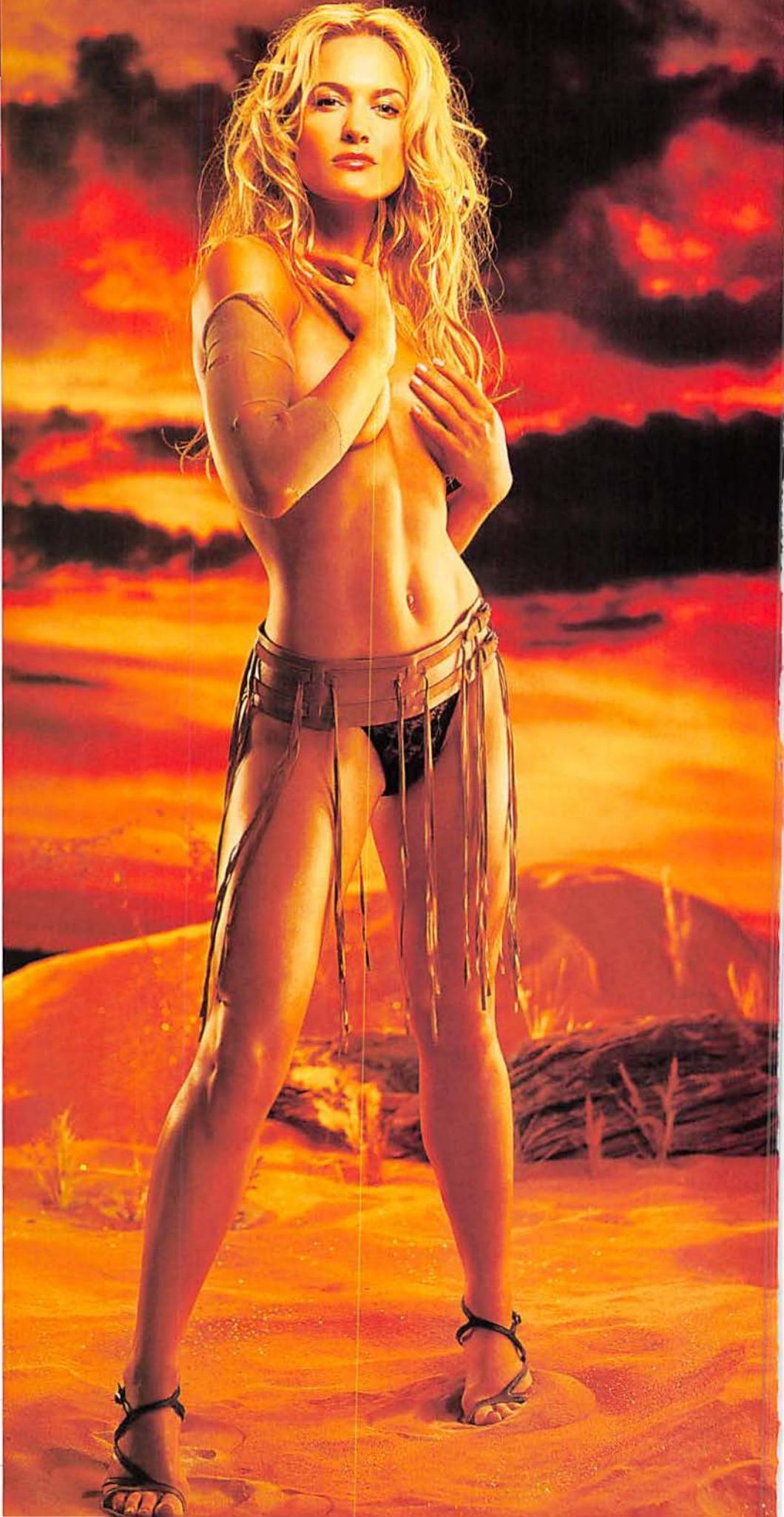
Yeah, right? She's sort of a pathetic character, and I had to tap into that insecure part that everyone has. No matter who you are, there's that piece of you that got beat up at school, or you had your heart trashed. You have to call on your inner schmuck.

We bet that doesn't happen often...In fact, how do you keep overaggressive guys at bay?

I'm from Canada, so I just quietly take the abuse and move on.

You've never had to punch out an annoying douchebag?

Oh, I've had to punch people, including an ex-boyfriend. Don't get me wrong: I'm polite, but I'm not going to roll over! ■



THE MAXIM LOUNGE

See more exclusive photos of Victoria at maximonline.com.



When I started doing kick boxing, I would walk down the street, and I could envision beating the crap out of people.'



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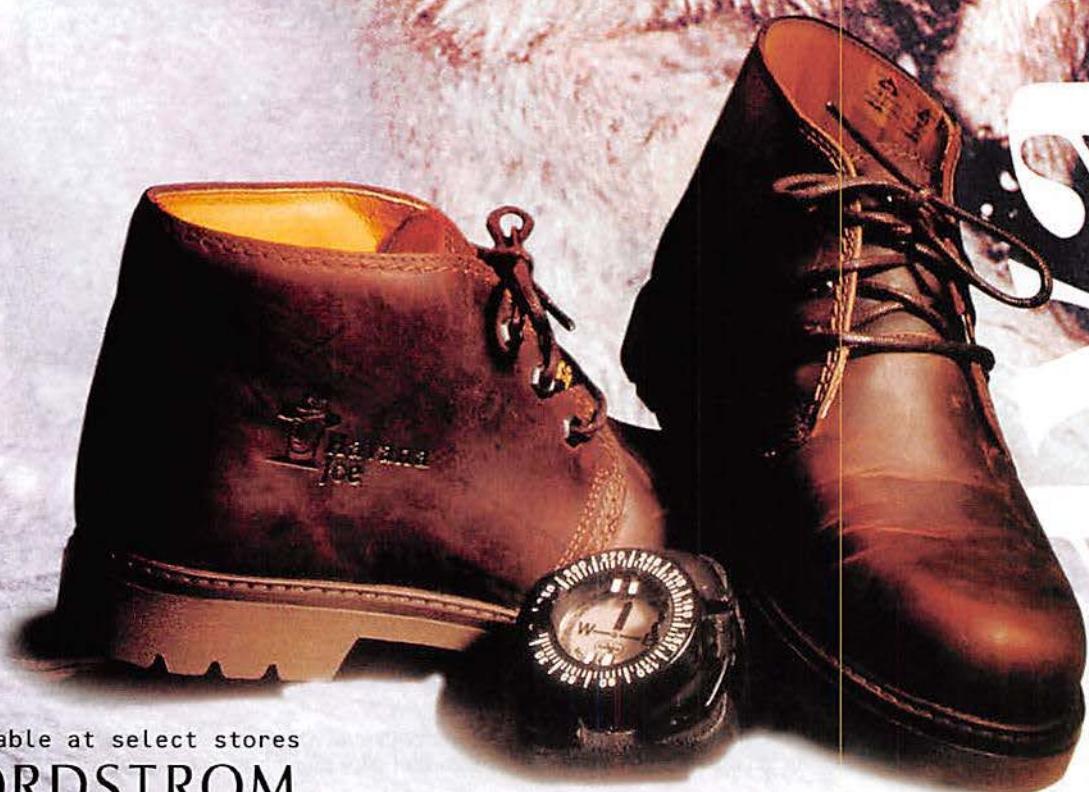




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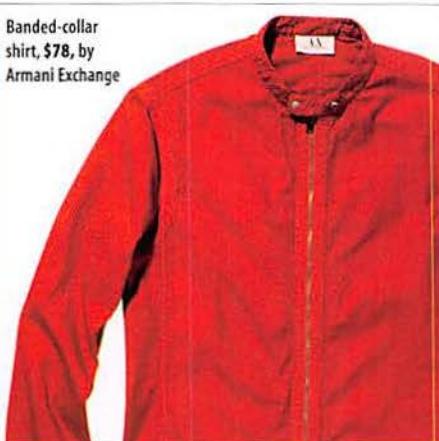
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Snowking 76 hat, \$20, by Ellesse



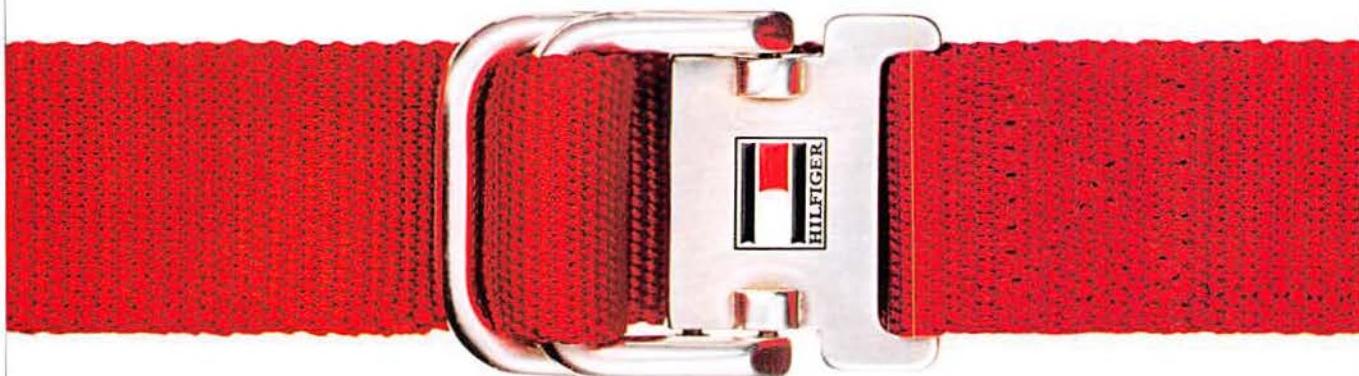
Banded-collar shirt, \$78, by Armani Exchange



FILL'ER UP!

Load up on these high-energy clothes and grooming items that won't blow the lid off your budget.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIES + STARR COMPILED BY MARIA RUOCCH



Nylon D-ring belt, \$20, by Tommy Hilfiger



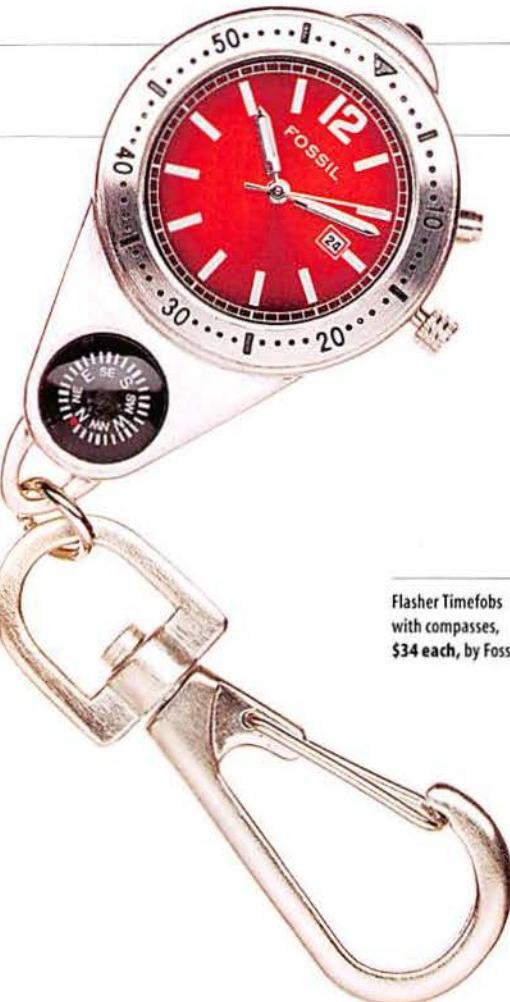
Scarf, \$44, by J.Crew



Raw Rock T-shirt, \$18, by Levi's



Fragrance, \$52.50,
2-in-1 shampoo
and conditioner,
\$18.50, and body
moisturizer,
\$18.50, all
by Polo Ralph
Lauren Blue



Flasher Timefobs
with compasses,
\$34 each, by Fossil



Bronco GT gloves, \$60 a pair, by Dakine



Post Shave, \$16, Face Buff,
\$16, and Beard Lube, \$14,
all by Jack Black



Hats, \$17.50 each,
by American Eagle
Outfitters



Capital shirt, \$68,
by Guess?



Exfoliating face scrub and double action face wash, \$5.99
each, by Nivea for Men



Supreme Court reversible shorts, \$36, by Nike



Denim and silver rings, \$95 each, by Versani



Hoodie, \$52,
by Akademiks



Ringer T-shirt,
\$24.50, by
Abercrombie
& Fitch

Sneakers, \$70, by Ben Sherman



45 UNDER \$100



Big Bay pants, \$40, by Kappa

Denim bucket hat
with white printing,
\$48, by Kangol



Sunglasses, \$75 each, by Op



Clipper watch, \$95, by Nautica

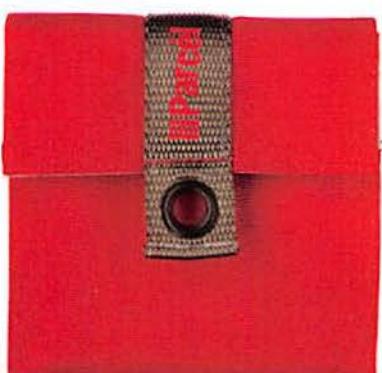
Poplin Cooke shirt, \$40, by Dockers



Reiler T-shirt, \$79,
by Diesel



BB84 sneakers, \$56, by Fila



Wallet, \$12, by Loop, at Guyshop.com

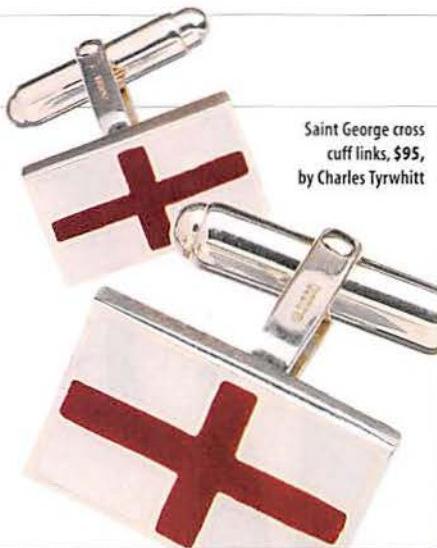
Electric shave solution, \$12,
and Lift Off power wash, \$14,
both by Lab Series for Men



Shirt, \$37, by Fubu



Red Batch watch,
\$95, by Swatch



Saint George cross
cuff links, \$95,
by Charles Tyrwhitt

Plaid shirt, \$20,
by H&M



Denim laundry shirt, \$99, by Evisu



Twenty Four backpack, \$50, by O'Neill



Pepper shoes, \$60, by Simple



Long-sleeve polo shirt, \$42.50, by Chaps Ralph Lauren





■ Suit, \$2,195, by Valentino; shirt, \$225, and tie, \$115, both by Best of Class by Robert Talbot.

■ Suit, \$995, poplin shirt, \$135, and silk tie, \$95, all by Calvin Klein Collection.

■ Wool suit, \$1,095, Marlowe shirt, \$85, and tie, \$75, all by Polo by Ralph Lauren.

PIN STATE

Class it up in court with these striped suits that are far from prison-issue.



Jacket, \$165, trousers, \$60, dress shirt, \$49, and floral tie, \$35, all by Perry Ellis.

Suit, \$395, shirt, \$50, and tie, \$40, all by Tommy Hilfiger; cuff links, \$395, by Best of Class by Robert Talbot.

Nelson suit, \$475, dress shirt, \$40, and paisley tie, \$35, all by Nautica. All belts by Martin Dingman.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK MANN STYLING BY STAN WILLIAMS

NEWS



Casual Mondays

Dockers proStyle pants and shirts repel even the nastiest stains and always keep you looking cool. Get your \$36-\$44 shirts and \$55-\$58 pants at 800-DOCKERS.

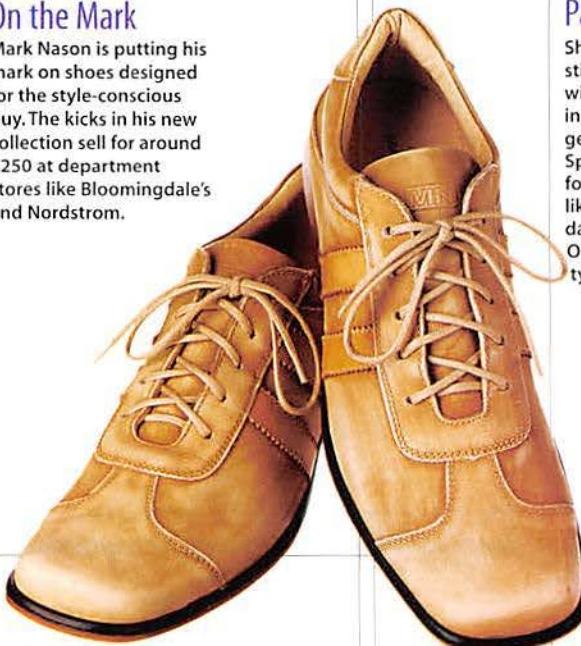
Brand-New Bag

Tumi's sleek new T3 luggage is tougher than getting a first-class upgrade. Available at department stores, or visit tumi.com.



On the Mark

Mark Nason is putting his mark on shoes designed for the style-conscious guy. The kicks in his new collection sell for around \$250 at department stores like Bloomingdale's and Nordstrom.



Past Perfect

Show her you're still in your prime with vintage-inspired sports gear from Tyler Speed. T-shirts go for \$26 at stores like Bloomingdale's and Urban Outfitters, or visit tylerspeed.com.



Double Time

Tired of doing push-ups every time you sleep through reveille? Strap on a watch from E. Gluck Corporation's new U.S. Army Watch collection. Officially licensed by our boys in green, these timepieces sell for \$75 to \$215 at department stores and barracks everywhere.

STYLE GUIDE

Clothes and accessories so cool the other nerds won't recognize you.



Shadow Play

Lather up and get smoother than Sam Jackson with a razor (\$98) and shaving brush (\$65) from Waterworks, the fancy bathroom people. Available at Waterworks stores, or visit waterworks.com.



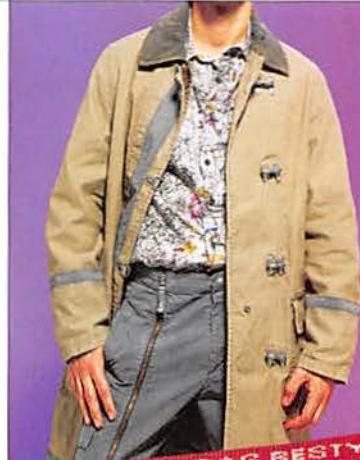
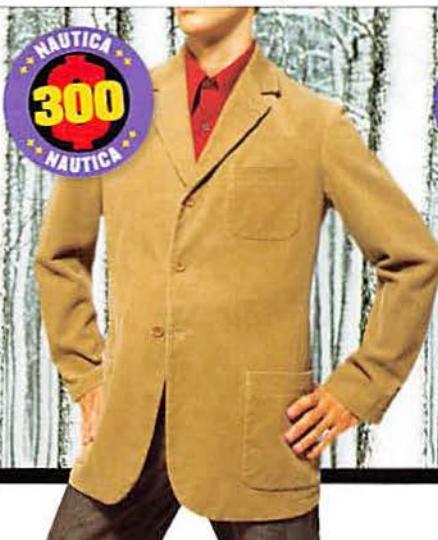
Wave Runners

Quiksilver is making a big splash on dry land with footwear that'll bring out your inner beach bum. The surf-style dog kennels retail for \$56 to \$80 a pair at specialty retailers, or visit quiksilver.com.



Name Your Price

You'll be way too cool for school this winter when you don one of these professorial corduroy sport jackets, from J.Crew, Nautica, or John Varvatos.



RAG RECYCLE RAG RESTYLE

This Month's Label

Wanna stand out from the crowd? From \$65 for a T-shirt to \$275 for pants, R.A.R.E.'s threads are for guys who take individuality seriously. Find 'em at Fred Segal Man, Santa Monica, CA; Atrium, N.Y.C.; and Lulu, Miami.

Pits Spritz

Whatever you did to work up that sweat—honestly, we really don't want to know—Ironman Protection by Degree will keep you dry and stench-free. Sold for \$4 or less at drugstores, this deodorant-antiperspirant's heat activators work harder when you need them to. Thank God.



A woman with long dark hair is lying down, wearing a dark, ribbed, short-sleeved top. She is holding an iRiver SlimX 550 MP3 player in her right hand, which is resting on her hip. A pair of headphones with a circular logo is visible next to her.

iRiver™

the future of entertainment

For more information about the SlimX 550 MP3 CD player, visit www.iRiverAmerica.com

iRiver products are available at Amazon.com, Best Buy, Circuit City, CompUSA



ENTER TO WIN

iRiver is giving away MP3 prize packages each month

www.iriveramerica.com/contest

Because the Best Things in Life Cost Money

TOP GEAR

"Awesome!
A sausage
party."



MEALS ON WHEELS

This mobile BBQ is so large it could roast a dolphin.

Fasten this all-pro grill to the hitch of your rig, then rumble into the stadium parking lot...and watch those grating cheeseheads turn green with envy. With 468 square inches of cooking surface, the Grill-n-Chill tailgate can fire up 120 brats at once—enough grub to pick up a John Madden-Willard Scott blitz! While flipping your meat, crank up the furnace's built-in

CD player/radio to let all your fellow fat bastards know where the party is. Then at game time, catch all the gridiron action on an optional five-inch TV. This hulking broiler also features a Coleman cooler, a flagpole, and retracting scissor legs. Unless you're Tom Arnold, it's the only 270-pound caboose you'd ever hook up with sober. (\$2,200, hammacher.com)

GRAB BAG

It turns out money can buy happiness, and a damn good hand job too.

BY JOHN WALSH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIES + STARR



OLYMPUS PT-016 \$200

Let's face it: Photographing land sharks is for pussies. So take your focus to new lows with this polycarbonate camera casing that shields your shooter at crushing ocean depths of up to 130 feet! (olympusamerica.com)



SKULL CRUSHER HEADPHONES \$90

Some headphones merely cancel ambient noise. These scare the shit out of it. With a built-in 30 mm bass-boosting subwoofer, the aptly named Skull Crushers deliver kidney-quivering sound down to an ultra-low 100 Hz. (skullcandy.com)



EXECUTIVE PUNCHING BAG \$25

The boss enjoys bustin' your balls, but what do you use for a punching bag? Mount this polyurethane bop bag on your desk and flail away. (wonderfullywacky.com)



GG-RYDER \$400

Taking its styling cues from hot rods and Harley hogs, this Schwinn-killin' chopper has powerful V brakes, a 1.5-foot spring-cushioned saddle, and a 16-inch all-terrain rear wheel tire for low-to-the-ground cruising. Pedal up in this and, dude, you will rule that food court! (3gbikes.com)



TV GAMES JOYSTICK \$20

The year was 1983, and you had greasy skin, a messed-up mullet, and high score on *Dig Dug* and *Pac-Man*. Fall in love with those old-school classics all over again with Namco's plug-and-play joystick; hook it to your idiot box's A/V input and fire up one of five killer arcade classics. (jakkstvgames.com)



HEAD INTELLIGENCE SKIS \$850

OK, Poindexter, so your 'puter can crunch 30 billion jigglybits per second. But can you ride it down dive-bomb runs of virgin powder? These high-tech skis from Head use built-in microchips to optimize the torsional vibration of your sticks, so they stay stable on icy slopes. Best of all, they take only seconds to boot up. (head.com)



IRON MAIDEN EDDIE IN A BOX \$25

Now here's a bauble that's liable to fuck up a toddler for life. Pop open this toy box's top and Iron Maiden's decaying mascot, Eddie, springs out for a scare, thrashing around to the band's powerhouse metal anthem "Number of the Beast." Wicked! (artasylum.com)



> FOOD FIGHT!

MAD MEX

It's 3 A.M. Do you know which bean-and-cheese burrito is best?

**3RD PLACE**

Don Miguel (\$9.99, 7 oz.)
Calories: An artery-clogging 390

Inside: Authentic "hand-made" Mexican food prepared north of the border in Anaheim, California. Tomatoes and onions are in the mix, somewhere. **Taste:** This bean brick is wrapped with the best-tasting tortilla of all, but only five of 10 testers relished the refried innards. Whined one Cali-born dissenter, "It tastes like goddamn dog food."

**2ND PLACE**

Casa Buena (\$2.10 oz.)
Calories: Off the RDA charts at 580

Inside: Thick bean potage enveloping a wedge of American cheese. Bonus: It was the only burrito that could be nuked with the wrapping still on! **Taste:** Six of 10 testers savored the flavor, applauding the generously filled cheese core. But several staffers argued it was way too salty. "I'd rather swallow ocean water," yelped one skirt.

**1ST PLACE**

Amy's (\$2.59, 6 oz.)
Calories: A wimpy 260

Inside: No bioengineered ingredients, and its filling actually has visible chunks of beans, rice, and tomatoes. **Taste:** A perfect 10 out of 10! Testers felt the burrito was soggy out of the nuker, but loved the seasonings and real Cheddar cheese. As one glassy-eyed porker summed up, "Stoners will love this tasty shit."

> THE ONCE-OVER

CD SHOWER BUDDY

It's splashproof. But does it rock?

- ✓ Plays MP3-encoded CD-RWs
- ✓ Delivers air-guitar-worthy hi-fi
- ✓ Works after a 15-minute hose-down
- ✗ ...after a 24-hour soaking
- ✗ Secures to a showerhead with ease
- ✓ Good AM/FM reception in the can

\$199, sharperimage.com



Next week on
The Bachelor...

> SECRET SERVICE

SUIT YOURSELF

TESTED

It's shotgun wedding time! But which national tux chain can outfit your freak-show friends by Saturday? We put 'em through the wringer to find out.



FITNESS TEST



DAMAGE CHARGES?



STAIN CHECK

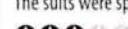
MEN'S WEARHOUSE

(MENSWEARHOUSE.COM)

Suit-ability: George "You're going to like the way you look" Zimmer runs 500-plus stores nationwide, even in Boise, Idaho. **Cost:** An affordable \$94.99*

The fit: Biggie's threads were spot on, but Tall Boy's tails came up way short in the sleeve. And Peewee's pants were a humiliating nine inches too long. Nice guarantee there, George.

Indemnity: To test the chain's insurance policies, we ripped up their tux shirts before returning 'em. Two weeks later and not a peep from the Zim-man. **Stains:** Can't fool the UV lamp. The suits were spunk-free.

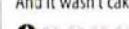
**AFTER HOURS**

(AFTERHOURS.COM)

Suit-ability: This chain's 330 stores cover the eastern seaboard like a cheap suit—ahar, har—but its territory only goes as far west as Sioux City, Iowa. **Cost:** A total ripoff at \$169

The fit: For shit. Biggie's jacket fit so tightly, a quick jerk of the arms and he'd have ripped it like a wet newspaper. Tall Boy's jacket was OK, but Peewee had enough extra fabric in his pants to tailor a whole new suit.

Indemnity: We sent back a vomit rag and got off scot-free. **Stains:** Our light picked up a big ol' white splotch on a crotch... And it wasn't cake frosting.

**GINGISS FORMALWEAR**

(GINGISS.COM)

Suit-ability: Only 250 locations in 33 states, but you get to choose from 300 vest styles. No fire engine red zoot suits, though, so if your sister was knocked up by her pimp, you're shit outta luck. **Cost:** An even \$100

The fit: Biggie and Tall Boy's suits were perfect. Peewee's jacket was a little long, but his trousers were an exact fit. Who the hell stocks a Keebler-elf-size nine-inch outseam? Well done! **Indemnity:** No charges. Did ya see the Wolverine-size rip? **Stains:** Virginal.



*Suit charges include rental of jacket, pants, and accessories as well as insurance and a rush fee.



Make your TV and DVD look mighty fine with the
new MAXIM furniture range by Z-LINE
Available at Staples, Circuit City and Linens & Things



MAXIM SHAMELESS PLUGS

FROM GARAGE SALES TO MOVIE PREMIERES... IN THE WORLD OF MAXIM THERE'S NEVER A DULL MOMENT

bloomingdale's

mavi JEANS BLENDER

On September 13, *Blender* and *Maxim* teamed up once again to promote Bloomingdale's Fall Denim Days at Beverly Center, Sherman Oaks, and Century City locations. On September 30, The Fall Denim Day Concert took place at the Key Club on the famous Sunset Strip. Amanda Swiston (*American Wedding*), featured in *Maxim*'s September issue, hosted the concert. Over 500 people attended including *Paradise Hotel* finalists Keith Cuda, Tara Gerard-Mateski and *NSYNC's Lance Bass. Wakefield opened the evening with a fantastic performance and Boomkat closed the night with a stellar performance of their own. Along with all the great music, the crowd was treated to gift bags including magazines, CD samplers, products by Reach, Armani Mania and Mavi Jeans.



left: Taryn Manning of Boomkat right: Lance Ford (*Blender*), Taryn Manning, David Fisher (Bloomingdales), and Amanda Swiston (*American Wedding*)



What better way to kick off the Las Vegas Professional Bull Riders Championship than with "Branded," an old fashioned *Maxim* throw down at The Palms Hotel, sponsored by our good friends over at Jack Daniel's. Jewel and her bull rider boyfriend, Ty Murray, swung by for a few Jack Daniel's Tennessee Martinis, while Tyson Beckford and *Monster Garage*'s Jesse James opted for the Tabasco Wild Fire shots. From an on-site tattoo artist that buzzed all night, to the cowgirl go-go dancers that got the RAIN dance floor packed, over 800 PBR partiers left their mark in Sin City until the early morning hours.



AMERICAN WEDDING
UNRATED

See the Extended UNRATED Movie with More Outrageous Fun! Includes More of the Bachelor Party Too Hot to be Shown in Theaters!

©2003 Universal Studios

AVAILABLE ON DVD AND VHS JANUARY 2, 2004



top left: Jewel and Ty Murray above:
Jim Murphy (Jack Daniel's), Bill Mueller (Arnold Worldwide), Erin Schlader (Developing Brands), Mike Keyes (Jack Daniel's), Campbell Brown (Jack Daniel's), Dan Parente (*Maxim*) left: Tyson Beckford and Jesse James (*Monster Garage*)

TORQUE



Torque, a high-speed action adventure, stars Martin Henderson, Ice Cube, Monet Mazur and Jay Hernandez. From the Producer of *The Fast and the Furious*, *XXX* and *S.W.A.T.*, the film centers around Biker Cary Ford (Henderson) who returns to his hometown to reunite with his girlfriend (Mazur). Once home, Ford is framed for a murder he didn't commit, targeted for revenge by the victim's brother (Cube) and pursued by the FBI as he tries to clear his name and outrace his enemies.

IN THEATERS JANUARY 16

For more info visit www.torquemovie.com

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BUYING GUIDE

HIDE AND CHIC

Page 127: Briefcase, \$575, by Dooney & Bourke, at Dooney & Bourke stores. Trousers, \$125, by Nautica, at select Macy's; and Lord & Taylor, or call 877-NAUTICA; or visit Nautica.com. Shoes, \$130, by Aldo, at Aldo stores; or visit aldoshoes.com.

FILL 'ER UP

Page 128: (clockwise, from top left) Hat, \$20, by Ellesse, at Garretson's, Virgin Island. Shirt, \$78, by A|X Armani Exchange, at armanixchange.com. Timefob, \$54 each, by Fossil, at select Macy's; and Lord & Taylor stores; or call 800-449-3056. Belt, \$20, by Tommy Hilfiger, call 888-TOMMY-4U; or visit tommy.com. Fragrance, \$52, 5.2 oz. 1-Shampoo and conditioner, \$18.50, and body moisturizer, \$18.50, all by Polo Ralph Lauren Blue, in fine department stores; or visit polo.com. T-shirt, \$18, by Levi's, call 800-USA-LEVI; or visit levi.com. Scarf, \$44, by J.Crew, visit jcrew.com.

Page 129: (clockwise, from top left) Gloves, \$60, by Dakine, call 541-388-3166; or visit dakine.com. Post shave, \$16, Face Buff, \$16, and Beard Balm, \$14, by Jack Black, at Nordstrom; Saks Fifth Avenue; Sephora; Apothia at Fred Segal, or visit getjackblack.com. Shirt, \$68, by Guess, at Guess' stores, or call 800-39-GUESS; or visit guess.com. Rings, \$95 each, by Versani, call 877-VERSANI; or visit versani.com. Sneakers, \$70, by Ben Sherman, at Bloomingdale's; Yellow Tail Bastard; Electric Chair T-shirt, \$24.50, by Abercrombie & Fitch, at Abercrombie & Fitch stores; or visit abercrombie.com.

Pullover, \$52, by Akademiks, at Fred Segal, Bloomingdale's; and Macy's. Face scrub, \$5.99, and face wash, \$5.99, by Nivea for Men, at mass market, food and drug retailers. Shorts, \$36, by Nike, visit niketown.com. Hats, \$17.50, by American Eagle Outfitters, at American Eagle Outfitters stores; or visit ae.com.

Page 130: (clockwise, from top left) Pant, \$40, by Kappa, visit kappaaustralia.com. Hat, \$48, by Kangol, call 800-431-1802; or visit kangol.com. Shirt, \$40, by Dockers, call 800-DOCKERS; or visit dockers.com. Wallet, \$10, by Loop, at guyshop.com.

Sneakers, \$59.95, by Fila, at Foot Locker; Classic Kicks; Walter's, Atlanta; or call 800-PRO-FILA. T-shirt, \$79, by Diesel, at Diesel stores; Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; select Nordstrom stores; or call 877-433-4373; or visit diesel.com. Sunglasses, \$75 each, by Op, visit op.com. Watch, \$95, by Nautica, at The Nautica Store, N.Y.C.; and select Marshall Field's; or call 800-248-3775; or visit nauticawatches.com.

Page 131: (clockwise, from top left) Plaid shirt, \$20, by H&M, visit hm.com. Cuff links, \$95, by Charles Tyrwhitt, at Charles Tyrwhitt, N.Y.C.; or call 866-797-2701; or visit cshirts.com. Electric shave solution, \$12, and power wash, \$14, by Lab Series, at department stores. Shirt, \$99, by Evisu, at Barneys New York. Shoes, \$60, by Simple, call 800-822-4232; or visit simpleshoes.com. Shirt, \$43, by Chaps by Ralph Lauren, at Berk. Watch, \$95, by Swatch, at Swatch stores; or call 800-BSWATCH, or visit swatch.com. Shirt, \$42, by FUBU, at Macy's; or visit fubu.com. Backpack, \$50, by O'Neill, visit oneill.com.

IN THE PIN

Page 132-133: (from top left) Suit, \$2,195, by Valentino, at Valentine Stores, N.Y.C., L.A., and Las Vegas; and Hirshleifers. Shirt, \$25, by Best of Class by Robert Talbot, at Robert Talbot stores; Khaki's of Carmel; Saks Fifth Avenue; or call 800-747-8778; or visit roberttalbot.com. Tie, \$115, by Best of Class by Robert Talbot, at Robert Talbot stores; James Davis, Memphis; and Zad's of Boston; or call 800-747-8778; or visit roberttalbot.com. Cuff links, \$350, by Best of Class by Robert Talbot, at Robert Talbot stores; or call 800-747-8778; or visit roberttalbot.com. Suit, \$995, shirt, \$135, and tie, \$95, all by Calvin Klein Collection, at Calvin Klein store, N.Y.C. and Dallas. Suit, \$1,095, shirt, \$85, and tie, \$75, all by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores; or call 888-475-7674; or visit polo.com. Jacket, \$165, pants, \$60, shirt, \$49, and tie, \$35, all by Perry Ellis, visit perryellis.com. Suit, \$425, shirt, \$52, and tie, \$40, all by Tommy Hilfiger, at select department stores; or call 888-TOMMY4U; or visit tommy.com. Cuff links, \$395, by Best of Class by Robert Talbot, at Robert Talbot stores; or



That's one close haircut

call 800-747-8778; or visit roberttalbot.com. Suit, \$475, shirt, \$40, and tie, \$35, all by Nautica, at Macy's East; and select Rich's; or call 877-NAUTICA; or visit nautica.com. All belts by Martin Dingman, at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Khaki's of Carmel, Carmel, CA; and Stanley Korshak, Dallas, TX; or call 800-955-2358; or visit martindingman.com.

NAMING YOUR PRICE

Page 135: (from left) Jacket, \$198, by J.Crew, visit jcrew.com. Jacket, \$300, by Nautica, call 877-NAUTICA; or visit nautica.com. Jacket, \$795, by John Varvatos, at John Varvatos, N.Y.C., L.A., Las Vegas and Short Hills; or call 800-689-0151; or visit johnvarvatos.com.

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Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

the inside story on

Hot Spot Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has made her sex life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, and he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion than he has had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples, but trust me he was, and his newfound pow! pow! power! stimulated me into the most intense orgasms I've ever had. So, before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives!

We tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever.

He took a small bottle from his



satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,
Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes" and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a daily supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with

Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Bölard Naturals. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-ogoplex or ogoplex.com. Ogöplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?


Jamie Ireland



1 Which of these invasions of privacy is the least perverted?

- a. Rifling through a panty drawer
- b. Peeping through a keyhole
- c. Lunchtime power-stalking
- d. Calling your ex's mom "just to talk"

2 What's missing from this shot of sweet Aussie Naomi Watts?

- a. Home delivery of the Sunday New York Times
- b. A crocodile
- c. A view of down under. Oi!



ARE YOU AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK?

Find out right now! Answers can be found at maximonline.com, or just be lazy and read 'em here next month.

3 Match the number of Jäger shots to the liquored-up gibberish:

- | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|--------|
| a. 2 | b. 4 | c. 8 | d. 16 |
|-------|-------|-------|--------|

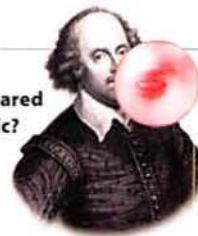
1. CHECK OUT MY AIR GUITAR.
3. I REALLY LOVE YOU, MAN.



2. WHAT ARE YOU LOOKIN' AT, ASSHOLE??!
4. LET'S DANCE.

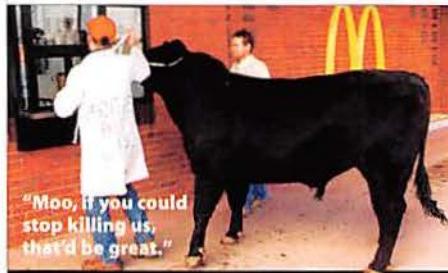
5. Which one of these dudes has never appeared in a Bazooka Joe comic?

- a. Shakespeare
- b. Picasso
- c. Sammy Davis Jr.
- d. Johnny Depp



4. In an industry study of drive-through restaurant quality, which fast-food joint had the absolute worst speaker clarity?

- a. McDonald's
- b. Wendy's
- c. White Castle
- d. "Youff liikesk snotrrrocket blerrger, window one."



Last month's answers: 1. b 2. b 3. 1-a, 2-c, 3-b 4. a 5. b 6. a 7. b 8. a 9. a 10. b 11. a 12. c 13. a

9 Match these hibernating badasses to the year in which they awake.

- a. 2179 A.D.
- b. 2032 A.D.
- c. 1992 A.D.
- d. 3955 A.D.



6. Which of these shows does not portray Baltimore as a crime-ridden shithole?

- a. Homicide: Life on the Street
- b. The Corner
- c. The Wire
- d. Good Morning Maryland



7. Which state has yet to be infested by a Starbucks (and requisite barista snobs)?

- a. Kansas (land of the tubby BBQer)
- b. South Dakota (land of talk funny)
- c. Seattle (land of suicidal douches)
- d. Hawaii (land of gnarly spinal injuries)

8. According to the Bureau of Justice Statistics, you're most likely to be the victim of a murder if you're a member of which age group?

- a. 12 to 20 years old
- b. 20 to 34 years old
- c. 34 to 50 years old
- d. 50 to 60 years old and Italian

11. Which confession would probably put the biggest kink in a guy-guy friendship?

- a. "I peeked at your hand."
- b. "Your girlfriend's herpes...that was me."
- c. "I watch The Bachelor."
- d. "I want to fall asleep inside you."

Want to learn more startling, useless trivia?

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